ENGLAND'S
Heroical Epistles

WRITTEN

In Imitation of the Stile and Manner

H. M. OF Dixon

OF

OVID'S EPISTLES

1760

WITH

ANNOTATIONS

OF

The Chronicle History.

By M. DRAYTON Esq.

Newly Corrected and Amended.

Licensed according to Order.

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Juel-Jensen Diagram p. 65

To the Stationer on this new and correct Impression of *England's Heroical Epistles*: By *MICHAEL DRAYTON*, Esq;

GO on, industriously, and give
(Whilst *Wit* and *Poesie* shall live)
New Light to *DRAYTON*, whose unequall'd Quill
Disdains all vain Essays of modern skill.
The *Nine* grown Housewives now do ne'er inspire
Such double Portions of ætherial Fire;
As once they did in those his days, but since
In scantier measures do their warmth dispence.
Forth then, thou Objects of the Criticks Eye,
Beyond th' Efforts of all our Poesie;
Expose refin'd and various Delights,
And glut the niceſt Readers Appetites.
Since the melodious *Thracian Orpheus* sung,
No Harp was ever better Touch'd or Strung.
His Angel-sounds, methinks the blood more warms
Than all the Pow'rs of Chast *Matilda's* Charms,
Could th' Royal Lover's Breast; which, whilst he
Sings,
Some Magick moves the mind's internal Springs.

Edwine Sadleyr, Baron

A Dedication of These and the foregoing Verses to Mr. D[illegible]ton's Heroick Epistles.

ETernal Book, to which our *Muses* flye,
In hopes of gaining Immortality.
Time has devour'd the Younger Sons of Wit,
Who liv'd when *Chaucer*, *Spencer*, *Johnson* writ:
Those lofty Trees are of their Leaves bereft,
And to a reverend Nakedness are left.
But the chief Glory of *Apollo*'s Grove,
Drayton, who taught his *Daphne* how to Love;
Drayton, that sacred Laurel seems to be,
From which each Sprig that must grow a Tree
Our humble Lines [illegible]k, receive,
And order *Fate* to [illegible] live:
But if our Zeal no [illegible]ings,
And what you inspire [illegible] common things
Yet to attend the Triumphs of the Brave,
Contents the Soul and fits it for the Grave.
Besides near You an [illegible] *Fate* we choose,
When by Neglect we [illegible] our Beings loose:
In such pure Air gross *Muses* take no Breath,
Faint, and in gentle Trances meet their Death.
Thus when in Honour of the Suns return,
Their imitating Lamps the *Persians* burn:
Before his Beams the glimmering Lights expire,
And Sacrifice themselves to the Cœlestial Fire.

T. B.

On the [illegible] MICHAEL DRAYTON, and his *Heroick Epistles*.

SEe here *Britannia*'s *OVID*, whose soft Pen
Transplants the *Grecian* Loves to *English*-men;
View his *EPISTLES* throughly, and behold
Our native Oar, coin'd in a Roman Mould;
Yet all is Standard, all Rose-noble Gold.
See here *Britannia*'s *LUCAN*, whose rich Vein
In History, does antient Times explain,
In our fore-Father's out-of-Fashion Dress,
He do's a Noble Gallantry express,
Equal to that of *Rome*, and much above
The little Fopperies of modern Love.
The *English* Hero's Sou[illegible]
As is the Beauty of [illegible]
Howe'er they disagre[illegible] or Name,
The Lover and the [illegible] still the same,
The *Muses* Treasur[illegible] Delight of Fame.

J. W.

On the Ingenious AUTHOUR, occasioned by the present Edition of his HEROICAL EPISTLES.

HEre, *Reader*'s One, who when vouchsaft to Write,
Could both the Sexes of mankind delight:
In gentle Numbers and soft Lays he sings
Th' alternate Loves of *Subjects* and of *Kings*.

The *Theme* he writes of, and his *Song* agree,
Unequal Notes make up the Harmony.

Liſten ye Wits, to that *Orphean* ſtrain,
Which charm'd even *Ovid*'s Soul to Life again;
Tibullus, *Gallus* and *Propertius* too,
All *Cæſar*'s Court in one ſweet Poet view,
His *Engliſh Heroes*, courteous and brave,
Unblemiſh'd bear their Honours to the Grave:
No light *Incontinence* their *Glories* ſtain,
They fixt and conſtant in their Loves remain.
Here no *Penelope* laments her *Fate*,
In her once kind, but now inconſtant Mate.
No poor forſaken *Sapho* can complain
Of her too cruel *Phaon*'s cold diſdain.
Naſo, 'tis true, was perfect at Addreſs,
But *Drayton*'s Language only found ſucceſs:
So fraught with *Love* all his *EPISTLES* came,
They warm'd the *Anſwers* into equal Flame.

Such was the *Poet* and his *Wit* ſo great,
Pent up in Earth, it was releas'd by *Fate*.
Adorn'd with Fancy, Innocence, and Love,
His Book diſcovers that he's bleſt above:
Thus active Stars that ſhoot along the Sky,
Leave glitt'ring Tracts, to ſhew which way they fly,

TO THE
READER.

SEEING theſe Epiſtles are now to the World made publique, it is imagined, that I ought to be accountable of my private meaning, chiefly for my own diſcharge, leſt being miſtaken, I fall in hazard of a juſt and univerſal Reprehenſion: for,

------- Hæ nugæ ſeria ducent
In mala deriſum ſemel exceptumq; ſiniſtre.

Two Points are eſpecially therefore to be explained: firſt, why I entitle this Work, England's Heroical Epiſtles; *ſecondly, why I have annexed Notes to every Epiſtles end. For the firſt, The Title (I hope) carrieth Reaſon in it ſelf; for that the moſt and greateſt Perſons herein, were* Engliſh; *or elſe, that their Loves were obtained in* England. *And though (Heroical) be properly underſtood of Demi-gods, as of* Hercules *and* Æneas, *whoſe Parents were ſaid to be, the one Cæleſtial, the other Mortal; yet is it alſo transferred to them, who for the greatneſs of Mind come near to Gods. For to be born of a Cæleſtial* Incubus, *is nothing elſe, but*

to have a great and mighty Spirit, far above the Earthly weakneſs of Men; in which ſence Ovid (*whoſe Imitator I partly profeſs to be*) *doth alſo uſe Heroical. For the ſecond, becauſe the Work might in truth be judged Brainiſh, if nothing but amorous Humor were handled therein, I have interwoven Matters Hiſtorical, which unexplained, might defraud the mind of much Content: as for Example; in Queen* Margarites *Epiſtle to* William De-La-Pool,

My Daiſie Flower, which once perfum'd the Air.

Margarite, *in* French, *ſignifies a Daiſy; which, for the alluſion to her Name, this Queen gave for her Device: and this, as others more, have ſeemed to me not unworthy the explaining. By this mark* * *in the beginning of every Line, thou art directed to the Annotations for an explanation of what is obſcure.*

Now, though, no doubt, I had need to excuſe other things beſide, yet theſe moſt eſpecially; the reſt I over-paſs, to eſchew tedious recital. If they be as harmleſsly taken, as I mean them, I ſhall not laſtly be afraid to believe and acknowledge thee a gentle Reader.

M. DRAYTON.

ENGLAND'S Heroical Epiſtles.

The Epiſtle of *ROSAMOND* TO King *HENRY* the Second.

The ARGUMENT.

Henry *the Second of that Name, King of* England, *having by long Suit and Princely Gifts won (to his unlawfull deſire) fair* Roſamond *the Daughter of the Lord* Walter Clyfford; *and to avoid the danger of* Elinor *his jealous Queen, had cauſed a Labyrinth to be made within his Palace at* Woodſtock, *in the centre whereof he had lodged his beauteous Paramour. Whilſt the King is abſent in his Wars in* Normandy, *this poor diſtreſſed Lady incloſed in this ſolitary Place, touch't with remorſe of Conſcience, writes to the King of her Diſtreſs and miſerable Eſtate, urging him with all means and perſwaſions to clear himſelf of* [illegible] *my, and her of the Grief of Mind by taking* [illegible] *wretched Life.*

IF yet thine Eyes (Great *Henry*) may endure
Theſe tainted Lines, drawn with a Hand impu[illegible]
Let me for Love's ſake their acceptance crave,
But that ſweet Name (vile) I prophaned have.

The Innocent may write to Kings in *Gold*,
But my Diſpair I muſt in *Black* unfold;
Puniſh my Fault, or pitty mine eſtate;
Read them for Love; if not for Love, for Hate.
If with my Shame thine Eyes thou fain would'ſt feed,
Here let them ſurfeit, of my Shame to read:
This ſcribled *Paper* which I ſend to thee,
If noted rightly, doth reſemble me:
As this pure *Ground*, whereon theſe *Letters* ſtand,
So pure was I, e'er ſtained by thy Hand;
E'er I was blotted with this foul Offence,
So clear and ſpotleſs was mine *Innocence*: (Scroul,
Now, like theſe Marks, which taint this hatefull
Such the black Sins which ſpot my Lep'rous *Soul*.
What, by this Conqueſt, canſt thou hope to win,
Where thy beſt Spoil, is but the Act of *Sin*?
Why on my *Name* this ſlander do'ſt thou bring,
To make my Fault renowned by a *King*?
"*Fame* never ſtoops to things, but mean and poor;
"The more our Greatneſs is, our Fault's the more:
"Lights on the Ground, themſelves do leſſen far,
"But in the Air, each Spark doth ſeem a *Star*.
Why, on my Woman-frailty ſhould'ſt thou lay
So ſtrong a Plot, mine Honour to betray?
Or thy unlawfull Pleaſure ſhould'ſt thou buy,
With thine own Shame, and my black Infamy?
'Twas not my Mind conſented to this Ill,
Then had I been tranſported by my Will;
For, what my Body was inforc'd to doe,
(*Heav'n* knows) my Soul yet ne'er conſented to:

For

For, through mine *Eyes* had ſhe her liking ſeen,
Such as my *Love*, ſuch had my *Lover* been.
" True Love is ſimple, like his Mother-Truth,
" Kindly Affection, Youth to love with Youth;
" No greater corſive to our blooming Years,
" Then the cold Badge of Winter-blaſted Hairs.
" Thy Royal power may well withſtand thy Foes,
" But cannot keep back *Age*, with *Time* it grows;
" Though *Honour* our ambitious *Sex* doth pleaſe,
" Yet in that Honour's Age a foul Diſeaſe:
" Nature hath her free Courſe in all, and then
" Age is alike, in Kings, and other Men.
Which all the World will to my ſhame impute,
That I, my ſelf did baſely proſtitute;
And ſay, that *Gold* was Fuel to the Fire,
Gray Hairs in Youth not kindling green Deſire.
O no; that wicked Woman, wrought by thee,
My Tempter was to that forbidden *Tree*;
That ſubtil Serpent, that ſeducing Devil,
Which bad me taſt the Fruit of Good and Evil;
That *Circe*, by whoſe ſoft Magick I was charm'd,
And to this monſt'rous ſhape am thus transform'd;
That vip'rous *Hag*, the Foe to her own Kind,
That dev'liſh Spirit, to damn the weaker Mind;
Our Frailtie's Plague, our Sex's only Curſe,
Hell's deep'ſt Damnation, the worſt Evils worſe.
But *Henry*, how canſt thou affect me thus,
T' whom thy remembrance now is odious?
My hapleſs Name, with *Henry*'s Name I found,
Cut in the Glaſs with *Henry*'s Diamond;

That Glaſs from thence fain would I take away,
But then I fear the Air would me betray;
Then doe I ſtrive to waſh it out with Tears,
But then the ſame more evident appears.
Then doe I cover't with my guilty Hand,
Which that Names witneſs doth againſt me ſtand:
Once did I ſin, which Memory doth cheriſh;
Once I offended, but I ever periſh.
" What Grief can be, but Time doth make it leſs?
" But Infamy, Time never can ſuppreſs.
Sometimes, to paſs the tedious irkſome Hours,
I climb the top of *Woodſtocks* mounting Towr's;
Where, in a Turret, ſecretly I lye,
To view from far ſuch as do travel by;
Whither (me-thinks) all caſt their Eyes at me,
As through the Stones my Shame did make them ſee;
And with ſuch Hate the harmleſs Walls do view,
As ev'n to Death their Eyes would me purſue.
The married Women curſe my hatefull Life,
Wronging ſo fair a Queen, and vertuous Wife;
The Maidens wiſh, I buried quick, may dye,
And from each place, near my abode, do fly.
* Well knew'ſt thou what a Monſter I would be,
When thou didſt build this Labyrinth for me;
* Whoſe ſtrange *Meanders* turning ev'ry way,
We like the courſe wherein my Youth did ſtray;
Th[illegible]ly a Clue doth guide me out and in,
Th[illegible] yet ſtill walk I circular in ſin.
[illegible]As in the Gallery this other day,
[illegible]and my Woman paſt the time away,

'Mongſt

'Mongſt many *Pictures*, which were hanging by,
The ſilly Girl at length hapt to eſpy
Lucrece's Image, and deſires to know,
What ſhe ſhould be, her ſelf that murther'd ſo?
Why, Girl (quoth I) this is that *Roman* Dame;
Not able then to tell the reſt for ſhame,
My babling Tongue doth mine own Guilt betray;
With that I ſent the prattling Wench away,
Leſt when my liſping guilty *Tongue* ſhould hault,
My *Looks* might prove the *Index* to my Fault.
As that Life-bloud, which from the Heart is ſent,
In Beauty's Field pitching her Crimſon Tent,
In lovely *Sanguine* ſutes the Lilly Cheek,
Whilſt it but for a reſting place doth ſeek;
And changing oft its Station with Delight,
Converts the White to Red, the Red to White;
The Bluſh with Paleneſs for the place doth ſtrive,
The Paleneſs thence the Bluſh would gladly drive:
Thus in my Breaſt a thouſand Thoughts I carry,
Which in my Paſſion diverſly do vary.
When as the *Sun* hales tow'rds the Weſtern ſhade,
And the *Trees* ſhadows hath much taller made,
Forth go I to a little *Current* near,
Which like a wanton Trail creeps here and there,
Where, with mine *Angle* caſting in the *Bait*,
The little *Fiſhes* (dreading the deceit)
With fearfull nibbling fly th' inticing Gin,
By Nature taught what danger lyes therein
Things Reaſonleſs, thus warn'd by Natu
Yet I devour'd the Bait was lay'd for me

Thinking thereon, and breaking into Grones,
The bubbling Spring, which trips upon the Stones
Chides me away, leſt ſitting but too nigh,
I ſhould pollute that Native purity.
* *Roſe of the World*, ſo doth import my Name,
Shame of the World, my Life hath made the ſame.
And to th' unchaſt this Name ſhall given be,
Of *Roſamond*, deriv'd from *Sin* and Me.
The *Clifford*'s take from me that Name of theirs,
Which hath been famous for ſo many years:
They blot my Birth with hatefull Baſtardie,
That I ſprang not from their Nobilitie;
They my Alliance utterly refuſe,
Nor will a Strumpet ſhou'd their Name abuſe.
Here, in the Garden, wrought by curious hands
Naked *Diana* in the Fountain ſtands,
With all her Nymphs got round about to hide her
As when *Acteon* had by chance eſpy'd her:
This ſacred Image I no ſooner view'd,
But as that metamorphos'd Man, purſu'd
By his own Hounds; ſo, by my Thoughts am I,
Which chaſe me ſtill, which way ſoe'er I fly.
Touching the Graſs, the Honey-dropping Dew,
Which falls in Tears before my limber ſhooe,
Upon my Foot conſumes in weeping ſtill,
As it would ſay, Why went'ſt thou to this Ill?
Thus, to no Place in ſafety can I goe,
But every thing doth give me cauſe of Woe.
In that fair Casket, of ſuch wond'rous Coſt,
Thou ſent'ſt the Night before mine Honour loſt,

Amimone was wrought, a harmleſs Maid,
By *Neptune*, that adult'rous God, betray'd;
She proſtrate at his Feet, begging with Pray'rs,
Wringing her Hands, her Eyes ſwoln up with Tears:
This was not an intrapping Bait from thee,
But by thy Vertue gently warning me,
And to declare for what intent it came,
Leſt I therein ſhould ever keep my ſhame.
And in this Casket (ill I ſee it now)
That *Joves* love *Jo* turn'd into a Cow;
Yet was ſhe kept with *Argus* hundred Eyes:
So wakefull ſtill be *Juno*'s Jealouſies:
By this I well might have fore-warned been,
T' have clear'd my ſelf to thy ſuſpecting Queen,
Who with more hundred Eyes attendeth me,
Then had poor *Argus* ſingle Eyes to ſee.
In this thou rightly imitateſt *Jove*,
Into a Beaſt thou haſt transform'd thy Love;
Nay, worſer far (beyond their beaſtly kind)
A Monſter both in Body and in Mind.
The Waxen Taper which I burn by Night,
With the dull vap'ry dimneſs mocks my Sight,
As though the Damp which hinders the clear Flame
Came from my Breath in that Night of my Shame
When as it look'd with a dark *lowring Eye*,
To ſee the loſs of my *Virginity*.
And if a *Star* but by the Glaſs appear,
I ſtraight intreat it, not to look in here;
I am already hatefull to the *Light*,
And will it too betray me to the *Night*?

Then ſince my Shame ſo much belongs to thee,
Rid me of that, by only murd'ring me;
And let it juſtly to my charge be lay'd,
That I thy Perſon meant to have betray'd:
Thou ſhalt not need by Circumſtance t' accuſe me,
If I deny it, let the Heav'ns refuſe me.
My Life's a Blemiſh, which doth cloud thy Name,
Take it away, and clear ſhall ſhine thy Fame:
Yield to my Sute, if ever Pity mov'd thee,
In this ſhew Mercy, as I ever lov'd thee.

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle History.

Well knew'ſt thou what a Monſter I would be.
When thou didſt build this Labyrinth for me.

IN the Cretean *Labyrinth a Monſter was incloſed, called a* Minotaure, *the Hiſtory whereof is well known: but the Labyrinth was framed by* Dedalus, *with ſo many intricate Ways, that being entred, one could either hardly or never return, being in the manner of a Maze, ſave that it was larger, the Ways being walled in on every ſide, out of the which,* Theſeus, *by* Ariadne's *help, (lending him a Clue of Thred) eſcaped. Some report, that it was a Houſe, having one half beneath the ground another above; the Chamber doors therein ſo deceitfully inwrapped, and made to open ſo many ways, that it was held matter almoſt impoſſible to return.*

Some have held it to have been an Allegory of Mans Life: whether it is, that the Compariſon will hold; for what liker to a Labyrinth, then the Maze of Life, But it is affirmed by Anti-

quity, that there was indeed such a Building; though Dedalus *being a name applied to the Workman's excellency, make it suspected: for* Dedalus *is nothing else but ingenious or Artificial. Hereupon it is used among the ancient Poets for any thing curiously wrought.*

Rosamond's *Labyrinth, whose Ruins, together with her Well, being paved with square Stone in the bottom, and also her Tower, from which the Labyrinth did run (are yet remaining) was altogether under ground, being Vaults Arched and Walled with Brick and Stone, almost inextricably wound one within another; by which, if at any time her Lodging were laid about by the Queen, she might easily avoid eminent Peril, and if need be, by secret Issues take the Air abroad, many Furlongs round about* Woodstock *in* Oxfordshire, *wherein it was situated. Thus much for* Rosamond's *Labyrinth.*

Whose strange *Meanders* turning every way.

Meander *is a River in* Lycia, *a Province of* Natolia, *or* Asia minor, *famous for the sinuosity and often turning thereof, rising from certain Hills in* Meonia: *Hereupon are intricate Turnings, by a Transumptive and Metonymicall kind of speech called* Meanders; *for this River did so strangely path it self that the Foot seemed to touch the Head.*

Rose of the World, so doth import my Name,
Shame of the World, my Life hath made the same.

It might be reported, how at Godstow, *where this Rose of the World was sumptuously interred, a certain Bishop, in a Visitation of his Dioceſs, caused the Monument which had been erected to her Honour, utterly to be demolished: but let that were Chastisement of* Rosamond, *then dead, in this wise be passed over, lest she should seem to be the Shame of the World.*

HER

HENRY TO ROSAMOND.

WHen the *Expreſs* arriv'd at my ſad *Tent*,
And brought the *Letters Roſamond* had ſent,
Think from his *Lips* but what dear Comfort came,
When in mine *Ear* he ſoftly breath'd thy name:
Straight I injoyn'd him of thy Health to tell,
Longing to hear my *Roſamond* did well;
With new Enquiries then I cut him ſhort,
When of the ſame he gladly would report,
That with the earneſt Haſte, my *Tongue* oft trips,
Catching the *words* half ſpoke, out of his Lips.
This told, yet more I urge him to reveal,
To looſe no time, whilſt I unripp'd the Seal.
The more I read, ſtill do I err the more,
As though miſtaking ſomewhat ſaid before:
Miſſing the Point, the doubtfull Sence is broken,
Speaking again what I before had ſpoken.
Still in a Swoond, my Heart revives and faints,
Twixt Hopes, Deſpairs, 'twixt Smiles and deep Complaints.
Is theſe ſad Accents ſort in my Deſires,
Smooth Calms, rough Storms, ſharp Froſts, & raging Fires,

Put

Put on with Boldneſs, and put back with Fears,
For oft thy Troubles do extort my Tears.
O, how my Heart at that black Line did tremble!
That blotted Paper ſhould Thy Self reſemble;
Oh, were there *Paper* but near half ſo *white*!
The *Gods* thereon their ſacred *Laws* would write
With *Pens* of Angels Wings; and for their *Ink*,
That Heav'nly *Nectar*, their immortal Drink.
Majeſtick Courage ſtrives to have ſuppreſt
This fearfull *Paſſion*, ſtirr'd up in my Breaſt;
But ſtill in vain the ſame I go about,
My Heart muſt break within, or Woes break out.
* Am I at home purſu'd with private Hate,
And *War* comes raging to my Palace Gate?
Is meagre *Envy* ſtabbing at my Throne,
Treaſon attending when I walk alone?
* And am I branded with the Curſe of *Rome*,
And ſtand condemned by a *Councils* Doom?
* And by the *pride* of my rebellious *Son*;
Rich *Normandy* with Armies over-run?
Fatal my *Birth*, unfortunate my *Life*,
* Unkind my *Children*, moſt unkind my *Wife*.
Grief, Cares, old Age, Suſpicion to torment me,
Nothing on Earth to quiet or content me;
So many Woes, ſo many Plagues to find,
Sickneſs of Body, diſcontent of Mind;
Hopes left, Helps reft, Life wrong'd, Joy intended,
Baniſh'd, diſtreſs'd, forſaken and afflicted,
Of all Relief hath *Fortune* quite bereft me?
Only my *Love* yet to my Comfort left me:

"And is one *Beauty* thought ſo great a thing,
" To mitigate the Sorrows of a *King*?
Barr'd of that Choice the Vulgar often prove;
Have we, then they, leſs privi edge in Love?
Is it a King the wofull *Widow* hears?
Is it a King drys up the *Orphans* Tears?
Is it a King regards the *Clyents* Cry?
Gives Life to *him* by Law condemn'd to dye?
Is it his Care the *Common-wealth* that keeps,
As doth the *Nurſe* her Babie whilſt it ſleeps?
And that poor *King* of all thoſe Hopes prevented,
Unheard, unhelp'd, unpittty'd, unlamented!
Yet let me be with Poverty oppreſt,
Of Earthly Bleſſings robb'd and diſpoſſeſt,
Let me be ſcorn'd rejected and revil'd,
And from my *Kingdom* let me live exil'd,
Let the Worlds Curſe upon me ſtill remain,
And let the laſt bring on the firſt again;
All Miſeries that wretched Man may wound,
Leave for my Comfort only *Roſamond*.
For Thee, *ſwift Time* his ſpeedy Courſe doth ſtay,
At thy Command, the *Deſtinies* obey,
Pity is dead, that comes not from thine *Eyes*,
And at thy *Feet* ev'n *Mercy* proſtrate lyes.
If I were feebie, rheumatick, or cold,
Theſe were true ſigns that I were waxed old:
But I can march all day in maſſie Steel,
For yet my *Arms* unwieldy weight do feel;
For wak'd by *night* with Bruiſe or bloudy Wound,
The *Tent* my Bed, no Pillow but the *Ground*:

For

For very Age had I lain Bedrid long,
One *Smile* of Thine, again could make me Young
Were there in *Art* a Power but ſo divine,
As is in that ſweet *Angel-Tongue* of Thine,
That great *Enchantreſs*, which once took ſuch pain
To put young Bloud into old *Æſon*'s Veins,
And in Groves, Mountains and the *Mooriſh* Fen,
Sought out more *Herbs* then had been known to Men,
And in the pow'rfull *Potion* that ſhe makes,
Put *Bloud* of Men, of Birds, of Beaſts and Snakes:
Never had needed to have gone ſo far,
To ſeek the *Soyles* where all thoſe *Simples* are;
One *Accent* from thy Lips the *Bloud* more warms,
Then all her Philters, Exorciſms and Charms.
Thy *Preſence* hath repaired in one day,
What many Years with Sorrows did decay,
And made freſh *Beauty* in her flower to ſpring,
Out of the wrinkles of *Times* ruining.
Ev'n as the hungry Winter-ſtarved *Earth*,
When ſhe by nature labours tow'rds her Birth,
Still as the *Day* upon the dark World creeps,
One *Bloſſom* forth after another peeps,
Till the ſame *Flower*, whoſe *Root* (at laſt) unbound
Gets from the frоſty Priſon of the *Ground*,
Spreading the *Leaves* unto the pow'rfull noon,
Deck'd in freſh Colours, ſmiles upon the *Sun*,
Never unquiet Care lodg'd in that Breaſt,
Where but one Thought of *Roſamond* did reſt;
Nor Thirſt, nor Travel which on War attend,
Ere the long Day brought to deſired end;

Nor yet pale *Fear* did, or lean *Famine* live,
Where hope of *Thee* did any Comfort give:
Ah, what Injuſtice then is this of *Thee*,
That thus the Guiltleſs do'ſt condemn for me?
When only ſhe (by means of my Offence)
Redeems thy Pureneſs and thy Innocence,
VVhen to our *Wills* perforce obey they muſt,
That's juſt in them, what e'er in us unjuſt,
Of what we do, not them account we make;
The Fault craves pardon for th' Offenders ſake:
And what to work a *Prince*'s VVill may merit,
Hath deep'ſt impreſſion in the gentleſt *Spirit*.
If't be my *Name* that doth thee ſo offend,
No more my *ſelf* ſhall be mine own Names Friend;
If it be that, which Thou doſt only hate,
That Name, in my Name, laſtly hath his date;
Say 'tis accurſt and fatal, and diſpraiſe it,
If written, blot it, if engraven, raze it;
Say, that of all Names 'tis a Name of Woe,
Once a King's Name, but now it is not ſo:
And when all this is done, I know 'twill grieve thee;
And therefore (Sweet) why ſhould I now belive thee?
For ſhouldſt thou think, thoſe *Eyes* with Envy
Which paſſing by thee, gaze up to thy *Towre* (lowre,
But rather praiſe thine own, which be ſo clear,
Which from the *Turret* like two *Stars* appear:
Above, the *Sun* doth ſhine, beneath, thine *Eye*,
Mocking the *Heav'n*, to make another *Skye*.
The little *Stream* which by thy *Tow'r* doth glide,
Where oft thou ſpend'ſt the weary Ev'ning *Tide*,

To

To view thee well, his *Courſe* would gladly ſtay,
As loth from *thee* to part ſo ſoon away,
And with Salutes thy ſelf would gladly greet,
And offer ſome ſmall Drops up at thy Feet;
But finding, that the envious *Banks* reſtrain it,
T' excuſe it ſelf, doth in this ſort complain it,
And therefore this ſad bubling Murmur keeps,
And for thy want, within the Channel weeps.
And as thou do'ſt into the Water look,
The *Fiſh* which ſee thy ſhadow in the Brook,
Forget to feed, and all amazed lye,
So daunted with the luſtre of thine Eye.

And that ſweet *Name*, which thou ſo much do'ſt
In time ſhall be ſome famous *Poet*'s Song; (wrong
And with the very ſweetneſs of that Name,
Lyons and *Tygers* Men ſhall learn to tame.
The carefull *Mother*, at her penſive Breaſt,
VVith *Roſamond* ſhall bring her Babe to Reſt;
The little Birds (by Mens continual ſound)
Shall learn to ſpeak and prattle *Roſamond*:
And when in *April* they begin to ſing,
VVith *Roſamond* ſhall welcome in the Spring;
And ſhe in whom all Rarities are found,
Shall ſtill be ſaid to be a *Roſamond*.

The little Flowers dropping their honied Dew,
VVhich (as thou writ'ſt) do weep upon thy Shoe,
Not for thy Fault (ſweet *Roſamond*) do moan,
Only lament, that thou ſo ſoon art gone;
For if thy Foot touch *Hemlock* as it goes,
That *Hemlock*'s made much ſweeter then the *Roſ*

Of *Jove* or *Neptune*, how they did betray,
Speak not; of *Jo*, or *Amimone*,
VVhen ſhe, for whom *Jove* once became a Bull,
Compar'd with Thee, had been a Tawny Trull;
He a white *Bull* and ſhe a whiter *Cow*,
Yet he nor ſhe ne'er half ſo white as Thou.
Long ſince thou know'ſt (my Dear) I've careful
To lodge thee ſafe free from my jealous Queen; (been
The Labyrinths Conveyance guides thee ſo,
(* VVhich only *Vaughan*, thou and I do know)
Tho' ſhe ſhould watch thee with an hundred Eyes,
I'll antidote her furious Mercuries,
And with an *Argus* Mind my *Phœnix* keep,
VVith Eyes that ne'er were overcome by ſleep.
And thoſe *Stars* which look in, but look to ſee,
(Wond'ring) what *Star* here on the Earth ſhould be;
As oft the *Moon* amidſt the ſilent Night,
Hath come to joy us with her friendly Light.
And by the Curtain help'd mine Eye to ſee
What envious night and darkneſs hid from me;
When I have wiſh'd that ſhe might ever ſtay,
And other Worlds might ſtill enjoy the Day.
What ſhould I ſay? words, tears and ſighs be ſpent
And want of Time doth further Help prevent:
My *Camp* reſounds with fearfull ſhocks of War,
Yet in my Breaſt more dang'rous Conflicts are;
Yet is my Signal to the Battels ſound,
The bleſſed Name of beauteous *Roſamond*.
Accurſed be that Heart, that Tongue, that Breath,
Should think, ſhould ſpeak, or whiſper of thy Death:

For

For in one Smile, or Lowre from thy ſweet Eye,
Conſiſts my Life, my Hope, my Victory.
Sweet *Woodſtock*, where my *Roſamond* doth reſt,
Be bleſt in her, in whom thy King is bleſt:
For though in *France* a while my Body be,
My Heart remains (dear Paradiſe) in thee.

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle Hiſtory.

Am I at Home purſu'd with private Hate,
And War comes raging to my Palace Gate?

ROBERT *Earl of* Leiceſter, *who took part with young King* Henry, *entred into* England *with an Army of three thouſand* Flemings, *and ſpoiled the Countries of* Norfolk *and* Suffolk, *being ſuccoured by many of the King's private Enemies.*

And am I branded with the Curſe of *Rome*?

King Henry *the Second, the firſt* Plantaginet, *accuſed for the Death of* Thomas Becket, *Archbiſhop of* Canterbury, *ſlain in that Cathedral Church, was accurſed by Pope* Alexander, *although he urged ſufficient proof of his Innocency in the ſame, and offered to take upon him any Pennance, ſo he might avoid the Curſe and Interdiction of his Realm.*

And by the Pride of my rebellious Son,
Rich *Normandy* with Armies over-run.

Henry *the young King, whom King* Henry *had cauſed to be*

Crowned in his Life (as he hoped) both for his own good, and the good of his Subjects, which indeed turned to his own Sorrow, and the trouble of the Realm; for he rebelled againſt him, and raiſing a Power, by the means of Lewis *King of* France, *and* William *King of* Scots (*who took part with him*) *and invaded* Normandy.

Unkind my Children, moſt unkind Wife.

Never King more unfortunate then King Henry, *in the diſobedience of his Children: Firſt* Henry, *then* Geoffrey, *then* Richard, *then* John, *all at one time or other, firſt or laſt, unnaturally rebelled againſt him; then, the Jealouſie of* Elinor *his Queen, who ſuſpected his Love to* Roſamond: *Which grievous troubles, the* Devout *of thoſe Times attributed to happen to him juſtly, for refuſing to take on him the Government of* Jeruſalem, *offered to him by the Patriarch there; which Country was ſorely afflicted by the Souldan.*

Which only *Vaughan*, thou and I do know.

This Vaughan *was a Knight whom the King exceedingly loved, who kept the Palace at* Woodſtock, *and much of the Kings Jewels and Treaſure, to whom the King committed many of his Secrets, and in whom he repoſed ſuch truſt, that he durſt commit his Love unto his Charge.*

FINIS.

KING JOHN TO MATILDA.

The ARGUMENT.

After King John *had assayed by all means possible to win the fa[ir] and chast* Matilda *to his unchast and unlawfull Bed, [and] by unjust Courses and false accusation, banish'd the Lord* [Ro]bert Fitzwater, *her Noble Father, and many other Al[ies] who justly withstood the desire of this wanton King, seek[ing] the dishonour of his fair and vertuous Daughter: This chast Lady still solicited by the lascivious King, flies unto* Dunt[on] *in* Essex, *where she becomes a Nun, the King (still persist[ing] in his Suit) sollicites her by this Epistle; her Reply com[mends] her vow'd and invincible Chastity, making known to the King her pure unspotted Thoughts.*

WHen these my *Letters* thy bright Eyes shall view,
Think them not forc'd, or feign'd, or strange, or new.
Thou know'st no way, no means, no course exempt
Left now unsought, unprov'd, or unattempted.
All Rules, Regards, all secret Helps of Art,
What Knowledge, Wit, Experience can impart,
And in the old Worlds Ceremonies doted,
Good days for Love, Times, Hours & Minutes noted,

And where *Art* left, *Love* teacheth more to find,
By *ſigns* in preſence to expreſs the Mind.
Oft hath mine *Eye* told thine Eye, *Beauty* griev'd it.
And begg'd but for one Look, to have reliev'd it,
And ſtill with thine Eyes motion, mine Eye mov'd,
Lab'ring for Mercy, telling how it lov'd;
You bluſht, I bluſht; your Cheek pale, pale was mine,
My Red, thy Red, my Whiteneſs anſwer'd thine;
You ſigh'd, I ſigh'd, we both one Paſſion prove,
But thy ſigh is for Hate, my ſigh for Love:
If a word paſs'd, that inſufficient were,
To help that word, mine Eye let forth a Tear;
And if that *Tear* did dull or ſenſeleſs prove,
My *Heart* would fetch a *Throb*, to make it move.
Oft in thy Face, one Favour from the reſt
Singled forth, that pleas'd my Fancy beſt;
This likes me moſt, another likes me more,
A third, exceeding both thoſe lik'd before:
Then one, as Wonder were derived thence,
Then that, whoſe rareneſs paſſeth excellence.
Whilſt I behold thy Globe-like rowling Eye,
Thy lovely Cheek (me thinks) ſtands ſmiling by,
And tells me, thoſe are Shadows and Suppoſes,
But bids me thither come, and gather Roſes;
Looking on that, thy Brow doth call to me,
To come to it, if Wonders I will ſee:
Now have I done, and then thy dimpled Chin
Again doth tell me newly I begin,
And bids me yet to look upon thy Lip,
Leſt wond'ring leaſt, the great'ſt I overſlip.

My gazing *Eye* on this and this doth ſeaſe,
Which ſurfeits, yet cannot Deſire appeaſe.
Now like I *Brown* (O lovely *Brown* thy Hair)
Only in *Browneſs* Beauty dwelleth there.
Then love I *Black*, think Eye-ball black as Jet,
Which in a Globe, pure Cryſtalline is ſet:
Then *White*; but Snow, nor Swan, nor Ivory pleaſe
Then are thy *Teeth* whiter by much then thoſe
In Brown, in Black, in Pureneſs, and in White,
All Love, all Sweets, all Rareneſs, all Delight:
Thus my ſtol'n Heart (ſweet Thief) thou hence do
And now thou fly'ſt into a Sanctuary. (car
Fie peeviſh Girl, ingratefull unto Nature;
Was it for this ſhe fram'd thee ſuch a Creature
That thou her Glory ſhould'ſt encreaſe thereby,
And thou alone do'ſt ſcorn Society?
Why *Heav'n* made *Beauty* like her ſelf to view,
Not to be lock'd up in a ſmoaky Mew:
A Roſie-tincted Feature is Heav'ns Gold,
Which all Men joy to touch, all to behold.
It was enacted when the World begun,
So rare a *Beauty* ſhould not live a Nun;
But if this *Vow* thou needs wilt undertake,
Oh were mine *Arms* a *Cloyſter* for thy ſake:
Still may his Pains for ever be augmented,
This Superſtition idly that invented;
Ill might he thrive, who brought this Cuſtome
That holy People might not live together.
A happy Time, a good World was it then,
When holy Women liv'd with holy Men.

But *Kings* in this yet priviledg'd may be,
I'll be a *Monk*, ſo I may live with thee.
Who would not riſe to ring the Morning's Knell,
When thy ſweet Lips might be the ſacring Bell?
Or what is he, not willingly would faſt,
That on thoſe *Lips* might feaſt his Lips at laſt?
Who to his *Mattins* early would not riſe,
Might he but read by th' Light of thy fair *Eyes*?
On Worldly Pleaſures who would ever look,
That had thy Curls his Beads, thy Brows his Book?
Wert Thou the *Croſs*, to Thee who would not creep,
And wiſh, the *Croſs* ſtill in his Arms to keep?
Sweet Girl, I'll take this holy Habit on me,
Of meer Devotion that is come upon me;
Holy *Matilda*, Thou the *Saint* of mine,
I'll be thy Servant, and my *Bed* thy *Shrine*.
When I do offer, be thy *Breaſt* the *Altar*,
And when I pray, thy *Mouth* ſhall be my Pſalter.
The *Beads* that we will bid, ſhall be ſweet *Kiſſes*,
Which we will number, if one Pleaſure miſſes;
And when an *Ave* comes, to ſay *Amen*,
We will begin, and tell them o'er again:
Now all good Fortune give me happy Thrift,
As I ſhould joy t' *abſolve* thee after Shrift.
But ſee, how much I do my ſelf beguile,
And do miſtake thy meaning all this while:
Thou took'ſt this *Vow*, to equal my Deſire,
Becauſe thou wouldſt have me to be a *Frier*,
And that we two ſhould comfort one another,
A holy *Siſter*, and a holy *Brother*,

Thou as a *Votreſs* to my Love alone,
" *She* is moſt chaſt, that's but enjoy'd of One.
Yea, now thy true *Devotion* do I find,
And ſure, in this I much commend thy Mind;
Elſe here thou do'ſt but ill Example give,
And in a *Nun'ry* thus thou ſhouldſt not live.
Is't poſſible, the *Houſe* that thou art in
Should not be toucht (though with a Venial Sin?)
When ſuch a *She-Prieſt* comes her Maſs to ſay,
Twenty to one they all forget to pray:
Well may we wiſh, they would their *Hearts* amend,
When we bear witneſs, that their *Eyes* offend;
All Creatures have Deſires, or elſe ſome lye,
Let them think ſo that will, ſo will not I.
Do'ſt thou not think our Anceſtors were wiſe,
That theſe Religious *Cells* did firſt deviſe?
As *Hoſpitals* were for the Sore and Sick,
Theſe for the Crook'd, the Halt, the Stigmatick,
Leſt that their *Seed*, mark'd with Deformity,
Should be a Blemiſh to Poſterity.
Would Heav'n her *Beauty* ſhould be hid from ſight,
Ne'er would ſhe thus her ſelf adorn with Light;
With ſparkling *Lamps* nor would ſhe paint her *Throne*
But ſhe delighteth to be gaz'd upon:
And when the golden glorious *Sun* goes down,
Would ſhe put on her Star-beſtudded Crown,
And in her Masking Sute, the ſpangled Sky,
Come forth to Bride it in her Revelry;
And gave this Gift to all Things in Creation,
That they in this ſhould imitate her Faſhion.

All Things that fair, that pure, that glorious been,
Offer themſelves of purpoſe to be ſeen.
In Sinks and Vaults the ugly *Toads* do dwell;
The Devils, ſince moſt ugly, they in Hell.
Our Mother (Earth) ne'er glories in her Fruit,
Till by the Sun clad in her Tinſel Sute;
Nor doth ſhe ever ſmile him in the Face,
Till in his glorious *Arms* he her imbrace:
Which proves ſhe hath a Soul, Senſe, and Delight,
Of *Generations* feeling Appetite.
Well *Hypocrite* (in Faith) wouldſt thou confeſs,
What e'er thy Tongue ſay, thy Heart ſaith no leſs.
Note but this One thing (if nought elſe perſwade)
Nature of all things *Male* and *Female* made,
Shewing her ſelf in our Proportion plain;
For never made ſhe any thing in vain:
For as thou art, ſhould any have been thus,
She would have left enſample unto us.
The *Turtle*, that's ſo true and chaſte in Love,
Shews by her *Mate* ſomething the Spirit doth move:
The *Arabian* Bird, that never is but one,
Only *Chaſt*, becauſe she is alone:
But had our Mother *Nature* made them Two,
They would have done as *Doves* and *Sparrows* do;
And therefore made a *Martyr* in deſire,
So do her *Pennance* laſtly in the Fire:
So may they all be roaſted quick, that be
Apoſtata's to *Nature*, as is She.
Find me but one ſo young, ſo fair, ſo free,
Woo'd, ſu'd, & ſought by him that now ſeeks (

But of thy Mind, and here I undertake
To ~~build a~~ *Nun'ry* for her only ſake.
Oh, hadſt thou taſted of thoſe rare Delights,
Ordain'd each where to pleaſe great *Princes* ſights!
To have their *Beauty* and their *Wits* admir'd,
(Which is by nature of your Sex deſir'd)
Attended by our Trains, our Pomp, our Port,
Like Gods ador'd abroad, kneel'd to in Court.
To be ſaluted with the cheerfull Cry
Of Highneſs, Grace, and ſoveraign Majeſty:
" But unto them that know not Pleaſures price,
" All's one, a Priſon, and a Paradiſe.
If in a *Dungeon* clos'd up from the Light,
There is no diff'rence 'twixt the *Day* and *Night*;
" Whoſe *Pallat* never taſted dainty *Cates*,
" Thinks homely *Diſhes* Princely Delicates.
Alas, poor *Girl*, I pitty thine eſtate,
That now thus long haſt liv'd diſconſolate;
Why now at length, yet let thy Heart relent,
And call thy *Father* back from Banishment;
And with thoſe Princely Honours here inveſt him
Of which, fond Love, not Hate hath diſpoſſeſt him.
Call from *Exile* thy dear *Allies* and *Friends*,
To whom the Fury of my *Grief* extends;
And if thou take my Counſel in this Caſe,
I make no doubt thou shalt have better Grace:
And leave thy *Dunmow*, that accurſed Cell,
There let black *Night* and *Melancholly* dwell;
Come to the *Court*, where all Joy's shall receive thee,
And till that Hour, yet with my Grief I leave thee.

A NAG

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle History.

THis Epiſtle of King John *to* Matilda, *is much more Poetical then Hiſtorical, making no mention at all of the Time, or State, touching only his love to her, and the extremity of his Paſſions forced by his deſires, rightly faſhioning the Humour of this King, as hath been truly noted by the moſt authentick Writers: whoſe nature and diſpoſition is truly diſcern'd in the courſe of his Love; firſt, jeſting at the Ceremonies of the Services of thoſe Times; then, going about by all ſtrong and probable Arguments, to reduce her to Pleaſures and Delights; next, with promiſes of Honour, which he thinketh to be the laſt and greateſt Means, and to have greateſt power in her Sex; with promiſe of calling home her Friends, which he thought might be a great inducement to his deſires.*

MATILDA
TO
KING JOHN.

NO ſooner I receiv'd thy *Letters* here,
Before I knew from *whom*, or whence they were,
But ſudden *fear* my bloudleſs *veins* doth fill,
As though divining of ſome future ill:

And in a ſhiv'ring extaſie I ſtood,
A chilly *Coldneſs* ran through all my Blood;
Opening the *Packet*, I ſhut up my reſt,
And let ſtrange Cares into my quiet Breaſt,
As though thy hard unpittying *Hand* had ſent me,
Some new deviſed *Torture* to torment me.
Well had I hop'd, I had been now forgot,
Caſt out with thoſe things thou remembreſt not;
And that proud *Beauty* which enforc'd me hither,
Had with my Name been periſhed together:
" But Oh (I ſee) our hoped Good deceives us,
" But what we would forgoe, that ſeldom leaves us
Thy blamefull *Lines* beſpotted ſo with Sin,
Mine *Eyes* would cleanſe, e'er they to read begin:
But I to waſh an *Indian* go about,
For *Ill* ſo hard ſet on, is hard got out.
I once determin'd, ſtill to have been mute,
Only by *Silence* to refell thy Sute:
But this again did alter mine intent,
For ſome will ſay, that *Silence* doth conſent:
" Deſire with ſmall encouragement grows bold,
" And Hope of ev'ry little takes its hold.
I ſet me down, at large to write my mind,
But now nor *Pen*, nor *Paper* can I find;
For ſtill my *Paſſion* is ſo pow'rfull o'er me,
That I diſcern not things which lye before me:
Finding the *Pen*, the *Paper*, and the *Wax*,
The[illegible] command, and now *Invention* lacks:
This [illegible]*ance* ſerves, and That my hand out-ſtrikes;
[illegible]eaſeth well, and This as much miſlikes.
I write,

I write, indite, I point, I raze, I quote,
I enterline, I blot, correct, I note,
I hope, deſpair, take courage, faint, diſdain,
I make, alledge, I imitate, I fain:
Now thus it muſt be, and now thus, and thus,
Bold, ſhame-fac'd, fearleſs, doubtfull, timorous;
My faint Hand writing, when my full Eye reads,
From ev'ry word ſtrange Paſſion ſtill proceeds.
" Oh, when the *Soul* is fetter'd once in Woe,
" 'Tis ſtrange what *Humors* it doth force us to!
A *Tear* doth drown a Tear, *Sigh*, Sigh doth ſmother
This hinders that, *that* interrupts the other:
The o'er watch'd weakneſs of the ſick Conceit,
Is that which makes ſmall *Beauty* ſeem ſo great;
Like things which hid in troubled Waters lye,
Which crook'd, ſeem ſtraight, if ſtraight, the con-
And thus our vain *Imagination* ſhews it, (trary
As it conceives it, not as *Judgment* knows it:
(As in a *Mirrour*, if the ſame be true)
Such as your likeneſs, juſtly ſuch are you:
But as you change your ſelf, it changeth there,
And ſhews you as you were not, not as you were;
And with your *Motion* doth your *ſhadow* move,
If Frown or Smile, ſuch the conceit of Love.
Why tell me, is it poſſible the Mind
A Form in all Deformity ſhould find?
Within the compaſs of *Man*'s Face we ſee,
How many ſorts of ſev'ral Favours be;
And in the Chin, the Noſe, the Brow, the Eye,
The ſmalleſt Diff'rence that you can deſcry,

Alters Proportion, altereth the Grace,
Nay, oft deſtroys the Favour of the *Face*:
And in the World, ſcarce Two ſo like there are,
One with the other, which if you compare,
But being ſet before you both together,
A judging *Sight* doth ſoon diſtinguiſh either.
How Woman-like a Weakneſs is it then?
Oh, what ſtrange Madneſs ſo poſſeſſeth Men!
Bereft of Senſe, ſuch ſenſeleſs Wonders ſeeing,
Without Form, Faſhion, Certainty or Being?
For which ſo many dye, to live in anguiſh,
Yet cannot live, if thus they ſhould not languiſh:
That Comfort yields not, and yet Hope denies not,
A Life that lives not, and a Death that dyes not;
That hates us moſt, when moſt it ſpeaks us fair,
Doth promiſe all Things, always pays with Air,
Yet ſometime doth our greateſt *Grief* appeaſe,
To double *Sorrow* after little Eaſe.
Like that which thy laſcivious *Will* doth crave,
Which if once had, thou never more canſt have;
Which if thou get, in getting thou do'ſt waſte it,
Taken, is loſt, and periſh'd, if thou haſt it:
Which if thou gain'ſt, thou ne'er the more haſt won,
I loſing nothing, yet am quite undone;
And yet of that, if that a *King* deprave me,
No King reſtores, though he a Kingdom gave me.
* Do'ſt thou of *Father* and of *Friends* deprive me?
And tak'ſt thou from me all that Heav'n did give me?
What Nature claims by Bloud, Allies, or Neerneſs,
Or Friendſhip challenge by regard or dearneſs?

Mak'ſt

Ma'kſt me an *Orphan* e'er my Father dye,
A wofull *Widow* in Virginity?
Is thy unbridled *Luſt* the cauſe of all?
And now thy flatt'ring *Tongue* bewails my Fall.
The dead Man's *Grave* with feigned *Tears* to fill,
So the devouring *Crocodile* doth kill;
To harbour *Hate*, in ſhew of wholeſome Things,
So in the *Roſe*, the poyſoned *Serpent* ſtings;
To lurk far off, yet lodge Deſtruction by,
The *Baſilisk* ſo poyſons with the Eye;
To call for Aid, and then to lye in wait,
So the *Hyena* Murthers by Deceit;
By ſweet Inticement, ſudden Death to bring,
So from the *Rocks* the alluring *Mermaids* ſing:
In greateſt *Wants* t'inflict the greateſt *Woe*,
Ev'n the utmoſt *Tyranny* can do.
But where (I ſee) the *Tempeſt* thus prevails,
What uſe of *Anchors*, or what need of Sails?
Above us, bluſt'ring *Winds* and dreadfull *Thunder*,
The *Waters* gape for our Deſtruction under;
Here, on this ſide, the furious *Billows* flye, (lye
There *Rocks*, there Sands, and dang'rous *Whirl-pools*
Is this the *mean* that *Mightineſs* approves?
And in this ſort doe *Princes* woe their *Loves*?
Mildneſs would better ſute with *Majeſty*,
Then raſh *Revenge* and rough *Severity*.
Oh, in what Safety *Temperance* doth reſt,
Obtaining Harbour in a Soveraign Breaſt!
Which, if ſo praiſefull in the meaneſt Men,
In pow'rfull *Kings* how glorious is it then?

* Fled I firſt hither, hoping to have aid,
Here thus to have mine Innocence betray'd?
Is *Court* and *Countrey* both her Enemy,
And no place found to ſhrow'd in *Chaſtity*?
Each Houſe for *Luſt* a Harbour, and an Inn,
And ev'ry *City* a Receit for *Sin*?
And all do pity *Beauty* in diſtreſs;
If Beauty *chaſte*, then only pittileſs:
Thus is ſhe made the inſtrument to Ill,
And unrelievd, may wander where ſhe will.
Laſcivious *Poets*, which abuſe the Truth,
Which oft teach *Age* to Sin, infecting Youth,
For the *unchaſt*, make *Trees* and *Stones* to mourn
Or as they pleaſe, to other ſhapes do turn;
Cinyra's Daughter, whoſe *inceſtuous* Mind,
Made her wrong *Mature*, and diſhonour *Kind*,
Long ſince by them is turn'd into a *Myrrhe*,
Whoſe dropping *Liquor* ever weeps for her;
And in a Fountain, *Biblis* doth deplore
Her Fault ſo vile and monſtrous before:
Silla, which once her Father did betray,
Is now a *Bird* (if all be true they ſay.)
She that with *Phœbus* did the foul Offence,
Now *metamorphos'd* into *Frankincenſe*:
Others to Flowers, to Odours and to Gum;
At leaſt, *Jove*'s *Lemar* is a Star become:
And more they feign a thouſand fond Excuſes,
To cloud their Scapes, and cover their Abuſes;
The *Virgin* only they obſcure and hide,
Whilſt the *Unchaſte* by them are *Deifi'd*,

And if by them a *Virgin* be expreſt,
She muſt be rank'd ignobly with the reſt.
I am not now, as when thou ſaw'ſt me laſt,
Time hath thoſe Features utterly defac'd,
And all thoſe *Beauties* which ſat on my Brow,
Thou wouldſt not think ſuch even had been now;
And glad I am that time with me is done,
* Vowing my ſelf religiouſly a *Nun*:
My *Veſtal* Habit me contenting more,
Then all the *Robes* adorning me before.
Had *Roſamond* (a Recluſe of our ſort)
Taken our Cloyſter, left the wanton Court,
Shadowing that Beauty with a holy Vale,
Which ſhe (alas) too looſely ſet to ſale,
She need not, like an ugly *Minotaur*,
Have been lock'd up from jealous *Elenor*,
But been as famous by thy *Mothers* Wrongs,
As by thy *Father* ſubject to all Tongues.
* To ſhadow Sin *Might* can the moſt pretend,
Kings, but the Conſcience, all things can defend.
A ſtronger *Hand* reſtrains our wilfull pow'rs,
A *Will* muſt rule above this *Will* of ours,
Not following what our Luſts do urge us to
But what for *Vertues* ſake, we (only) do.
And hath my *Father* choſe to live exil'd,
Before his Eyes ſhould ſee my Youth defil'd;
* And to withſtand a *Tyrant*'s lewd deſire,
Behold his *Towns* ſpent in revengefull Fire:
Yet never touch'd with Grief; ſo only I,
Exempt from ſhame, might honourably dye?

And ſhall this Jewel, which ſo dearly coſt,
Be after all, by my Diſhonour loſt?
No, no, each rev'rend *Word* each holy *Tear*
Of his, in me too deep Impreſſion bear,
His lateſt *Farewell*, at his laſt depart,
More deeply is ingraved in my *Heart*;
Nor ſhall that Blot, by me, his Name ſhall have,
Bring his gray hairs with ſorrow to the Grave,
Better his *Tears* to fall upon my *Tomb*,
Than for my *Birth* to curſe my *Mothers* Womb.
* Though *Dunmow* give no refuge here at all,
Dunmow can give my Body Burial.
If all remorſeleſs, no Tear-ſhedding Eye,
My Self will moan my Self, ſo live, ſo dye.

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle Hiſtory.

THis Epiſtle containeth no particular Points of Hiſtory, more than the generality of the Argument layeth open: for after the Baniſhment of the Lord Robert Fitz-water, *and that* Matilda *was become a Recluſe at* Dunmow *(from whence this Reply is imagined to be written) the King ſtill earneſtly perſiſting in his Sute,* Matilda *with this chaſte and conſtant Deny all, hopes yet at length to find ſome comfortable Remedy, and to rid her ſelf of Doubts, by taking upon her this Monaſtick Habit: and to ſhew that ſhe ſtill beareth in mind his former Cruelty, fired by the impatience of his Luſt, ſhe remembreth him of her Fathers Baniſhment, & the lawleſs Exile of her Allies & Friends.*

Do'ſt thou of Father and of Friends deprive me?

Then complaining of her Diſtreſs; that flying thither, thinking there to find Relief, ſhe ſeeth her ſelf moſt aſſailed, where ſhe hoped to have found moſt Safety.

Fled I firſt hither, hoping to have aid,
Here thus, &c.

After again, ſtanding upon the preciſe Points of Conſcience, not to caſt off this Habit ſhe had taken.

Vowing my ſelf religiouſly a Nun.

And at laſt laying open more particularly the Miſeries ſuſtained by her Father in England, *the Burning of his Caſtles and Houſes, which ſhe proveth to be for her ſake; as reſpecting only her Honour, more then his Native Country and his own Fortunes.*

And to withſtand a Tyrant's lewd deſire,
Beheld his Towns ſpent in revengefull Fire.

Knitting up her Epiſtle with a great and conſtant Reſolution.

Though *Dunmow* give no Refuge here at all,
Dunmow can give my Body Burial.

FINIS.

QUEEN *ISABEL* TO MORTIMER.

The ARGUMENT.

Queen Iſabel, *Wife to* Edward *the Second (called* Edward Carnarvan*) and Daughter of* Philip de Beau, *King of* France, *being in the glory of her Youth forſaken by the King her Husband, who delighted only in the Company of* Pierce Gaveſton, *his Minion and Favourite, drew into her eſpecial Favour* Roger Mortimer *Lord of* Wigmore, *a Man of an invincible Spirit; who riſing in Arms againſt the King with* Thomas *Earl of* Lancaſter, *and the Barons, was taken ere he could gather his Power; and by the King committed to the* Tower *of* London. *During his Impriſonment, he ordained a Feaſt in honour of his Birth-day, to which he invited Sir* Stephen Segrave, *Lieutenant of the Tower, and the reſt of the Officers; where, by means of a Drink prepared by the Queen, he caſt them all into a heavy ſleep, and with Ladders of Cords, being ready prepared for the purpoſe, he eſcapeth and flieth into* France, *whilſt ſhe ſendeth this Epiſtle complaining of her own Misfortune, and greatly rejoycing at his ſafe Eſcape.*

(from her

THough ſuch ſweet comfort comes not now
As *Englands* Queen hath ſent to *Mortimer*:
Yet what that wants (may it my Power approve,
If Lines can bring) this ſhall ſupply with Love.

Me thinks *Affliction* ſhould not fright me ſo,
Nor ſhould reſume thoſe ſundry *ſhapes* of Woe ;
But when I fain would find the *cauſe* of this,
Thy *abſence* ſhews me where my *Error* is.
Oft when I think of thy *departing* hence,
Sad *Sorrow* then poſſeſſeth ev'ry *Senſe* :
But finding thy dear *Bloud* preſerv'd thereby,
And in thy *Life*, my long-wiſh'd *Liberty*,
With that ſweet *Thought* alone, my ſelf I pleaſe,
Amidſt my *Grief*, which ſometimes gives me eaſe ;
Thus doe extreameſt *Ills* a Joy poſſeſs,
And one *Woe* makes another Woe ſeem leſs.
That bleſſed *Night* that mild-aſpected *Hour*,
Wherein thou mad'ſt eſcape out of the *Towre*,
Shall *conſecrated* evermore remain ;
Some gentle *Planet* in that *Hour* did reign ;
And ſhall be *happy* in the *Birth* of Men,
Which was chief *Lord* of the *Aſcendant* then.
Oh how I fear'd, that ſleepy *Juyce* I ſent,
Might yet want *power* to further thine Intent !
Or that ſome unſeen *Myſtery* might lurk,
Which wanting order, kindly ſhould not work :
Oft did I wiſh thoſe dreadfull poys'ned *Lees*,
Which clos'd the ever-waking *Dragons* Eyes ;
Or I had had thoſe Senſe-bereaving Stalks,
That grow in ſhady *Proſerpine*'s dark Walks ;
Or thoſe black Weeds on *Lethe* Banks below,
Or *Lunarie*, that doth on *Latmus* flow.
Oft did I fear this moiſt and foggy *Clime*,
Or that the *Earth* wax'd *barren* now with time,

Should

Should not have *Herbs* to help me in this caſe,
Such as do thrive on *India*'s parched Face.
That Morrow when the bleſſed *Sun* did riſe,
And ſhut the Lids of all *Heav'n*'s leſſer Eyes,
Forth from my *Palace*, by a ſecret *Stair*,
* I ſtole to *Thames* as though to take the Air,
And ask'd the gentle *Floud*, as it doth glide,
If thou didſt paſs or periſh by the *Tide*?
If thou didſt *periſh*, I deſire the *Stream*,
To lay thee ſoftly on his Silver Team,
And bring thee to me, to the quiet *Shoar*,
That with his Tears thou might'ſt have ſome Tears
When ſuddenly doth riſe a rougher *Gale*: (more
With that (methinks) the troubled *Waves* look pale,
And ſighing with that little Guſt that blows,
With this remembrance ſeem to knit their Brows.
Ev'n as this ſudden *Paſſion* doth affright me,
The chearfull *Sun* breaks from a *Cloud* to light me
Then doth the *Bottom* evident appear,
As it would ſhew me, that thou waſt not there:
When as the *Water* flowing where I ſtand,
Doth ſeem to tell me, thou art ſafe on Land.
* Did *Bulloin* once a Feſtival prepare,
For *England Almain*, *Cicill* and *Navarre*?
When *France* thoſe Buildings envy'd (only bleſt)
Grac'd with the *Orgies* of my Bridall Feaſt,
That *Engliſh Edward* ſhould refuſe my Bed,
For that laſcivious ſhameleſs *Ganimed*?
* And in my place, upon his *Regal* Throne,
To ſet that *Girle-Boy*, wanton *Gaveſton*,

Betwixt the Feature of my Face and his,
My Glaſs aſſures me no ſuch diff'rence is,
* That a foul *Witches Baſtard* ſhould thereby
Be thought more worthy of his *Love* then I.
What doth avail us to be Princes *Heirs*,
When we can boaſt, our *Birth* is only theirs?
When baſe diſſembling *Flatterers* ſhall deceive us
Of all that our great *Anceſtors* did leave us:
* And of our Princely *Jewels* and our *Dowres*,
Let us enjoy the leaſt of what is ours; (Crowns
When *Minions* Heads muſt wear our *Monarchs*
To raiſe up *Dunghils* with our famous *Towns*;
Thoſe *Beggars-Brats*, wrapt in our rich Perfumes,
Their *Buzzard-wings*, imp'd with our *Eagles Plumes*;
* And match'd with the brave *Iſſue* of our *Blood*,
Ally the *Kingdom* to their cravand Brood?
Did *Longſhanks* purchaſe with his conqu'ring
* *Albania*, *Gaſcoyne*, *Cambria*, *Ireland*? (Hand
That young *Carnarvan* (his unhappy Son)
Should give away all that his *Father* won,
To back a *Stranger*, proudly bearing down
The brave *Allies* and *Branches* of the *Crown*?
* And did great *Edward* on his Death-bed give
This Charge to them who afterwards ſhould live,
That, that proud *Gaſcoyne* baniſhed the Land,
No more ſhould tread upon the *Engliſh* Sand?
And have theſe great *Lords* in the Quarrel ſtood,
And ſeal'd his laſt *Will* with their deareſt *Blood*;
* That after all this fearfull *Maſſacre*,
The Fall of *Beauchamp*, *Lacy*, *Lancaſter*,

Ano-

Another Faithleſs *Favourite* ſhould ariſe,
To cloud the *Sun* of our *Nobilities*?
* And gloried I in *Gaveſton*'s great Fall,
That now a *Spenſer* ſhould ſucceed in all?
And that his *Aſhes* ſhould another breed,
Which in his *Place* and *Empire* ſhould ſucceed;
That wanting One, a Kingdoms Wealth to ſpend,
Of what that left, this now ſhall make an end;
To waſte all that our *Father* won before,
Nor leave our *Son* a *Sword*, to conquer more?
Thus but in vain we fondly doe reſiſt,
" Where *Pow'r* can doe (ev'n) all things as it liſt,
" And of our *Right*, with *Tyrants* to debate,
" Lendeth them *means* to weaken our *Eſtate*.
Whilſt *Parliaments* muſt remedy their Wrongs,
And we muſt wait for what to us belongs;
Our *Wealth* but *Fuel* to their fond Exceſs,
And all our *Faſts* muſt feaſt their Wantonneſs.
Think'ſt thou our *Wrongs* then inſufficient are,
To move our *Brother* to religious War?
* And if they were, yet *Edward* doth detain
Homage for *Pontiu*, *Guyne* and *Aquitain*:
And if not that, yet hath he broke the *Truce*;
Thus all accurr to put back all excuſe.
The *Siſter*'s Wrong, joyn'd with the *Brother*'s Right,
Methinks, might urge him in this *cauſe* to fight.
Are all thoſe *People* ſenſeleſs of our Harms,
Which for our *Country* oft have manag'd Arms?
Is the brave *Normans* Courage quite forgot?
Have the bold *Britains* loſt the uſe of Shot?

The big-bon'd *Almans*, and ſtout *Brabanders*,
Their Warlike Pikes, and ſharp-edg'd Scymiters?
Or do the *Pickards* let their Croſs-bows lie,
Once like the Centaur's of old *Theſſaly*?
Or if a valiant Leader be their lack,
Where Thou art preſent, who ſhould beat them back?
I do conjure Thee, by what is moſt dear,
By that great Name of famous *Mortimer*,
* By ancient *Wigmore*'s honourable Creſt,
The Tombs where all thy famous Grandſires reſt;
Or if then theſe, what more may Thee approve,
Ev'n by thoſe Vows of thy unfeigned Love;
In all thou canſt to ſtir the *Chriſtian King*,
By forreign *Arms* ſome Comfort yet to bring,
To curb the *Pow'r* of Traytors that rebell,
Againſt the Right of Princely *Iſabel*.
Vain witleſs Woman, why ſhould I deſire
To add more heat to thy Immortal fire?
To urge thee by the violence of Hate,
To ſhake the Pillars of thine own Eſtate,
When whatſoever we intend to doe,
Our moſt Misfortune ever forteth too;
And nothing elſe remains for us beſide,
But Tears and Coffins (onely) to provide?
* When ſtill, ſo long as *Burrough* bears that name,
Time ſhall not blot out our deſerved ſhame;
And whilſt clear *Trent* her wonted courſe ſhall keep
For our ſad Fall ſhe evermore ſhall weep.
All ſee our Ruin on our Backs is thrown,
And we too weak to bear it out, are grown.

Tor-

* *Torlton*, that ſhould our Buſineſs direct,
The general Foe doth vehemently ſuſpect:
" For dangerous Things get hardly to their End,
" Whereon ſo many watchfully attend.
What ſhould I ſay? My Griefs do ſtill renew,
And but begin, when I ſhould bid adieu,
Few be my *Words*, but manifold my *Woe*,
And ſtill I *ſtay*, the more I ſtrive to go.
Then till fair *Time* ſome greater *Good* affords,
Take my *Loves*-payment in theſe airey *Words*.

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle Hiſtory.

Oh, how I fear'd that ſleepy Juyce I ſent.
Might yet want power to further mine intent.

MOrtimer *being in the* Tower, *ordaining a Feaſt in h[is] of his Birth-day, as he pretended, inviting the* Sir Stephen Seagrave, *Conſtable of the* Tower, *with* reſt *of the Officers belonging to the ſame, he gave them a ſ[o]* Drink, *provided by the Queen, by which means he made* Eſcape.

I ſtole to *Thames*, as though to take the Air,
And ask'd the gentle Floud as it doth glide.

Mortimer *being got out of the* Tower, *ſwam the* Thames *into* Kent; *whereof ſhe having intelligence, d[oubted]* *of his ſtrength to eſcape, by reaſon of his long Impriſon[ment]* *being almoſt the ſpace of three years.*

Did

Did *Bulloyn* once a Feſtival prepare
For *England*, *Almane*, *Cicill* and *Navarre*?

Edward Carnarvan *the firſt Prince of* Wales *of the* Engliſh *Blood, married* Iſabel *Daughter of* Phillip *the Fair, of* Bulloine, *in the preſence of the Kings of* Almain, Navarr *and* Cicill, *with the chief Nobility of* France *and* England. *Which Marriage was there ſolemnized with exceeding Pomp and Magnificence.*

And in my place upon his Regal Throne,
To ſet that Girl-boy wanton *Gaveſton.*

Noting the effeminacy and luxurious wantonneſs of Gaveſton, *the Kings Minion; his Behaviour and Attire ever ſo Womanlike, to pleaſe the Eye of his laſcivious Maſter.*

That a foul Witches Baſtard ſhould thereby.

It was urged by the Queen and the Nobility, in the diſgrace of Pierce Gaveſton, *that his Mother was convicted of Witchcraft, and burned for the ſame, and that* Pierce *had bewitched the King.*

And of our Princely Jewels and our Dowres,
Let us enjoy the leaſt of what is ours.

A Complaint of the Prodigality of King Edward, *giving unto* Gaveſton *the Jewels and Treaſure which was left him by the ancient Kings of* England, *and enriching him with the goodly Mannor of* Wallingford, *aſſigned as parcel of the Dower to the Queen of this famous Iſle.*

And

And match'd with the brave Iſſue of our Blood,
Allie the Kingdom to their cravand Brood.

Edward *the Second gave to* Pierce Gaveſton *in Marriage the Daughter of* Gilbert Clare *Earl of* Glouceſter; *begot of the Kings Siſter*, Joan *of* Acres, *married to the ſaid Earl of* Glouceſter.

Albania, Gaſcoign, Cambria, Ireland.

Albania, Scotland, *ſo called of* Albanact *the ſecond Son of* Brutus; *and* Cambria, Wales, *ſo called of* Camber *the third Son. The four Realms and Countries brought in ſubjection by* Edward Longſhanks.

Should give away all that his Father won,
To back a Stranger.

King Edward *offered his Right in* France *to* Charles *his Brother in law, and his Right in* Scotland *to* Robert Bruce *to be ayded againſt the Barons in the Quarrel of* Pierce Gaveſton.

And did great *Edward* on his Death-bed give.

Edward Longſhankes *on his Death-bed at* Carlile, *commanded young* Edward *his Son on his Bleſſing, not to call back* Gaveſton, *who (for the miſguiding of the Princes Youth) was before baniſhed by the whole Council of the Land.*

That after all that fearfull Maſſacre,
The Fall of *Beauchamp, Lacy, Lancaſter.*

Thomas *Earl of* Lancaſter, Guy *Earl of* Warwick, *and* Henry

Henry *Earl of* Lincoln, *who had taken their Oath before the deceaſed King at his Death, to withſtand his Son* Edward, *if he ſhould call* Gaveſton *from exile, being a thing which he much feared; now ſeeing* Edward *to violate his Fathers Commandment, riſe in Arms againſt the King, which was the cauſe of the Civil War, and the Ruin of ſo many Princes.*

And gloried I in *Gaveſton's* great Fall,
That now a *Spenſer* ſhould ſucceed in all?

The two Hugh Spenſers, *the Father and the Son, after the Death of* Gaveſton, *became the great Favourites of the King, the Son being created by him Lord Chamberlain, and the Father Earl of* Wincheſter.

And if they were, yet *Edward* doth detain
Homage for *Pontiu*, *Guyne* and *Aquitain*.

Edward Longſhanks *did Homage for thoſe Cities and Territories, to the* French *King; which* Edward *the ſecond neglecting, moved the* French *King, by the ſubornation of* Mortimer, *to ſeize thoſe Countries into his hands.*

By ancient *Wigmore's* honourable Creſt:

Wigmore *in the Marches of* Wales *was the ancient Houſe of the* Mortimers, *that Noble and Couragious Family.*

When ſtill ſo long as *Burrough* bears that name.

The Queen remembreth the great Overthrow given to the Barons by Andrew Herckley *Earl of* Carlile, *at* Burrough *Bridge, after the Battel at* Burton.

Torſhy

Torlton, that ſhould our Buſineſs direct.

This was Adam Torlton, *Biſhop of* Hereford, *that great Politician, who ſo highly favoured the Faction of the Queen and* Mortimer; *whoſe evil counſel afterward wrought the deſtruction of the King.*

MORTIMER TO QUEEN *ISABEL*.

AS thy *Salutes* my *Sorrows* doe adjourn,
So back to *thee* their *int'reſt* I return;
Though not in ſo great *Bounty* (I confeſs)
As thy *Heroick* Princely *Lines* expreſs:
For how ſhould *Comfort* iſſue from the Breath
* Of one condemn'd, and long lodg'd up for Death?
From *Murther's* Rage thou didſt me once repreive,
My *Hopes* in *Exile* now thou doſt revive:
* Twice all was taken, twice thou all didſt give,
And thus twice dead, thou mak'ſt me twice to live.
This double *life* of mine, your only due,
You gave to me; I give it back to you.

Ne'er

Ne'er my Eſcape had I adventur'd thus,
As did the Skie-attempting *Dedalus*;
And yet to give more ſafetie to my flight,
Did make a Night of Day, a Day of Night:
Nor had I backt the proud aſpiring *Wall*,
Which held without my *Hopes*, within my *Fall*,
Leaving the *Cords* to tell where I had gone,
For Gazers with much fear to look upon;
But that thy *Beauty* (by a pow'r divine)
Breath'd a new *Life* into this Spirit of mine,
Drawn by the *Sun* of thy *celeſtial* Eyes,
With fiery *Wings*, which bare me through the Skies
The *Heav'ns* did ſeem the charge of me to take,
And *Sea* and *Land* befriend me for thy ſake;
Thames ſtop'd his Tide, to make me way to goe,
As thou hadſt charg'd him that it ſhould be ſo:
The hollow murm'ring *Winds* their due time kept,
As they had rock'd the *World*, while all things ſlept,
One *Billow* bare me, and *another* drave me;
This ſtrove to help me, and *that* ſtrove to ſave me;
The briſling *Reeds* mov'd with ſoft *Gales*, did
(chide me
As they would tell me, that they meant to hide me.
The pale-fac'd *Night* beheld thy heavie cheare,
And would not let one little *Star* appeare,
But over all, her ſmoaky Mantle hurl'd,
And in thick Vapours muffled up the World;
And the ſad *Ayre* became ſo *calm* and ſtill,
As it had been obedient to my will;

And every thing *diſpos'd* it to my Reſt,
As on the Seas when th' *Halcion* builds her Neſt.
When thoſe rough Waves, which late with Fury
Slide ſmoothly on, and ſuddenly are huſh'd (ruſh'd,
Nor *Neptune* let his *Surges* out ſo long,
As Nature is in bringing forth her Young.
* Ne'r let the *Spenſers* glorie in my Chance,
In that I live an Exile here in *France*;
That I from *England* baniſhed ſhould be,
But *England* rather baniſhed from me:
More were her want, *France* our great Bloud ſhould
Then *Englands* loſs can be to *Mortimer*. (bear,
* My Grandſire was the firſt, ſince *Arthurs* raign,
That the Round-Table rectifi'd again:
To whoſe great Court at *Kenelworth* did come,
The peereleſs Knighthood of all *Chriſtendom*;
Whoſe Princely Order honour'd *England* more,
Than all the Conqueſts ſhe atchiev'd before.
Never durſt *Scot* ſet foot on *Engliſh* Ground,
Nor on his Back did *Engliſh* bear a Wound,
Whilſt *Wigmore* flouriſh'd in our Princely Hopes,
And whilſt our Enſigns march'd with *Edwards* (Troops:
* Whilſt famous *Longſhanks* Bones (in Fortunes
As ſacred Reliques to the Field were born: (ſcorn)
Nor ever did the valiant *Engliſh* doubt,
Whilſt our brave *Battels* guarded them about;
Nor did our *Wives* and wofull *Mothers* mourn
* The *Engliſh* Bloud that ſtained *Banocksbourn*;

Whilſt

Whilſt with his Minions ſporting in his Tent,
Whole Days and Nights in Banquetting were ſpent,
Until the *Scots* (which under ſafeguard ſtood)
Made laviſh Havock of the *Engliſh* Blood:
Whoſe batt'red *Helms* lay ſcatt'red on the Shore,
Where they in *Conqueſt* had been born before,
A thouſand *Kingdoms* will we ſeek from far,
As many *Nations* waſte with *Civil War*,
Where the diſhevell'd gaſtly *Sea-Nymph* ſings,
Or well-rig'd *Ships* ſhall ſtretch their ſwelling Wings,
And drag their *Anchors* through the ſandy Fome,
About the *World* in ev'ry *Clime* to rome,
And thoſe unchriſt'ned *Countries* call our own:
Where ſcarce the Name of *England* hath been known
And in the dead *Sea* ſink our Houſes Fame,
From whoſe vaſt Depth we firſt deriv'd our Name:
Before foul black-mouth'd Infamy ſhall ſing,
That *Mortimer* e'er ſtoop'd unto a King.
And we will turn ſtern-viſag'd *Fury* back,
To ſeek his *Spoyl*, who ſought our utter Sack;
And come to beard him in our Native *Iſle*,
E'er he march forth to follow our *Exile*:
And after all theſe boyſt'rous ſtormy Shocks,
Yet will we grapple with the chaulky *Rocks*.
Nor will we ſteal like *Pyrats*, or like *Thieves*
From Mountains, Forreſts, or Sea-bord'ring *Clifts*;
But fright the *Air* with Terror (when we come)
Of the ſtern Trumpet, and the bellowing Drum:
And in the Field advance our plumey *Creſt*,
And march upon fair *Englands* flowry Breaſt.

And *Thames*, which once we for our Life did ſwim,
Shaking our dewy Treſſes on his Brim,
Shall bear my *Navy*, vaunting in her pride,
Falling from *Tanet* with the pow'rfull Tide:
Which fertile *Eſſex*, and fair *Kent* ſhall ſee,
Spreading her Flags along the pleaſant Lee,
When on her ſtemming *Poop* ſhe proudly bears
The famous Enſigns of the *Belgick* Peers.
And for that hatefull Sacrilegious Sin,
Which by the *Pope* he ſtands accurſed in,
The Cannon Text ſhall have a common Gloſs,
Receipts in Parcels, ſhall be paid in Groſs:
This Doctrine preach'd, *Who from the Church doth take,*
At leaſt ſhall treble Reſtitution make.
For which, *Rome* ſends her Curſes out from far,
Through the ſtern Throat of Terror-breathing War,
Till to th' unpeopl'd Shores ſhe brings Supplys,
* Of thoſe induſtrious *Roman* Colonies.
And for his Homage, by the which of old,
Proud *Edward Guyne* and *Aquitan* doth hold,
* *Charles* by invaſive Arms again ſhall take,
And ſend the *Engliſh* Forces o'er the Lake.
When *Edward*'s Fortune ſtands upon this Chance,
To loſe in *England*, or to forfeit *France*:
And all thoſe Towns great *Longſhanks* left his *Son*,
Now loſt, which one he fortunately won,
Within their ſtrong Port-cullis'd Ports ſhal lye,
And from their Walls his *Sieges* ſhall defie:
And by that firm and undiſſolved Knot,
Betwixt their neighb'ring *French* and bord'ring *Scot-*

Bruce ſhall bring on his *Red-ſhanks* from the Seas,
From th' Iſled *Orcads*, and the *Eubiaes*,
And to his Weſtern Havens give free paſs,
To land the *Kern* and *Iriſh Galiglaſs*,
Marching from *Tweed* to ſwelling *Humber* Sands,
Waſting along the Northern Nether-Lands.
And wanting thoſe which ſhould his Power ſuſtain,
Conſum'd with Slaughter in his Bloody Reign,
Our Warlike *Sword* ſhall drive him from his *Throne*,
Where he ſhall lye for us to tread upon.
* And thoſe great *Lords*, now after their *Attaints*,
Canonized amongſt the *Engliſh* Saints,
And by the ſuperſtitious People thought,
That by their Reliques, Miracles are wrought:
And think that Floud much vertue doth retain,
Which took the Bloud of famous *Bohun* ſlain;
Continuing the remembrance of the thing,
Shall make the People more abhor their King.
Nor ſhall a *Spenſer* (be he ne'er ſo great)
Poſſeſs our *Wigmore*, our renowned Seat,
To raze the ancient Trophies of our Race,
With our deſerts their Monuments to grace:
Nor ſhall he lead our valiant *Marchers* forth,
To make the *Spenſers* famous in the *North*;
Nor be the Guardants of the *Britiſh* Pales,
Defending *England* and preſerving *Wales*.
At firſt our Troubles eaſily recall'd,
But now grown head-ſtrong, hardly to be rul'd;
" Deliberate counſel needs us to direct,
" Where not (ev'n) plaineſs frees us from ſuſpect

By thoſe Miſhaps our Errors that attend,
Let us our Faults ingenuouſly amend.
Then (Dear) repreſs all peremptory Spleen,
Be more than Woman, as you are a Queen:
Smother thoſe Sparks which quickly elſe would burn
Till Time produce what now it doth adjourn. (though a while)
Till when, great Queen, I leave you
Live you in reſt, nor pity my Exile.

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle History.

Of one condemn'd and long lodg'd up for Death.

ROger Mortimer, *Lord of* Wigmore, *had ſtood publickly condemned, for his Inſurrection with* Thomas *Earl of* Lancaſter *and* Bohun *Earl of* Hereford, *the ſpace of three Months: and as report went, the day of his Execution was determined to have been ſhortly, which he prevented by his eſcape.*

Twice all was taken, twice thou all didſt give.

At what time the two Mortimers, *this* Roger *Lord of* Wigmore *and his Uncle* Roger Mortimer *the elder, were apprehended in the Weſt, the Queen, by means of* Torlton, *Biſhop of* Hereford, *and* Beck *Biſhop of* Dureſme, *and Patriarch of* Jeruſalem, *being then both mighty in the State, upon the ſubmiſſion of the* Mortimers, *ſomewhat pacified the King, and now ſecondly ſhe wrought means for his eſcape.*

Leaving the Cords, to tell where I had gone.

With ſtrong Ladders made of Cords, provided him for the

purpoſe, he eſcaped out of the Tower; *which when the ſame were found faſtened to the Walls, in ſuch a deſperate Attempt, they bred aſtoniſhment in the Beholders.*

Ne'er let the *Spencers* glory in my chance.

The two Hugh Spencers, *the Father and the Son, then being ſo highly favour'd of the King, knew that their greateſt ſafety came by his Exile, whoſe high and turbulent Spirit could never brook any Corrival in Greatneſs.*

My Grandſire was the firſt ſince *Arthur*'s Reign,
That the Round Table rectified again.

Roger Mortimer, *called the great Lord* Mortimer, *Grandfather to this* Roger, *which was afterward the firſt Earl of* March, *erected again the Round Table at* Kenelworth, *after the antient Order of King* Arthurs *Table, with the Retinue of an hundred Knights, and an hundred Ladies in his Houſe, for the entertaining of ſuch Adventurers as came thither from all parts of* Chriſtendome.

Whilſt famous *Longſhank*'s Bones (in Fortunes ſcorn)

Edward Longſhanks *willed at his Death, that his Body ſhould be boyled, the Fleſh from the Bones, and that the Bones ſhould be born to the Wars in* Scotland, *which he was perſwaded unto by a Prophecy, which told, That the* Engliſh *ſhould ſtill be fortunate in Conqueſt, ſo long as his Bones were carried in the Feild.*

The *Engliſh* Bloud that ſtained *Banocksbourn.*

In the great Voyage Edward *the Second made againſt the Scots, at the Battel at* Striveling, *near unto the River of* Banocksbourn.

nocksbourn *in* Scotland, *there was in the* Engliſh *Camp ſuch Banquetting and Exceſs, ſuch Riot and Diſorder, that the* Scots *(who in the mean time laboured for Advantage) gave to the* Engliſh *a great Overthrow.*

And in the Dead-Sea ſink our Houſes Fame.
From whoſe, &c.

Mortimer, *ſo called of* Mare Mortuum, *and in* French, Mortimer, *in* Engliſh, *the* Dead-Sea, *which is ſaid to be where* Sodom *and* Gomorrha *once were, before they were deſtroyed with fire from Heaven.*

And for that hateſull Sacrilegious Sin,
Which by the Pope he ſtands accurſed in.

Gauſtellinus *and* Lucas, *two Cardinals, ſent into* England *from Pope* Clement, *to appeaſe the antient Hate between the King and* Thomas *Earl of* Lancaſter; *to whoſe Embaſſy the King ſeemed to yield, but after their Departure he went back from his Promiſes, for the which he was accurſed at* Rome.

Of thoſe induſtrious *Roman* Colonies.

A Colony is a ſort or number of People, that come to inhabit a Place before not inhabited; whereby he ſeems here to propheſie of the ſubverſion of the Land, the Pope joyning with the Power of other Princes againſt Edward, *for the breach of his Promiſe.*

Charles by invaſive Arms again ſhall take.

Charles *the* French *King, moved by the Wrong done unto his Siſter, ſeizeth the Provinces which belonged to the King of* England *into his hands, ſtirred the rather thereto by* Mortimer,

who ſollicited her cauſe in France, *as is expreſſed before in the other Epiſtle, in the Gloſs upon this Point.*

And thoſe great Lords now after their Attaints,
Cannoniz'd among the *Engliſh* Saints.

After the death of Thomas *Earl of* Lancaſter *at* Pomfret, *the People imagined great Miracles to be done by his Relicks; as they did of the Body of* Bohun, *Earl of* Hereford, *ſlain at* Burrough *Bridge.*

FINIS.

EDWARD
The Black PRINCE
TO
ALICE Counteſs of *Salisbury*.

The ARGUMENT.

Alice *Counteſs of* Salisbury, *remaining at* Roxborough *Caſtle in the* North, *in the abſence of the Earl her Husband, who was by the King's command ſent over into* Flanders, *and there deceaſed e'er his return: This Lady being beſieged in her Caſtle by the* Scots, Edward *the Black Prince being ſent by the King his Father to relieve the* North *Parts with an Army and to remove the Siege of* Roxborough, *there fell in Love with the Counteſs, when after ſhe return'd to* London *he ſought by divers and ſundry meaus to win her to his vnlawfull Pleaſures, as by forcing the Earl of* Kent *her Father, and her Mother unnaturally to become his Agents in his vnchaſtiſes; where after a long and aſſured tryal of her invincible Conſtancy he taketh her to his VVife, to which end he framеth this Epiſtle.*

REceive theſe *Papers* from thy wofull Lord,
With far more *Woes* than they with *Words* (are ſtor'd.
Which if thine Eye for raſhneſs do reprove,
They'll ſay they came from that imperious Love.

In ev'ry Line well may'ſt thou underſtand,
Which Love hath ſign'd and ſealed with his hand,
And where to farther proceſs he refers,
In Blots ſet down to thee for Characters,
This cannot bluſh, although you do refuſe it,
Nor will reply, however you ſhall uſe it;
All's one to this, though you ſhould bid Deſpair,
This ſtill entreats you, this ſtill ſpeaks you fair.
Haſt thou a living Soul, a humane Senſe,
To like, diſlike, prove, order and diſpence?
The depth of Reaſon, ſoundly to adviſe,
To love things good, things hurtfull to deſpiſe?
The touch of Judgement, which ſhould all things
Haſt thou all this, yet not allow'ſt my Love? (prove
Sound moves a Sound, Voice doth beget a Voice,
One Eccho makes another to rejoyce;
One well-tun'd String ſet truly to the like,
Struck near at hand, doth make another ſtrike.
How comes it then, that our Affections jar?
What Oppoſition doth beget this War?
I know, that Nature frankly to thee gave
That meaſure of her Bounty that I have;
And as to me, ſhe likewiſe to thee lent,
For ev'ry Senſe a ſeveral Inſtrument:
But ev'ry one, becauſe it is thine own,
Doth prize it ſelf, unto it ſelf alone.
Thy dainty hand when it it ſelf doth touch,
That feeling tells it, that there is none ſuch:
When in thy Glaſs thine Eye it ſelf doth ſee,
That thinks there's none like to it ſelf can be;

And ev'ry one doth judge it ſelf divine,
Becauſe that thou doſt challenge it for thine:
And each it ſelf *Narciſſus*-like doth ſmother,
Loving it ſelf, nor cares for any other.
Fie, be not burn'd thus in thine own deſire,
'Tis needleſs Beauty ſhould it ſelf admire:
" The Sun, by which all Creatures light'ned be,
" And ſeeth all, it ſelf yet cannot ſee;
" And his own Brightneſs his own foil is made,
" And is to us the cauſe of his own ſhade.
When firſt thy Beauty by mine Eye was prov'd,
It ſaw not then ſo much to be belov'd;
But when it came a perfect view to take,
Each Look of one, doth many Beauties make:
In little Circles firſt it doth ariſe,
Then ſomewhat larger ſeeming in mine Eyes;
And in this circling Compaſs as it goes,
So more and more the ſame in Greatneſs grows;
And as it yet at liberty is let,
The Motion ſtill doth other Forms beget;
Until at length, look any way I could,
Nothing there was but Beauty to behold.
Art thou offended, that thou art belov'd?
Remove the cauſe, th' effect is ſoon remov'd;
Indent with *Beauty* how far to extend,
Set down *Deſire* a Limit where to end;
Then charm thine *Eyes*, that they no more may
And limit *Love* to keep within a Bound. (wonn
If this thou do'ſt, then ſhalt thou doe much more,
And bring to paſs what never was before;

Make

Make *Anguiſh* ſportive, craving all Delight,
Mirth ſolemn, ſullen, and inclin'd to Night,
Ambition lowly, *envy* ſpeaking well,
Love, his Relief, for *Niggardize* to ſell.
Our Warlike Fathers did theſe Forts deviſe,
As ſureſt Holds againſt our Enemies,
Places wherein your Sex might ſafelieſt reſt.
" Fear ſoon is ſetled in a Womans Breaſt:
Thy Breaſt is of another temper far,
And then thy Caſtle fitter for the War;
Thou do'ſt not ſafely in thy Caſtle reſt,
Thy Caſtle ſhould be ſafer in thy Breaſt:
That keeps out Foes, but doth thy Friends incloſe,
But ah thy Breaſt keeps out both Friends and Foes!
That may be batter'd, or be undermin'd,
Or by ſtraight Siege, for want of ſuccour pin'd;
But thy hard Heart's invincible to all,
And more obdurate then thy Caſtle Wall.
Of all the ſhapes that ever *Jove* did prove,
Wherewith he uſ'd to entertain his Love,
That likes me beſt, when in a golden Showre,
He rain'd himſelf on *Danae* in her Towre;
Nor did I ever envy his command,
In that he bears the Thunder in his Hand:
But in that ſhowry ſhape I cannot be,
And as he came to her; I come to thee.
Thy Tow'r with Foes is not begirt about,
If thou within, they are beſieg'd without;
One Hair of thine, more vigour doth retain,
To bind thy Foe, then any Iron Chain:

Who

Who might be giv'n in ſuch a golden String,
Would not be captive, though he were a King.
Hadſt thou all *India* heap'd up in thy Fort,
And thou thy ſelf beſieged in that ſort,
Get thou but out, where they can thee eſpye,
They'll follow thee, and let the Treaſure lye.
I cannot think what force thy Tower ſhould win,
If thou thy ſelf do'ſt guard the ſame within;
Thine Eye retains *Artillery* at will,
To kill whoever thou deſir'ſt to kill;
For that alone more deeply wounds Mens Hearts,
Than they can thee, though with a thouſand Darts;
For there intrenched, little *Cupid* lyes,
And from thoſe Turrets all the World defies:
* And when thou let'ſt down that tranſparent Lid,
Of Entrance, there an Army doth forbid.
And as for *Famine*, her thou need'ſt not fear,
Who thinks of Want, when thou art preſent there?
Thy onely *ſight* puts Spirit into the Blood,
And comforts Life, without the taſte of Food.
And as thy Souldiers keep their Watch and Ward,
Thy *Chaſtity* thy inward Breaſt doth guard:
Thy modeſt *Pulſe* ſerves as a Larum Bell,
Which watched by ſome wakefull *Sentinell*,
Stirring ſtill with every little Fear,
Warning, if any Enemy be near.
Thy vertuous *Thoughts*, when all the others reſt,
Like carefull Scouts paſs up and down thy Breaſt,
And ſtill they round about that place do keep,
Whilſt all the bleſſed Garriſon do ſleep.

But

But yet I fear, if that the truth were told,
That thou haſt rob'd, and fly'ſt into this Hold:
I thought as much, and didſt this Fort deviſe,
That thou in ſafety here might'ſt tyranize.
Yes, thou haſt robb'd the Heaven and Earth of all
And they againſt thy lawleſs Theft do call.
Thine *Eyes*, with mine that wage continual Wars
Borrow their brightneſs of the twinkling Stars:
Thy *Lips*, from mine that in thy Mask be pent,
Have filch'd the Bluſhing from the *Orient*:
Thy *Cheek*, for which mine all this Pennance proves
Steals the pure whiteneſs both from Swans & Doves
Thy *Breath*, for which, mine ſtill in Sighs conſumes
Hath robb'd all Flowers, all Odours and Perfumes
O mighty Love! bring hither all thy Pow'r,
And fetch this Heav'nly Thief out of her Tow'r;
For if ſhe may be ſuff'red in this ſort,
Heavens ſtore will ſoon be hoarded in this Fort.
When I arriv'd before that State of Love,
And ſaw thee on that Battlement above,
I thought there was no other Heaven but there,
And thou an Angel, didſt from thence appear:
But when my Reaſon did reprove mine Eye,
That thou wert ſubject to Mortality,
I then excus'd what the bold *Scot* had done;
No marvel that he would the Fort have won,
Perceiving well, thoſe envious Walls did hide
More wealth then was in all the World beſide:
Againſt thy Foe, I came to lend thee aid,
And thus to thee, my ſelf I have betray'd.

He is beſieg'd, the Siege that came to raiſe,
There's no Aſſault that not my Breaſt aſſays.
" Love grown extream, doth find unlawfull Shifts,
" The Gods take ſhapes, and do allure with Gifts:
" Commanding *Jove*, that by great *Styx* doth ſwear
" Forſworn in Love, with Lovers Oaths doth bear;
" Love cauſeleſs ſtill, doth aggravate his cauſe,
" It is his Law, to violate all Laws;
" His Reaſon is, in only wanting Reaſon,
" And were untrue, not deeply touch'd with Treaſon;
" Unlawfull Means, doth make his lawfull Gain,
" He ſpeaks moſt true, when he the moſt doth fain.
Pardon the Faults that have eſcap'd by Me,
Againſt fair Vertue, Chaſtity and Thee:
" If Gods can their own Excellence excell,
" It is in pard'ning Mortals, that rebell.
When all thy *Trials* are enroll'd by *Fame*,
And all thy *Sex* made glorious by thy *Name*,
Then I a Captive ſhall be brought hereby,
T' adorn the Triumph of thy *Chaſtity*.
I ſue not now thy Paramour to be,
But as a Husband to be link'd to thee:
I'm *England*'s Heir, I think thou wilt confeſs,
Wert thou a Prince, I hope I am no leſs;
But that thy Birth doth make thy Stock divine,
Elſe durſt I boaſt my Bloud as good as thine:
Diſdain me not, nor take my Love in ſcorn,
Whoſe Brow a Crown hereafter may adorn.
Not what I am, I call mine own no more,
Take what thou wilt, and what thou wilt, reſtore.

Onely

Only I crave, whate'er I did intend,
In faithfull Love all happily may end.
Farewell, ſweet Lady, ſo well may'ſt thou fare,
To equal Joy with meaſure of my Care:
Thy Vertues more then mortal Tongue can tell;
A thouſand-thouſand times, Farewell, Farewell.

ANNOTATIONS on the Chronicle Hiſtory.

Receive theſe Papers from thy woſull Lord.

BAndello, *by whom this Hiſtory was made famous, being an* Italian, *as it is the Peoples cuſtome in that Clime, rather to fail ſometimes in the truth of Circumſtance, then to forgoe the grace of their Conceit: in like manner as the* Grecians; *of whom the Satyriſt*,

Et quicquid Græcia mendax
Audet in Hiſtoria.

Thinking it to be a greater Triall, that a Counteſs ſhould be ſued unto by a King, then by the ſon of a King; and conſequently, that the honour of her Chaſtitie ſhould be the more, hath caused it to be generally taken ſo: but as by Polydore, Fabian, *and* Froiſard *appears, the contrary is true. Yet may* Bandello *be very well excuſed, as being a ſtranger, whoſe errors in the truth of our Hiſtory, are not ſo materiall, that they ſhould need an Invective, leſt his Wit ſhould be defrauded of any part of his due, which were not leſs, were every part a Fiction. However, it is*

a common

a common error ſhould prevail againſt a truth, theſe Epiſtles are conceived in thoſe Perſons, who were indeed the Actors: To wit, Edward, *ſirnamed the* Black Prince, *not ſo much of his Complexion, as of the diſmall Battels which he fought in* France, *(in like Senſe as we may ſay,* A black Day, *for ſome Tragicall event, though the Sun ſhine never ſo bright therein.) And* Alice *the Counteſs of* Salisbury, *who, as it is certain, was beloved of Prince* Edward, *ſo it is certain, that many Points now currant in the received Story, can never hold together with likelyhood of ſuch inforcement, had it not been ſhaded under the Title of a King.*

And when thou let'ſt down that tranſparent Lid,

Not that the Lid is tranſparent; for no part of the Skin is tranſparent: but for that the Gem which that Cloſure is ſaid to contain, is tranſparent: for otherwiſe, how could the Mind underſtand by the Eye? Should not the Images ſlide thorow the ſame, and repleniſh the Stage of the Fancy? But this belongs to Optick. *The* Latines *call the Eye-lid* Cilium *(I will not ſay of* Celandon, *as the Eye-brow* Supercilium, *and the Hair on the Eye-lids* Palpebra, *perhaps* quòd Palpitet, *all which have their diſtinct and neceſſary uſes.*

ALICE

ALICE

Counteſs of *SALISBURY*

TO THE

BLACK PRINCE.

AS One that fain would grant, yet fain deny,
'Twixt Hope and Fear I doubtfully reply,
A Womans Weakneſs, leſt I ſhould diſcover,
Anſwering a Prince and writing to a Lover:
And ſome ſay, Love with Reaſon doth diſpence,
And our plain words wreſts to another ſenſe.
Think you not then, poor Women had not need
Be well advis'd, to write what Men ſhould read;
When being ſilent, but to move away,
Doth often bring us into obloquy?
" Whilſt in our Hearts our ſecret Thoughts abide
" Th' invenom'd Tongue of Slander yet is ty'd
" But if once ſpoke, deliver'd up to *Fame*,
" In her Report that often is to blame.
About to write, but newly entring in,
Methinks I end, e'er I can well begin:

When I would end, then ſomething makes me ſtay,
For then methinks I ſhould have more to ſay,
And ſome one thing remaineth in my Breaſt,
For want of Words that cannot be expreſt:
What I would ſay, as ſaid to thee, I feign
Then in thy Perſon I reply again:
And in thy Cauſe urge all that may effect,
Then, what again mine Honour muſt reſpect.
O Lord! what ſundry Paſſions doe I try,
To ſet that right, which is ſo much awry?
Being a Prince, I blame you not to prove,
The greater reaſon to obtain your Love.
That Greatneſs which doth challenge no denyal,
The only Teſt that doth allow my Tryal;
Edward ſo great, the greater were his fall,
And my Offence in this were capitall.
" To Men is granted priviledge to tempt,
" But in that Charter, Women be exempt:
" Men win us not, except we give conſent,
" Againſt our ſelves unleſs that we be bent.
" Who doth impute it as a Fault to you?
" You prove not falſe, except we be untrue;
" It is your vertue, being Men, to try,
" And it is ours, by Vertue to deny.
" Your Faults it ſelf ſerves for the Faults excuſe,
" And makes it ours, though yours be the abuſe.
" *Beauty* a Beggar, fie it is too bad,
" When in it ſelf ſufficiency is had;
" Not made a *Lure*, t' intice the *wand'ring Eye*,
" But an *attire* t' adorn our *Modeſty*:

" If *Modesty* and *Women* once do sever,
" We may bid farewell to our *Fame* for ever.
Let *John* and *Henry*, *Edward*'s instance be,
Matilda and fair *Rosamond* for me;
Alike both woo'd, alike su'd to be won,
Th' one by the Father, th' other by the Son:
Henry obtaining, did our Weakness wound,
And lays the fault on wanton *Rosamond*;
Matilda chast, in life and death all one,
By her denial lays the fault on *John*:
" By these, we prove Men accessary still,
" But Women only Principals of Ill.
" What Praise is ours, but what our Vertues get?
" If they be lent, so much we be in debt;
" Whilst our own Honours we our selves defend,
" All force too weak, whatever Men pretend:
" If all the World else should subborn our fame,
" 'Tis we our selves that overthrow the same;
" And howsoe'r, although by force you win,
" Yet on our Weakness still returns the sin.
A vertuous Prince, who doth not *Edward* call?
And shall I then be guilty of your Fall?
Now God forbid; yet rather let me dye,
Then such a Sin upon my Soul should lye.
Where is great *Edward*? Whither is he led,
At whose victorious Name whole Armies fled?
Is that brave Spirit, that conquer'd so in *France*,
Thus overcome, and vanquish'd with a Glance?
Is that great Heart, that did aspire so high,
So soon transi-pierced with a Womans Eye?

He that a King at *Poictiers* Battel took,
Himſelf led Captive with a wanton Look?
* Twice as a Bride to Church I have been led,
Twice have two Lords enjoy'd my Bridal Bed:
How can that Beauty yet be undeſtroy'd,
That years have waſted, and two Men enjoy'd?
Or ſhould be thought fit for a Princes ſtore,
Of which, two Subjects were poſſeſt before?
Let *Spain*, let *France*, or *Scotland* ſo prefer
Their Infant Queens, for *Englands* Dowager;
That Bloud ſhould be much more then half divine,
That ſhould be equal ev'ry way with thine:
Yet Princely *Edward*, though I thus reprove you,
As mine own life ſo dearly do I love you.
My noble Husband, who ſo loved you,
That gentle Lord, that reverend *Mountague*
Ne'r Mothers voyce did pleaſe her Babe ſo well
As his did mine, of you to hear him tell:
I have made ſhort the Hours, that Time made long,
And chain'd mine Ears to his moſt pleaſing Tongue.
My Lips have waited on your Praiſes worth,
And ſnatcht his words, e'er he could get them forth:
When he had ſpoke, and ſomething by the way
Hath broke off that he was about to ſay:
I kept in mind where from his Tale he fell,
Calling on him the reſidue to tell.
Oft he would ſay, How ſweet a Prince is he!
When I have prais'd him, but for praiſing thee,
And to proceed, I would intreat and woe,
And yet to eaſe him, help to praiſe thee too.

And muſt ſhe now exclaim againſt the wrong,
Off'red by him whom ſhe hath lov'd ſo long ?
Nay, I will tell, and I durſt almoſt ſwear,
Edward will bluſh, when he his Fault ſhall hear.
Judge now that Time doth Youths deſire aſſwage,
And Reaſon mildly quench the fire of Rage;
By upright Juſtice let my Cauſe be try'd,
And be thou judge, if I not juſtly chide.
* That not my Father's grave and reverend years,
When on his Knee he beg'd me with his Tears,
By no perſwaſions poſſibly could win,
To free himſelf, from prompting me to Sin,
The Woe for me my Mother did abide,
Whoſe ſute (but you) there's none would have de-
[illegible] luſtfull Rage, your Tyranny could ſtay, (ny'd,
[illegible] Honours Ruin further to delay.
[illegible] not lov'd you ? let the Truth be ſhown,
[illegible] ſtill preſerv'd your Honour with mine own.
[illegible] your fond Will your foul Deſires prevail'd,
When you by them my Chaſtity aſſail'd ;
(Though this no way could have excus'd my Fault,
* True vertue never yielded to Aſſault :)
Beſides the Ill of you that had been ſaid,
My Parents Sin had to your charge been laid ;
* And I have gain'd my Liberty with ſhame,
To ſave my Life, made Shipwrack of my Name.
Did *Roxborough* once vail her tow'ring Fanes ?
To thy brave Enſigns; on the Northern Plains ?
And to thy Trumpets, ſounding from thy Tent,
Mine oft again thee hearty Welcome ſent,

And did receive thee as my Soveraign Liege,
Coming to aid me, thus me to beſiege,
To raiſe a Foe, that but for Treaſure came,
To plant a Foe, to take my honeſt Name;
Under pretence to have romov'd the *Scot*,
And would'ſt have won more then he could have got
That did ingirt me, ready ſtill to flye,
But thou lay'dſt Batt'ry to my Chaſtity:
O Modeſty, didſt thou me not reſtrain,
How could I chide you in this angry vain!
A Princes Name (Heav'n knows) I do not crave,
To have thoſe Honours *Edward*'s Spouſe ſhould have,
Nor by Ambitious Lures will I be brought,
In my chaſt Breaſt to harbour ſuch a Thought,
As to be worthy to be made a Bride,
A Piece unfit for Princely *Edward*'s ſide;
Of all, the moſt unworthy of that grace,
To wait on her that ſhould enjoy that place.
But if that Love, Prince *Edward* doth require,
Equal his Vertues, and my chaſt deſire;
If it be ſuch as we may juſtly vaunt,
A Prince may ſue for, and a Lady grant;
If it be ſuch as may ſuppreſs my Wrong,
That from your vain unbridled Youth hath ſprung,
That Faith I ſend, which I from you receive:
* The reſt unto your Princely Thoughts I leave.

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle Hiſtory.

Twice as a Bride I have to Church been led.

THE two Husbands of which ſhe makes mention, objecting Bigamy againſt her ſelf, as being therefore not meet to be married with a Batchelour-Prince, were Sir Thomas Holland *Knight, and Sir* William Mountague, *afterward made Earl of* Salisbury.

That not my Fathers grave and rev'rend years.

A thing incredible, that any Prince ſhould be ſo unjuſt, to uſe the Fathers means for the corruption of the Daughters Chaſtity, as the Hiſtory importeth; her Father being ſo honourable a Man of ſo ſingular deſert: though Polydore *would have it ſhould be* Jane, *the Daughter to* Edmund, *Earl of Kent, Uncle to* Edward *the third, beheaded in the Protectorſhip of* Mortimer, *that dangerous Aſpirer.*

And I have gain'd my Liberty with ſhame.

Roxborough *is a Caſtle in the North, miſ-termed by* Bandello, Salisbury *Caſtle, becauſe the King had given it to the Earl of* Salisbury: *in which, her Lord being abſent, the Countreſs by the* Scots *was beſieged; who, by the coming of the* Engliſh *Army, were removed. Here firſt the Prince ſaw her, whoſe Liberty had been gained by her ſhame, had ſhe been drawn by diſhoneſt Love to ſatisfie his Appetite: but by her moſt praiſe-worthy Conſtancy, ſhe converted that humour in him to an honourable purpoſe, and obtained the true reward of her admired Vertues.*

The

The reſt unto your Princely Thoughts I leave.

Leſt any thing be left out which were worth the Relation, it ſhall not be impertinent, to annex the Opinions that are uttered concerning her, whoſe Name is ſaid to have been Elips: *but that being rejected, as a Name unknown among us,* Froiſard *is rather believed, who calleth her* Alice. Polydore *contrarywiſe, as before is declared, names her* Jane, *who by Prince* Edward *had Iſſue,* Edward *dying young, and* Richard *the Second, King of* England, *though (as he ſaith) ſhe was divorced afterward, becauſe within the degrees of Conſanguinity, prohibiting to marry: The truth whereof, I omit to diſcuſs. Her Husband, the Lord* Mountague, *being ſent over into* Flanders *by King* Edward, *was taken Priſoner by the* French; *and not returning left his Counteſs a Widow: in whoſe Bed ſucceeded Prince* Edward; *to whoſe laſt and lawful Requeſt, the rejoyceful Lady ſends this loving Anſwer.*

FINIS.

Queen *ISABEL* TO *RICHARD* the Second.

The ARGUMENT.

Queen Iſabel *(the Daughter of* Charles *King of* France*) being the ſecond Wife of* Richard *the ſecond Son of* Edward *the Black Prince, Eldeſt Son of King* Edward *the third; after the ſaid* Richard *her Husband was depoſed by* Henry *Duke of* Hereford, *eldeſt Son of* John *of* Gaunt, *Duke of* Lancaſter, *the fourth Son of* Edward *the third, this Lady being very young was ſent back into* France *without Dowre, at time the depoſed King her Husband was ſent from the Tower of* London *(is a Priſoner) unto* Pomfret *Caſtle, this poor Lady bewailing her Husband's Misfortunes, writeth this Epiſtle to him from* France.

AS doth the yearly Augure of the *Spring*,
In depth of Woe, thus I my *Sorrow* ſing;
My Tunes with *Sighs* yet ever mixt among,
A dolefull Burthen to a heavy Song:
Words iſſue forth, to find my *Grief* ſome way,
Tears overtake them and do bid them ſtay;
Thus whilſt one ſtrives to keep the other back,
Both once too forward, ſoon are both too ſlack.

H

If fatal *Pomfret* hath in former time
Nouriſh'd the Grief of that unnat'ral *Clime*,
Thither I ſend my Sorrows to be fed;
Than where firſt born, where fitter to be bred?
They unto *France* be Aliens, and unknown,
England from her doth challenge theſe her own.
They ſay, all Miſchief cometh from the *North*;
It is too true, my Fall doth ſet it forth:
But why ſhould I thus limit Grief a place,
When all the World is fill'd with our Diſgrace?
And we in bonds thus ſtriving to contain it,
The more reſiſts, the more we do reſtrain it.
* Oh, how ev'n yet I hate theſe wretched Eyes,
And in my Glaſs oft call them faithleſs Spys!
(Prepar'd for *Richard*) that unawares did look
Upon that Traytor *Henry Bullenbrook*:
But that exceſs of Joy my Senſe bereav'd
So much, my Sight had never been deceiv'd.
Oh, how unlike to my lov'd Lord was he,
Whom raſhly I (ſweet *Richard*) took for thee!
I might have ſeen the Courſer's ſelf did lack
That Princely Rider to beſtride his Back;
He that ſince Nature her great work began,
She onely made the Mirrour of a Man,
That when ſhe meant to form ſome matchleſs Lim
Still for a Pattern took ſome part of him;
And jealous in her Cunning, brake the Mould,
When ſhe in him had done the beſt ſhe could.
Oh, let that Day be guilty of all Sin,
That is to come, or heretofore hath been,

* Where

* Wherein great *Norfolk*'s forward Courſe was
To prove the Treaſons he to *Harford* lay'd, (ſtay'd,
When (with ſtern Fury) both theſe Dukes enrag'd,
Their Warlike Gloves at *Coventry* engag'd,
When firſt thou didſt repeal thy former Grant,
Seal'd to brave *Mowbray* as thy Combatant:
From his unnumbred Houres let Time divide it,
Leſt in his Minutes he ſhould hap to hide it;
Yet on his Brow continually to bear it,
That when it comes, all other Hours may fear it,
And all ill-boding Planets, by conſent,
In it may hold their dreadfull Parliament:
Be it in Heav'ns Decrees enrolled thus,
Black, diſmal, fatal, inauſpitious.
Proud *Harford* then, in height of all his Pride,
Under great *Mowbray*'s valiant Hand had dy'd,
And never had from Baniſhment retir'd;
The fatal Brand wherewith our *Troy* was fir'd.
Oh, why did *Charles* relieve his needy ſtate!
A Vagabond and ſtragling Runagate?
And in his Court, with grace did entertain
That vagrant Exile, that vile bloody *Cain*;
Who with a thouſand Mothers Curſes went,
Mark'd with the Brand of ten years Baniſhment.
* When thou to *Ireland* took'ſt thy laſt Farewell,
Millions of Knees upon the Pavements fell,
And ev'ry where th' applauding Ecchoes ring
The joyfull ſhouts that did ſalute a King.
Thy parting hence, the Pomp that did adorn?
Was vaniſh'd quite when as thou didſt return?

Who to my Lord one Look vouchſaf'd to lend?
Then all too few on *Harford* to attend.
" Princes (like Suns) be evermore in ſight,
" All ſee the Clouds, betwixt them and their Light:
" Yet they which lighten all beneath their Skies,
" See not the Clouds offending others Eyes,
" And deem their Noon-tide is deſir'd of all,
" When all expect clear Changes by their Fall.
What colour ſeems to ſhadow *Harford*'s claim,
When Law and Right his Fathers Hope do maym'd
* Affirm'd by Church-men (which ſhould beat no
That *John* of *Gaunt* was illegitimate; (Hate)
Whom his reputed Mothers Tongue did ſpot,
By a baſe *Flemiſh* Boor to be begot;
Whom *Edward*'s Eaglets mortally did ſhun,
Daring with them to gaze againſt the Sun:
Where lawfull Right and Conqueſt doth allow
A tripple Crown on *Richard*'s Princely Brow,
Three Kingly Lyons bears his Bloody Field,
* No Baſtard's Mark doth blot his conqu'ring Shield.
Never durſt he attempt our hapleſs Shore,
Nor ſet his foot on fatal *Ravenſpore*;
Nor durſt his ſlugging Hulks approach the Stream,
Nor ſtoop a Top as ſignal to the Land,
Had not the *Piercies* promis'd ayd to bring,
Againſt their Oath unto their lawfull King,
* Againſt their Faith unto our Crown's true Heir,
Their valiant Kinſman *Edmund Mortimer*.
When I to *England* came, a World of Eyes,
Like Stars attended on my fair Ariſe,

Which now (alas) like angry *Planets* frown,
And are all ſet, before my going down:
The ſmooth-fac'd Air did on my coming ſmile,
But I with Storms am driven to Exile:
But *Bullenbrook* devis'd we thus ſhould part,
Fearing two Sorrows ſhould poſſeſs one Heart,
To add to our affliction, to deny
That one poor Comfort, left our Miſery.
He had before divorc'd thy Crown and thee,
Which might ſuffice, and not to Widow me;
But ſo to prove the utmoſt of his hate,
To part us in this miſerable ſtate.
* Oh, would *Aumerl* had ſunk, when he betray'd
The Plot, which once that noble Abbot laid;
When he infring'd the Oath which he firſt took,
For thy Revenge on perjur'd *Bullenbrook*;
Had been the ranſome of our Friends dear Blood,
Untimely loſt, and for the Earth too good,
And we untimely do bewail their ſtate,
They gone too ſoon, and we remain too late.
And though with Tears I from my Lord depart,
This Curſe on *Harford* fall, to eaſe my Heart:
If the foul breach of a chaſte Nuptial Bed
May bring a Curſe, my Curſe light on his Head:
If Murthers guilt with Bloud may deeply ſtain,
Green, *Scroop* and *Buſhy* dye his fault in grain,
If Perjury may Heav'ns pure Gates debar,
Damn'd be the Oath he made at *Doncaſter*;
If the depoſing of a lawfull King,
Thy Curſe condemn'd him, if no other thing;

If this dis-joyn'd, for Vengeance cannot call,
Let them united, ſtrongly curſe him all.
And for the *Piercies*, Heav'n may hear my Pray'r,
That *Bullenbrook*, now plac'd in *Richard*'s Chair,
Such cauſe of Woe to their proud Wives may be,
As thoſe rebellious Lords have been to me.
And that coy Dame, which now controlleth all,
And in her Pomp triumpheth in my Fall,
For her great Lord may water her ſad Eyne
With as ſalt Tears, as I have done for mine.
* And mourn for *Henry Hotſpur*, her dear Son,
As I for my dear *Mortimer* have done;
And as I am, ſo ſuccourleſs be ſent,
Laſtly, to taſt perpetual Baniſhment.
Then loſe thy Care, when firſt thy Crown was
Sell it ſo dearly, for it dearly coſt:
And ſince it did of Liberty deprive thee.
Burying thy Hope, let nothing elſe out-live thee
But hard (God knows) with Sorrow doth it ſtrive
When Woe becomes a comforter to Woe:
Yet much (me thinks) of Comfort I could ſay,
If from my Heart ſome Fears were rid away;
Something there is, that danger ſtill doth ſhow,
But what it is that Heaven alone doth know:
" Grief to it ſelf moſt dreadfull doth appear,
" And never yet was Sorrow void of fear,
But yet in Death doth Sorrow hope the beſt,
And *Richard* thus I wiſh thee happy Reſt.

ANNO

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle Hiſtory.

If fatal *Pomfret* hath in former time.

Pomfret *Caſtle, ever a fatal place to the Princes of* England, *and moſt ominous to the Bloud of* Plantaginet.

Oh, how even yet I hate theſe wretched Eyes,
And in my Glaſs, *&c.*

When Bullenbrook *returned to* London *from the Weſt, bringing* Richard *a Priſoner with him; the Queen who little knew of her Husbands hard Succeſs, ſtayed to behold his coming, little thinking to have ſeen her Husband thus led in Triumph by his Foe: and now ſeeming to hate her Eyes, that ſo much had beheld her mortal Enemy.*

Wherein great *Norfolk*'s forward Courſe was ſtay'd.

She remembreth the meeting of the two Dukes of Harford *and* Norfolk *at* Coventry, *urging the juſtneſs of* Mowbray's *Quarrel againſt the Duke of* Harford, *and the faithfull aſſurance of his Victory.*

Oh, why did *Charles* relieve his needy ſtate?
A Vagabond, &c.

Charles *the* French *King her Father, received the Duke of* Harford, *and relieved him in* France, *being ſo nearly allied as Couſin German to King* Richard, *his Son in Law; which he did ſimply, little thinking that he ſhould after return to* England *and diſpoſſeſs King* Richard *of the Crown.*

When thou to *Ireland* took'ſt thy laſt Farewell.

King Richard *made a Voyage with his Army into* Ireland, *againſt* Onell *and* Mackmur, *who rebelled: at what time,* Henry *entred here at home, and robbed him of all Kingly Dignity.*

Affirm'd by Church-men (which ſhould bear no Hate)
That *John* of *Gaunt* was illegitimate.

William Wickham, *in the great Quarrel betwixt* John of Gaunt *and the Clergy, of meer Spight and Malice (as it ſeem) reported, That the Queen confeſſed to him on her Death-Bed, being then her Confeſſor, That* John *of* Gaunt *was the Son of a* Flemming, *and that ſhe was brought to Bed of a Woman-Child at* Gaunt, *which was ſmothered in the Cradle by miſchance, and that ſhe obtained this Child of a poor Woman, making the King believe it was her own, greatly fearing his diſpleaſure.* Fox. ex Chron. Alban.

No Baſtards Mark doth blot his conq'ring Shield

Shewing the true and indubitate Birth of Richard, *his Right unto the Crown of* England, *as carrying the Arms without Blot or Difference.*

Againſt their Faith unto the Crowns true Heir,
Their valiant Kinſman, *&c.*

Edmund Mortimer, *Earl of* March, *ſon of Earl* Roger Mortimer, *which was Son to Lady* Philip, *Daughter to* Lionel, *Duke of* Clarence, *the third Son to King* Edward *the third; which* Edmund (*King* Richard *going into* Ireland *was proclaimed Heir apparent to the Crown; whoſe Aunt*

led Elinor, *this Lord* Piercy *had married.*

Oh, would *Aumerl* had ſunk when he betray'd
The Plot, which once that Noble Abbot laid!

The Abbot of Weſtminſter *had plotted the Death of King* Henry, *to have been done at a Tilt at* Oxford: *Of which Confederacy, there was* John Holland, *Duke of* Exceſter, Thomas Holland, *Duke of* Surrey, *the Duke of* Aumerl, Montacute *Earl of* Salisbury, Spencer *Earl of* Glouceſter, *the Biſhop of* Carliſle, *Sir* Thomas Blunt; *theſe all had bound themſelves one to another by Indenture to perform it, but were all betrayed by the Duke of* Aumerl.

Scroop, Green and *Buſhy* dye his Fault in grain.

Henry going towards the Caſtle of Flint, *where King* Richard *was, cauſed* Scroop, Green *and* Buſhy *to be executed at* Briſtow, *as vile Perſons, which had ſeduced the King to this laſcivious and wicked life.*

Damn'd be the Oath he made at *Doncaſter.*

After Henries *exile, at his return into* England *he took his Oath at* Doncaſter, *upon the Sacrament, not to claim the Crown or Kingdom of* England, *but only the Dukedome of* Lancaſter *his own proper Right, and the Right of his Wife.*

And mourn for *Henry Hotſpur*, her dear Son,
As I for my, *&c.*

This was the brave courageous Henry Hotſpur, *that obtained many Victories againſt the* Scots; *which, after falling out with the Curſe of Queen* Iſabel, *was ſlain by* Henry *the Fifth at the Battel at* Shrewsbury.

FINIS.

RICHARD the Second

TO

Queen *ISABEL.*

WHat can my Queen but hope for from
(Han
That it ſhould write, which never could comman
A Kingdoms Greatneſs think how he ſhould ſway
That wholeſome Counſel never could obey:
Ill this rude Hand did guide a Scepter then,
Worſe now (I fear me) it will rule a Pen.
How ſhall I call my ſelf, or by what Nam
To make thee know from whence theſe
(

Not from thy Husband, for my hateful Life
Makes thee a Widdow, being yet a Wife:
Nor from a King; that Title I have loſt,
Now of that Name, proud *Bullenbrook* may bo
What I have been, doth but this comfort bring,
No words ſo wofull, as, *I was a King.*
This lawleſs Life, which firſt procur'd my Ha
* This Tongue, which then renounc'd my
S

This abiect Soul of mine conſenting to it,
This Hand, that was the Inſtrument to do

All theſe be witneſs, that I now deny
All Princely Types, all Kingly Soveraignty.
Didſt thou for my ſake leave thy Fathers Court,
Thy famous Country, and thy Princely Port,
And undertook'ſt to travel dang'rous Ways,
Driven by aukward Winds and boyſt'rous Seas?
* And left'ſt great *Burbon*, for thy love to me,
Who ſu'd in Marriage to be link'd to thee,
Offering for Dower the Countries neighb'ring nigh,
Of fruitfull *Almaine*, and rich *Burgundie*?
Didſt thou all this, that *England* ſhould receive thee,
To miſerable Baniſhment to leave thee?
And in my Down-fall, and my Fortunes wrack,
Thus to thy Country to convey thee back?
When quiet Sleep (the heavey Hearts Relief)
With reſted Sorrow, ſomewhat leſs'ned Grief,
My paſſed Greatneſs into mind I call,
And think this while I dreamed of my Fall:
With this Conceit my Sorrows I beguile,
That my fair Queen is but with drawn a while,
And my Attendants in ſome Chamber by,
As in the height of my Proſperity.
Calling a loud, and asking who is there?
The Eccho anſw'ring, tels me, Woe is there;
And when mine Arms would gladly thee enfold,
I clip the Pillow, and the place is cold:
Which when my waking Eyes preciſely view,
'Tis a true token, that it is too true.
As many Minutes as in the Hours there be,
So many Hours each Minute ſeems to me;

Each Hour a Day, Morn, Noon-tide, and a Set,
Each Day a Year, with Miſeries compleat;
A Winter, Spring-time, Summer and a Fall,
All Seaſons varying, but unſeaſoned all:
In endleſs Woe my thred of Life thus wears,
In Minutes, Hours, Days, by Months, to lingring Years.

They praiſe the Summer, that enjoy the South;
Pomfret is cloſed in the Norths cold mouth:
There pleaſant Summer dwelleth all the Year,
Froſt-ſtarved-Winter doth inhabit here;
A place wherein Deſpair may fitly dwell,
Sorrow beſt ſuiting with a cloudy Cell.
* When *Harford* had his Judgement of Exile,
Saw I the People's murmuring the while;
Th'uncertain Commons touch'd with inward Care,
As though his Sorrows mutually they bare:
Fond Women, and ſcarce-ſpeaking Children mourn,
Bewayle his parting, wiſhing his return.
* That I was forc'd t'abridg his baniſh'd Years,
When they be dew'd his Foot-ſteps with their Tears.

Yet by example could not learn to know,
To what his Greatneſs by their Love might grow.
* But *Henry* boaſts of our Atchievements don,
Bearing the Trophies our great Fathers won,
And all the ſtory of our famous War,
Muſt grace the Annals of Great *Lancaſter*.
* Seven goodly Siens in their Spring did flouriſh,
Which one ſelf-Root brought forth, one Stock did nourish;

* *Edward* the top-Branch of that golden Tree,
Nature in him her utmoſt power did ſee;
Who from the Bud ſtill bloſſomed ſo fair,
As all might judge what Fruit it meant to bare:
But I his Graft, of ev'ry Weed o'er-grown,
And from our kind, as Refuſe forth am thrown.
* We from our Grandſire ſtood in one Degree,
But after *Edward*, *John* the young'ſt of three.
Might Princely *Wales* beget a Son ſo baſe,
(That to *Gaunt*'s Iſſue ſhould give Soveraign place)
* He that from *France* brought *John* his Priſoner
(home,
As thoſe great *Cæſars* did their Spoyls to *Rome*,
* Whoſe Name obtained by his fatal Hand,
Was ever fearfull to that conquer'd Land:
His Fame encreaſing, purchas'd in thoſe Wars,
Can ſcarcely now be bounded with the Stars;
With him is Valour from the baſe World fled,
(Or here in me is it extinguiſhed?)
Who for his Vertue, and his Conqueſts ſake,
Poſterity a Demy-god ſhall make;
And judge, this vile and abject Spirit of mine,
Could not proceed from temper ſo divine.
What Earthly Humour, or what vulgar Eye
Can look ſo low, as on our Miſery?
When *Bullenbrook* is mounted to our Throne,
And makes that his, which we but call'd our own:
Into our Counſels he himſelf intrudes,
And who but *Henry* with the Multitudes?

H

His Power deſgrades, his dreadfull Frown diſgraceth
He throws them down, whom our Advancement
(placeth;
As my diſable and unworthy Hand
Never had Power, belonging to Command,
He treads our ſacred Tables in the duſt,
* And proves our Acts of Parliment unjuſt,
As though he hated, that it ſhould be ſaid,
That ſuch a Law by *Richard* once was made;
Whilſt I depreſt before his Greatneſs, lye
Under the weight of Hate and Infamy.
My Back a Foot-ſtool *Bullenbrook* to raiſe,
My Looſeneſs mock'd, and hatefull by his praiſe,
Out-live mine Honour, bury my Eſtate,
And leave my ſelf nought, but my Peoples Hate.
(Sweet Queen) Ile take all Counſel thou ca
(gi
So that thou bidſt me neither hope nor live;
" Succour that comes, when Ill hath done his wo
" But ſharpens Grief, to make us more accurſt.
Comfort is now unpleaſing to mine Eare,
Paſt cure, paſt care, my Bed become my Bier:
Since now Misfortune humbleth us ſo long,
Till Heaven be grown unmindfull of our Wrong
Yet it forbid my Wrongs ſhould ever dye,
But ſtill remembred to Poſterity:
And let the Crown be fatal that he wears,
And ever wet with wofull Mothers Tears.
Thy Curſe on *Percy*, angry Heavens prevent,
Who have not one Curſe left, on him unſpent,

To ſcourge the World, now borrowing of my ſtore,
As rich of Woe, as I a King am poor.
Then ceaſe (dear Queen) my Sorrows to bewaile,
My Wound's too great for Pity now to heale;
Age ſtealeth on, whilſt thou complaineſt thus,
My Grief be mortal and infectious:
Yet better Fortunes thy fair Youth may try,
That follow thee, which ſtill from me doth fly.

ANNOTATIONS on the Chronicle Hiſtory.

This Tongue, which then denounc'd my Regal State.

Richard the Second, at the Reſignation of the Crown to the Duke of Harford, *in the* Tower *of* London, *(deliver-ing the ſame with his own hand) there confeſſed his diſability to Reign, utterly denouncing all Kingly Authority.*

And left'ſt great *Burbon*, for thy love to me.

Before the Princeſs Iſabel *was married to the King*, Lewes *Duke of* Burbon *ſued to have had her in Marriage; which was thought he had obtained, if this Motion had not fallen out in the mean time. This Duke of* Burbon *ſued again to have received her, at her coming into* France, *after the impriſonment of King* Richard; *but King* Charles *her Father then croſſed him, as before, and gave her to* Charles, *ſon to the Duke of* Orleans.

When

When *Harford* had his Judgement of Exile.

When the Combate ſhould have been at Coventry, *betwixt* Henry *Duke of* Harford, *and* Thomas *Duke of* Norfolk *(where* Harford *was adjudged to Baniſhment for ten years) the Commons exceedingly lamented; ſo greatly was he ever favoured of the People.*

Then being forc'd t'abridge his baniſh'd years.

When the Duke came to take his leave of the King, being then at Eltham, *the King, to pleaſe the Commons, rather then for any love he bare to* Harford, *repealed four years of his Baniſhment.*

But *Henry* boaſts of our Atchievements done.

Henry, *the eldeſt ſon of* John, *Duke of* Lancaſter, *at firſt, Earle of* Darby, *then created Duke of* Harford *the death of Duke* John, *his father, was Duke of* Lancaſter *and* Hartford, *Earl of* Darby Lieceſter, *and* Lincoln *after he had obtained the Crown, was called by the name of* Bullenbrook, *which is a Town in* Lincolnſhire; *as moſt of the Kings of* England *bare the name of the place where they were born.*

Seven goodly Siens in their Spring did flouriſh.

Edward *the third had ſeven ſons*; Edward, Prince of Wales, *after called the* Black-Prince; William *of* Hatfield *the ſecond*; Lionel, *Duke of* Clarence, *the third*; John of Gaunt, *Duke of* Lancaſter, *the fourth*; Edmund *of* Langley *Duke of* York, *the fifth*; Thomas *of* Woodſtock, Duke of Gloceſter, *the ſixt*; William *of* Windſor, *the ſeventh.*

Edward the top-branch of that golden Tree.

As diſabling Henry Bullenbrook, *being but Son of the fourth Brother*; William *and* Lionel *being both before* John *of* Gaunt.

He that from *France* brought *John* his Priſoner home.

Edward *the* Black-Prince *taking* John, *King of* France, *Priſoner, at the Battel of* Poictiers, *brought him into* England; *where, at the* Savoy, *he died.*

Whoſe Name atchieved by his fatal hand.

Called the Black Prince, *not ſo much of his Complexion, as of the famous Battels he fought; as is ſhewed before, in the Gloſs upon the Epiſtle of* Edward *to the Counteſs of* Salisbury.

And proves our Acts of Parliament unjuſt.

In the next Parliament, after Richard's *Reſignation of the Crown*, Henry *cauſed to be annihilated all the Laws made in that Parliament, called the Wicked Parliament, held in the twentieth year of King* Richards *Reign.*

FINIS.

Queen

Queen *KATHERINE* TO OWEN TUDOR.

The ARGUMENT.

After the Death of Henry *the fifth, Queen* Katherine *Dow-ger of* England *and* France, *Daughter to* Charles *the* French *King, holding her Eſtate with* Henry *her Son (the Sixth of that name) falleth in Love with* Owen Tudor *a Welchman, a brave and gallant Gentleman of the Wardrobe to the young King her Son, yet fearing if her Love ſhould be diſcov'red, the Nobility would croſs her purpoſed Marriage; or if her Princely promiſe ſhould not aſſure his good ſucceſs; high and great Attempt might (perhaps) daunt the forwardneſs of this modeſt and ſhamefull Youth; She therefore writes to him this following Epiſtle.*

JUdge not a Princes worth impeach'd hereby,
That Love thus triumphs over Majeſty;
Nor think leſs Vertue in this Royal Hand,
That it intreats, and wonted to command:
For in this ſort, tho' humbly now it woo,
The day hath been, thou would'ſt have kneel'd unto,
Nor think, that this ſubmiſſion of my State
Proceeds from Frailty (rather judge it Fate.)
Alcides ne'r more fit for Wars ſtern Shock,
Then when with Women ſpinning at the Rock;

Never

Never leſs Clouds did *Phœbus* glory dim,
Then in a Clowns ſhape when he covered him,
Joves great Command was never more obey'd,
Then when a Satyrs Antick parts he play'd.
He was thy King, who ſu'd for love to me,
And ſhe his Queen, who ſues for love to thee.
When *Henry* was, my love was only his,
But by his death, it *Owen Tudors* is;
My love to *Owen*, him my *Henry* giveth,
My love to *Henry*, in my *Owen* liveth:
Henry woo'd me, whilſt Wars did yet increaſe,
I woo my *Tudor*, in ſweet calms of Peace;
To force Affection, he did Conqueſt prove,
I come with gentle Arguments of Love.
* Incamp'd at *Melans*, in Wars hot Alarms,
Firſt ſaw I *Henry* clad in Princely Arms;
At pleaſant *Windſor*, Firſt theſe Eyes of mine
My *Tudor* judg'd, for wit and ſhape divine;
Henry abroad, with Puiſſance and with Force,
Tudor at home, with Courtſhip and Diſcourſe:
He then, thou now, I hardly can judge whether
Did like me beſt, *Plantaginet*, or *Tether*;
A March, a Meaſure, Battel, or a Dance,
A Courtly Rapier, or a conqu'ring Launce.
His Princely Bed hath ſtrength'ned my Renown,
* And on my Temples ſet a double Crown;
Which glorious Wreath (as *Henrys* lawfull Heir)
Henry the ſixth upon his Brow doth bear.
* At *Troy* in *Champain* he did firſt enjoy
My Bridal Rites, to *England* brought from *Troy*:

In

In *England* now that Honour thou ſhalt have,
Which once in *Champain* famous *Henry* gave.
I ſeek not Wealth, three Kingdoms to my Power;
If theſe ſuffice not, where ſhall be my Dower?
Sad Diſcontent may ever follow her,
Which doth baſe Pelf, before true Love prefer;
If Titles ſtill could our Affections tye,
What is ſo great, but Majeſty might buy?
As I ſeek thee, ſo Kings doe me deſire;
To what they would, thou eas'ly may'ſt aſpire.
That ſacred Fire once warm'd my Heart before,
The Fuell fit, the Flame is now the more;
And means to quench it, I in vain doe prove,
" We may hide Treaſure, but not hide our Love:
And ſince it is thy Fortune thus to gain it,
It were too late, nor will I now reſtrain it.
* Nor theſe great Titles vainly will I bring,
Wife, Daughter, Mother, Siſter to a King,
Of Grandſire, Father, Husband, Son and Brother
More thou alone to me then all theſe other.
* Nor fear, my *Tudor*, that this love of mine
Should wrong the *Gaunt*-born, great *Lancaſtrian*
(Line,
* Or make the *Engliſh* Blood, the Sun and Moon
Repine at *Lorain*, *Burdon*, *Alanſon*;
Nor doe I think there is ſuch different ods,
They ſhould alone be numbred with the Gods:
Of *Cadmus* Earthly Iſſue reck'ning us,
And they from *Jove*, *Mars*, *Neptune*, *Eolus*:

Of great *Latona*'s O'ff-ſpring onely they,
And wee the Brats of wofull *Niobe*.
Our famous Grandſires (as their own) beſtrid
That Horſe of Fame, that God-begotten Steed,
Whoſe bounding Hoof plow'd that *Boetian* Spring,
Where thoſe ſweet Maids of Memory doe ſing.
I claim not all from *Henry*, but as well
To be the Child of *Charles* and *Iſabel* (grow,
Nor can I think from whence their Grief ſhould
That by this Match they be diſparag'd ſo;
* When *John* and *Longſhanks* Iſſue were affy'd,
And to the Kings of *Wales* in Wedlock ty'd,
Shewing the greatneſs of your Blood thereby,
Your Race and Royal Conſanguinity:
And *Wales*, as well as haughty *England* boaſts,
* Of *Camilot*, and all her Pentecoſts;
To have precedence in *Pendragons* Race,
At *Arthur*'s Table challenging the Place.
If by the often Conqueſt of your Land,
They boaſt the Spoiles of their victorious Hand;
If theſe our ancient Chronicles be true,
They altogether are not free from you.
* When bloody *Rufus* ſought your Towns to ſack,
Twice entring *Wales*, yet twice was beaten back;
When famous *Cambria* waſh'd her in the Flood,
Made by th' effuſion of the *Engliſh* Blood;
* And oft return'd with glorious Victory,
From *Worceſter*, *Her'ford*, *Cheſter*, *Shrewsbury*;
Whoſe Power in ev'ry Conqueſt ſo prevails,
As once expuls'd the *Engliſh* out of *Wales*.

Bibl. Bodl.

Although

Although my Beauty made my Countries Peace,
And at my Bridal former Broils did ceaſe;
More then his Power, had not his Perſon been,
I had not come to *England* as a Queen.
Nor took I *Henry* to ſupply my want,
Becauſe in *France* that time my choice was ſcant,
When it had robb'd all *Chriſtendom* of Men,
And *Englands* Flower remain'd amongſt us then:
Gluoſter, whoſe Counſels (*Neſtor*-like) aſſiſt;
Couragious *Bedford*, that great Martialliſt;
Clarence, for Vertue honour'd of his Foes;
And *York*, whoſe Fame yet daily greater grows;
Warwick the pride of *Nevil*'s haughty Race;
Great *Salisbury*, ſo fear'd in ev'ry place:
That valiant *Pool*, whom no Atchievement dar's;
And *Vere*, ſo famous in the *Iriſh* Wars;
Who, though my ſelf ſo great a Princeſs born,
The beſt of theſe, my equal need not ſcorn:
But *Henry*'s rare Perfections, and his parts,
As conqu'ring Kingdoms, ſo he conquer'd Hearts.
As chaſte was I to him, as Queen might be,
But freed from him, my chaſte love vow'd to thee.
Beauty doth fetch all Favour from thy Face,
All perfect Court-ſhip reſteth in thy Grace;
If thou diſcourſe, my Lips ſuch Accents break,
As Love a Spirit forth of thee ſeem'd to ſpeak.
The *Brittiſh* Language, which our Vowels wants,
And jarrs ſo much upon harſh Conſonants,
Comes with ſuch grace from thy melliſluous Tongue,
As the ſweet Notes doe of a well-ſet Song,

And runs as ſmoothly from thoſe Lips of thine,
As the pure *Tuskan* from the *Florentine*;
Leaving ſuch ſeas'ned ſweetneſs in the Ear,
That the Voyce paſt, the ſound abides ſtill there,
In *Niſus* Tower, as when *Apollo* lay,
And on his golden Viol us'd to play; (drown'd
Where ſenceleſs Stones were with ſuch Muſick
As many years they did retain the Sound.
Let not the Beams, that Greatneſs doth reflect,
Amaze thy Hopes with timerous reſpect;
Aſſure thee, *Tudor*, Majeſty can be
As kind in love, as can the mean'ſt degree,
And the embraces of a Queen as true
As theirs, which think them much advanc'd by you;
When in our Greatneſs, our Affections crave
Thoſe ſecret Joyes, that other Women have:
If I (a Queen) be ſoveraign in my choice,
Let others fawn upon the publick voice;
For what (by this) can ever hap to thee,
Right in reſpect, to be belov'd of me?
Let peviſh Wordlings prate of Right and Wrong,
Leave Plaints and Pleas, to whom they doe belong;
Let old Men ſpeak of Chances and Events,
And Laywers talk of Titles and Deſcents,
Leave fond Reports to ſuch as Stories tell,
And Covenants, to thoſe that buy and ſell:
Love, my ſweet *Tudor*, that becomes thee beſt;
And to our good ſucceſs refer the reſt.

ANNO

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle History.

Incamp'd at *Melans*, in Wars hot Alarms,
First, *&c.*

NEar *unto* Melans, *upon the River of* Seyne, *was the appointed place of Parley between the two Kings of* England *and* France; *to which place,* Isabel, *the Queen of* France, *and the Duke of* Rurgoyne, *brought the young Princess* Katherine, *where King* Henry *first saw her.*

And on my Temples set a double Crown.

Henry *the fifth, and Queen* Katherine, *were taken as King & Queen of* France; *and during the life of* Charles *the* French *King,* Henry *was called King of* England, *and Heir of* France; *and after the death of* Henry *the fift,* Henry *the sixth, his then being very young, was crown'd at* Paris, *as true and full King of* England *and* France.

At *Troy* in *Champaine* he did first enjoy.

Troy *in* Champaine, *was the place where that victorious King* Henry *the fift married the Princess* Katherine, *in the presence of the chief Nobility of the Realms of* England *and* France.

Nor these great Titles vainly will I bring,
Wife, Daughter, Mother, *&c.*

Few Queens of England, *or* France, *were ever more Princely allied then this Queen, as it hath been noted by Historiographers.*

Nor

Nor fear, my *Tudor*, that this love of mine.
Should wrong the *Gaunt*-born, *&c.*

Noting the Deſcent of Henry *her Husband from* John, *Duke of* Lancaſter, *the fourth ſon of* Edward *the third*; *which Duke* John *was ſirnamed* Gaunt, *of the City of* Gaunt *in* Flanders *where he was born.*

Or make the *Engliſh* Blood, the Sun and Moon,
Repine, *&c.*

Alluding the Greatneſs of the Engliſh *Line, to* Phœbus *and* Phœbe, *fained to be the Children of* Latona, *whoſe Heavenly kind might ſcorn to be joyned with any Earthly Progeny yet withall, boaſting the Blood of* France, *as not inferiour to theirs. And with this Alluſion; followeth on the Hiſtory of the ſtrife betwixt* Juno *and the Race of* Cadmus, *whoſe Iſſue was afflicted by the Wrath of Heaven. The Children of* Niobe *ſlain for which, the wofull Mother became a Rock, guſhing forth continually a Fountain of Tears.*

When *John* and *Longſhanks* Iſſue were affy'd.

Lewellin, *or* Leolin ap Jorwith, *Married* Joan, *daughter to King* John, *a moſt beautifull Lady. Some Authors affirm that ſhe was baſe born.* Lewellin ap Gryfith *Married* Elinor *daughter to* Simon Monfort, *Earl of* Leiceſter, *and Coulin to* Edward Longſhanks; *both which* Lewellins *were Princes of* Wales.

Of *Camilot*, and all her Pentecoſts,
To have precedence, *&c.*

Camilot *the Ancient Palace of King* Arthur; *to which place*

all the Knights of that famous Order yearly repaired at Pentecoſt, according to the Law of the Table: and moſt of the famous home-born Knights were of that Country; as to this day is perceived by their antient Monuments.

When bloody *Rufus* ſought your utter ſack.

Noting the ill ſucceſs which William Rufus *had in two Voyages he made into* Wales; *in which, a number of his chief Nobility were ſlain.*

And oft return'd with glorious Victory.

Noting the divers ſundry Incurſions that the Welſhmen *made into* England, *in the time* Rufus, John, Henry *the ſecond, and* Longſhanks.

OWEN TUDOR TO Queen *KATHERINE.*

WHen firſt mine Eyes beheld your Princely (Name,
And found from whence this friendly Letter came;
As in exceſs of Joy, I had forgot,
Whether I ſaw it, or I ſaw it not:

My panting Heart doth bid mine Eyes proceed,
My daz'led Eyes invite my Tongue to read;
Which wanting their direction, dully miſt it:
My Lips, which ſhould have ſpoke, were dumb,
(and kiſt it,
And left the Paper in my trembling Hand,
When all my Senſes did amazed ſtand;
Ev'n as a Mother coming to her Child,
Which from her preſence hath been long exil'd,
With gentle Arms his tender Neck doth ſtrain,
Now kiſſing it, now clipping it again;
And yet exceſſive Joy deludes her ſo,
As ſtill ſhe doubts, if this be hers, or no.
At length awakened from this pleaſing Dream,
When Paſſion ſome what left to be extream,
My longing Eyes with their fair Object meet,
Where ev'ry Letter's pleaſing, ev'ry Word is ſweet.
It was not *Henry*'s Conqueſt, nor his Court,
That had the pow'er to win me by report;
Nor was his dreadfull Terror-ſtriking Name,
The cauſe that I from *Wales* to *England* came;
For Chriſtian *Rhodes*, and our Religious Truth,
To great Atchieuement firſt had won my Youth:
This brave Adventure did my Valour prove,
Before I e'er knew what it was to love.
Nor came I hither by ſome poor event,
But by th' Eternal Deſtinies conſent;
Whoſe uncompriſed Wiſedom did fore-ſee,
That you in Marriage ſhould be link'd to me.

By

By our great *Merlin* was it not fore-told,
(Amongſt his holy Propheſies enrol'd)
When firſt he did of *Tudors* Name divine,
That Kings and Queens ſhould follow in our Line;
* And that the Helm (the *Tudors* ancient Creſt)
Should with the golden Flower-de-luce be dreſt;
As that the Leek (our Countries chief Renown)
Should grow with Roſes in the *Engliſh* Crown.
As *Charles* his Daughter, you the Lilly were,
As *Henry*'s Queen, the bluſhing Roſe you bear;
By *France*'s Conqueſt, and by *Englands* Oath,
You are the true made Dowager of both;
Both in your Crown, both in your Cheek together,
Joyn *Tethers* love to yours, and yours to *Tether*.
Then caſt no future Doubts, nor fear no Hate,
When it ſo long hath been fore-told by Fate;
And by the all-diſpoſing doom of Heav'n,
Before our Births, we to one Bed were giv'n.
No *Pallas* here, nor *Juno* is at all,
When I to *Venus* yeild the golden Ball;
Nor when the *Grecians* Wonder I enjoy,
None in revenge to kindle fire in *Troy*:
And have not ſtrange events divin'd to us,
That in our love we ſhould be proſperous?
* When in thy preſence I was call'd to dance,
In lofty Tricks whilſt I my ſelf advance,
And in a Turn, my footing fail'd by hap,
Was't not my chance to light into your Lap?
Who would not judge it Fortunes greateſt grace,
Since he muſt fall, to fall in ſuch a place?

His Birth from Heav'n, your *Tudor* not derives
Nor ſtands on tip-toes in Superlatives,
Although the envious *Engliſh* doe deviſe
A thouland Jeſts of our Hyperbolies;
Nor doe I claim that Plot by ancient Deeds,
Where *Phœbus* paſtures fire-brreathing Steeds;
Nor doe I boaſt my God-made Grandſires Scars,
Nor Gyants Trophies in the *Titan*'s Wars;
Nor fain my Birth (your Princely Ears to pleaſe)
By three Nights getting, as was *Hercules*;
Nor doe I forge my long Deſcent to run
From aged *Neptune*, or the glorious Sun:
* And yet in *Wales*, with them that famous be,
Our learned *Bards* doe ſing my Pedigree;
* And boaſt my Birth from great *Cadwallader*,
* From old *Caer-Septon*, in Mount *Pallador*;
* And from *Eneons* Line, the *South-Wales* King,
By *Theodor*, the *Tudors* Name doe bring.
My Royal Mothers Princely Stock began,
* From her great Grandam, fair *Gwenellian*;
By true deſcent from *Leoline* the Great,
As well from *North-Wales*, as fair *Powſlands* Seat.
Though for our Princely Genealogy,
I doe not ſtand to make Apology;
Yet who with Judgments true impartial Eyes,
Shall look from whence our Name at firſt did riſe,
Shall find, that Fortune is to us in debt;
And why not *Tudor*, as *Plantaginet*?
* Nor that term *Croggen*, Nick-name of diſgrace
Us'd as a by-word now in ev'ry place,

Sh

Shall blot our Blood, or wrong a *Welſhman*'s Name:
Which was at firſt begot with *England*'s ſhame.
Our valiant Swords our Right did ſtill maintain,
Againſt that cruel, proud, uſurping *Dane*,
Buckling beſides in many dang'rous Fights,
With *Norways*, *Sweethens* and with *Muſcovites*;
* And kept our Native Language now thus long,
And to this day yet never chang'd our Tongue:
When they which now our Nation fain would tame,
Subdu'd, have loſt their Country and their Name.
Nor ever could the *Saxons* Swords provoke
Our *Britain* Necks to bear their ſervile Yoke:
Where *Cambria*'s pleaſant Countries bounded be
With ſwelling *Severn* and the holy *De*;
And ſince great *Brutus* firſt arriv'd, have ſtood,
The only remnant of the *Trojan* Blood.
To every Man is not allotted Chance,
To boaſt with *Henry*, to have conquer'd *France*:
Yet if my Fortunes be thus rais'd by thee,
This may preſage a further good to me;
And our Saint *David*, in the *Britains* Right,
May joyn with *George*, the Sainted *Engliſh* Knight
* And old *Caermarden*, *Merlin*'s famous Town,
Not ſcorn'd by *London*, though of ſuch renown.
Ah, would to God, that Hour my Hopes attend
Were with my Wiſh brought to deſired end!
Blame me not, Madam, though I thus deſire,
Many there be, that after you enquire;
Till now your Beauty in Nights Boſome ſlept,
What Eye durſt ſtir, where awfull *Henry* kept?

Who durſt attempt to ſail but near the Bay,
Where that all-conqu'ring great *Alcides* lay?
Your Beauty now is ſet a Royal Prize,
And Kings repair to cheapen Merchandize.
If you but walk to take the breathing Ayre,
Orithia makes me, that I *Boreas* fear;
If to the Fire, *Jove* once in Lightning came,
And fair *Egina* makes me fear the flame;
If in the Sun, then ſad Suſpicion dreams
Phœbus ſhould ſpread *Lucothoe* in his Beams;
If in a Fountain you do cool your Blood,
Neptune I fear, which once came in a Floud;
If with your Maids, I dread *Apollo*'s Rape,
Who cous'ned *Chion* in an old Wives ſhape;
If you do banquet, *Bacchus* makes me dread,
Who in a Grape *Erigone* did feed;
And if my ſelf your Chamber-door ſhould keep,
Yet fear I *Hermes* coming in a Sleep
Pardon (ſweet Queen) if I offend in this,
In theſe Delays, Love moſt impatient is;
And Youth wants pow'r his hot Spleen to ſuppreſs,
When Hope already banquets in Exceſs.
Though *Henry*'s Fame in me you ſhall not find,
Yet that which better ſhall content your mind;
But onely in the Title of a King
VVas his advantage, in no other thing:
If in his love more pleaſure you did take,
Never let Queen truſt *Britain*, for my ſake.
Yet judge me not from Modeſty exempt,
That I another *Phaetons* Charge attempt;

My

My Mind, that thus your Favours dare aſpire,
Shews, that 'tis touch't with a celeſtial fire;
If I'm in fault, the more is Beauties blame,
When ſhe her ſelf is author of the ſame:
" All Men to ſome one quality incline,
Onely to Love is naturally mine.
Thou art by Beauty famous, as by Birth,
Ordain'd by Heav'n to cheer the drooping Earth;
Add faithfull Love unto your greater State,
And be alike in all things fortunate.
A King might promiſe more, I not deny,
But yet (by Heav'n) he lov'd not more then I.
And thus I leave, till time my Faith approve,
I ceaſe to write, but never ceaſe to love.

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle Hiſtory.

And that the Helm, the *Tudors* antient Creſt.

THE *Arms of* Tudor, *was three Helmets; whereof he ſpeaketh, as a thing prophetically foretold of* Merlin.

When in thy preſence I was call'd to dance.

Owen Tudor *being a courtly and active Gentleman, commanded once to dance before the Queen in a Turn (not being able to recover himſelf) fell into her Lap, as ſhe ſat upon a little Stool, with many of her Ladies about her.*

And yet with them in *Wales* that famous be,
Our learned *Bards*, &c.

This Berdh, *as they call it in the* Brittiſh *Tongue, or as we more properly ſay,* Bard, *or* Bardus, *be their Poets, which keep the Records of Pedigrees and Deſcents, and ſung in Odes and Meaſures to their Harps, after the old manner of the* Lyrick *Poets.*

And boaſt my Blood from great *Cadwallader.*

Cadwallader, *the laſt King of the* Britains, *deſcended of the Noble aud ancient Race of the* Trojans; *to whom an Angel appeared, commanding him to goe to* Rome *to* Pope Sergius, *where he ended his Life.*

From old *Caer-Septon,* in Mount *Palador.*

Caer-Septon, *now called* Shaftsbury; *at whoſe Building it was ſaid, an Eagle propheſied (or rather one named* Aquila*) of the fame of that Place, and of the recovery of the Iſle by the* Britains, *bringing back with them the Bones of* Cadwallader *from* Rome.

And from Eneons *Line, the* South-Wales *King,*
From Theodor, *&c.*

This Eneon *was ſlain by the Rebels of* Gwentland; *he was a notable and worthy Gentleman, who in his life did many noble Acts, and was Father to* Theodor, *or* Tudor Maur, *of whom deſcended the Princes of* South-Wales.

From

From her great Grandam, fair *Gwenellian.*

Gwenellian, *the daughter of* Rees ap Griffeth ap Theodor *Prince of* South-Wales, *married* Ednivet Vaughan, *Anceſtor to* Owen Tudor.

By true deſcent from *Leolin* the Great.

This is the Lowhelin, *called* Leolinus Magnus, *Prince of* North-Wales.

Nor that word *Croggen,* Nick-name of diſgrace.

In the Voyage that Henry *the Second made againſt the* Welſhmen, *as his Souldiers paſſed* Offas *Ditch at* Croggen *Caſtle, they were overthrown by the* Welſhmen: *which word* Croggen *hath ſince been uſed to the* Welſhmen's *Diſgrace, which was at firſt begun with their Honour.*

And kept our Native Language now thus long.

The Welſhmen *be thoſe ancient* Britains, *which when the* Picts, Danes *and* Saxons *invaded here, were firſt driven into thoſe parts; where they have kept their Language ever ſince the firſt, without commixtion with any other.*

And old *Caer-Marden, Merlins* famous Town.

Caer-Marden, *or* Merlin's *Town, ſo called, of* Merlin's *being found there. This was* Ambroſe Merlins, *whoſe Prophe-ſies we have. There was another of that Name, called* Merlin Sylveſtris, *born in* Scotland, *ſirnamed* Calidonius, *of the Forreſt* Calidon, *where he propheſied.*

FINIS.

ELINOR COBHAM
TO
Duke *HUMPHREY.*

The ARGUMENT.

Elinor, *Daughter to the Lord* Cobham *of* Sterborough, *and Wife to* Humphrey Plantaginet *Duke of* Glouceſter, *the Son of* Henry *the fourth King of* England *(ſirnamed* Bullingbrook*) This noble Duke for his great wiſdom and juſtice called the good, was by King* Henry *the fifth (Brother to the Duke) at his Death appointed Protector of the Land during the nonage of* Henry *the ſixth, this* Elinor *Dutcheſs of* Glouceſter *a Proud and Ambitious Woman knowing that if young* Henry *died without iſſue, the Duke her Husband was the neareſt of the blood, Conſpired with one* Bullingbrook *a Great Magitian,* Hun *a Prieſt, and* Jourdan *Witch of* Eye, *by ſorcery to make away the King, and by conjuration to know who ſhould ſucceed. Of this being juſtly convicted ſhe was adjudged to do penance three ſeveral times openly in* London *and then to perpetual baniſhment to the Iſle of* Man, *from whence ſhe writes this Epiſtle.*

(ſend,
Methinks, not knowing who theſe Lines ſhould
Thou ſtraight turn'ſt over to the latter end:
Where, thou my Name no ſooner haſt eſpy'd,
But in diſdain my Letter caſts aſide:

Why

Why, if thou wilt, I will my ſelf deny,
Nay, I'll affirm and ſwear, I am not I;
Or if in that thy ſhame thou do'ſt perceive,
For thy dear ſake, loe I my Name will leave.
And yet, methinks, amaz'd thou ſhouldſt not ſtand,
Nor ſeem ſo much appalled at my Hand;
For my Misfortunes have inur'd thine Eye,
(Long before this) to Sights of Miſery:
No, no, read on, 'tis I, the very ſame,
All thou canſt read, is but to read my ſhame.
Be not diſmay'd, nor let my Name affright,
The worſt it can, is but t' offend thy ſight;
It cannot wound, nor doe thee deadly harm,
It is no dreadfull Spell, no Magick Charm;
If ſhe that ſent it, love Duke *Humphry* ſo,
Is't poſſible her Name ſhould be his Foe?
Yes, I am *Elinor*, I am very ſhe,
Who brought for Dower a Virgins Bed to thee;
* Though envious *Beauford* ſlander'd me before,
To be Duke *Humphry*'s wanton Paramour.
And though indeed I can it not deny,
* To Magick once I did my ſelf apply;
I won thee not, as there be many think,
With poys'ning Philters, and bewitching Drink:
Nor on thy Perſon did I ever prove
Thoſe wicked Potions, ſo procuring Love.
I cannot boaſt, to be rich *Holland*'s Heir,
Nor of the Blood and Greatneſs of *Bavaire*;
Yet *Elinor* brought no forreign Armies in,
To fetch her back, as did thy *Jacomin*;

Nor

Nor clam'rous Husband follow'd me that fled,
Exclaiming, *Humphry* to defile his Bed;
Nor waſt thou forc'd the Slander to ſuppreſs,
To ſend me back s an Adultereſs:
* *Brabant*, nor *Burgoyne*, claimed me by force,
Nor ſu'd to *Rome*, to haſten my Divorce;
Nor *Belgia*'s Pomp, defac'd with *Belgia*'s Fire,
The juſt reward of her unjuſt deſire:
* Nor *Bedford*'s Spouſe, your noble Siſter *Ann*,
That Princely-iſſued great *Burgonian*,
Need ſtand with me, to move a Womans ſtrife,
To yield the place to the Protector's VVife;
If *Cobham*'s Name my Birth can dignifie,
Or *Sterborough* renown my Family. (of late,
* VVhere's *Greenwich* now, thy *Elinor*'s Court
Where ſhe with *Humphry* held a Princely State?
That pleaſant *Kent* when I abroad ſhould ride,
That to my pleaſure laid forth all her Pride?
The *Thames* by Water when I took the air,
That danc'd my Barge, in lanching from the ſtayre?
The anch'ring Ships, which when I paſs'd the Road,
Were wont to hang their chequ'red Tops abroad?
How could it be, thoſe that were wont to ſtand,
To ſee my Pomp, ſo Goddeſs-like to Land,
Should after ſee me mayl'd up in a Sheet
Do ſhamefull Pennance three times in the Street?
Rung with a Bell, a Taper in my Hand,
Bare-foot to trudge before a Beadle's VVand;
That little Babes, not having uſe of Tongue,
Stood pointing at me, as I came along.

Where then was *Humphrey*, where was his Com
Waſt thou not Lord Protector of the Land? (mand
Or for thy Juſtice, who could thee deny
The Title of the good Duke *Humphry*?
What Bloud, extract from famous *Edward*'s Line,
Could boaſt it ſelf to be ſo pure as thine?
Who elſe, next *Henry*, ſhould the Realm prefer,
If it allow the Line of *Lancaſter*?
But *Rayner*'s Daughter muſt from *France* be fet,
And with a vengeance on our Throne be ſet;
Mauns, *Main* and *Anjou*, on that Beggar caſt,
To bring her home to *England* in ſuch haſt:
And what for *Henry* thou hadſt laboured there,
To joyn the King with *Arminack*'s rich Heir,
Muſt all be daſh'd, as no ſuch thing had been.
Pool needs muſt have his Darling made a Queen,
How ſhould he with our Princes elſe be plac'd,
To have his Earlſhip with a Dukedome grac'd,
And raiſe the Off-ſpring of his Blood ſo high,
As Lords of us and our Poſterity?

O, that by Sea when he to *France* was ſent,
The Ship had ſunk, wherein the Traytor went;
Or that the Sands had ſwallow'd her, before
She e'er ſet foot upon the *Engliſh* Shore!
But all is well, nay, we have ſtore to give,
What need we more, we by her Looks can live.
All that great *Henry* by his Conqueſts heapt,
And famous *Bedford* to his glory kept,
Is given back to *Rayner* all in poſt;
And by this means, rich *Normandy* is loſt.

Thoſe

Thoſe which have come as Miſtreſſes of ours,
Have into *England* brought their goodly Dow'rs,
Which to our Coffers yearly Tribute brings,
The Life of Subjects, and the ſtrength of Kings;
The means whereby fair *England* ever might
Raiſe Power in *France*, to back her antient Right:
But ſhe brings Ruine here to make aboad,
And cancels all our lawfull Claim abroad,
And ſhe muſt recapitulate my Shame,
And give a thouſand by-words to my Name,
And call me, Beldam, Gib, Witch, Night-mare, Trot,
With all deſpight that may a Woman ſpot.
Oh, that I were a Witch but for her ſake!
Faith then her Queenſhip little Reſt ſhould take;
I'd ſcratch that Face, that may not feel the Air,
And knit whole Ropes of Witch-knots in her Hair:
O how I'd Hag her nightly in her Bed,
And on her Breſt ſit like a lump of Lead,
And like a Fairy pinch that dainty Skin,
Her wanton Blood is now ſo cocker'd in;
Or take me ſome ſuch known familiar ſhape,
As ſhe my Vengeance never ſhould eſcape,
Were I a Garment, none ſhould need the more
To ſprinkle me with *Neſſus* poys'ned Gore;
It were enough, if ſhe once put me on,
To tear both Fleſh and Sinews from the Bone:
Were I a Flower, that might her Smell delight,
Though I were not the poys'ning *Aconite*,
I would ſend ſuch a Fume into her Brow,
Should make her mad, as mad as I am now.

* They

* They ſay, the *Druides* once lived in this Iſle,
This fatall *Man*, the place of my Exile, (wrought,
Whoſe pow'rfull Charms ſuch dreadfull Wonders
Which in the *Gotiſh Iſland* Tongue were taught;
Oh, that their Spels to me they had reſign'd, (Wind!
Wherewith they rais'd and calm'd both Sea and
And made the Moon pawſe in her paled Sphere,
Whilſt her grim Dragons drew them through the
(Air:
Their Helliſh Power, to kill the Plow-mans Seed,
Or to fore-ſpeak whole Flocks, as they did feed;
To nurſe a damned Spirit with humane Blood,
To carry them through Earth, Air, Fire and Floud;
Had I this skill, that Time hath almoſt loſt,
How like a Goblin I would haunt her ghoſt?
O pardon, pardon my miſ-govern'd Tongue,
A Womans ſtrength cannot endure my Wrong.
* Did not the Heav'ns her coming in withſtand,
As though affrighted, when ſhe came to Land?
The Earth did quake, her coming to abide,
The goodly *Thames* did twice keep back his Tide,
Pauls ſhook with Tempeſts, & that mounting ſpire,
With Lightning ſent from Heav'n, was ſet on fire,
Our ſtately Buidings to the ground were blown,
Her Pride by theſe prodigious ſigns were ſhown,
More fearfull Viſions on the *Engliſh* Earth,
Then ever were at any Death, or Birth.
Ah *Humphry*, *Humphry*, if I ſhould not ſpeak,
My Breaſt would ſplit, my very Heart would break.

I, that

I, that was wont ſo many to command,
Worſe now than with a Clap-diſh in my hand;
A ſimple Mantle covering me withal,
The very'ſt Leper, of Cares Hoſpital;
That from my State a Preſence held in awe,
Glad here to kennel in a Pad of Straw;
And like an Owl, by Night to goe abroad,
Rooſted all day within an Ivy Tod,
Among the Sea-Cliffs, in the dampy Caves,
In Charnel-Houſes, fit to dwell in Graves. (Look
Saw'ſt thou thoſe Eyes, in whoſe ſweet cheerfull
Duke *Humphry* once ſuch joy and pleaſure took,
Sorrow hath ſo deſpoil'd them all of grace,
Thou couldſt not ſay, this was my *El'nors* face:
Like a foul *Gorgon*, whoſe diſhevell'd Hair
With every blaſt flyes glaring in the Air;
Some ſtanding up like Horns upon my Head,
Even like Thoſe Women that in *Coos* are bred:
My lank Breaſts hang like Bladders left unblown,
My Skin with lothſome Jaundize over-grown;
So pin'd away, that if thou long'ſt to ſee
Both's true Picture, only look on me.
Sometime, in thinking of what I have had,
I from a ſudden Extaſie grow mad:
Then, like a Bedlam, forth thy *El'nor* runs
Like one of *Bacchus* raging frantick Nuns;
Or like a *Tartar*, when in ſtrange diſguiſe,
Prepar'd unto a diſmal Sacrifice.
That Prelate *Beaufort*, a foul ill befal him:
Prelate ſaid I! nay, Devil I ſhould call him:

Ah God forgive me, if I think amiſs,
His very Name, me thinks, my Poyſon is:
Ah that vile *Judas*, our profeſed Foe,
My Curſe purſue him, whereſoe'r he goe;
That to my Judgment, when I did appear,
Laid to my charge thoſe things that never were:
That I ſhould know of *Bullenbrooks* Intents,
The hallowing of his Magick Inſtruments;
That I procured *Southwell* to aſſiſt,
Which was by Order conſecrate a Prieſt;
That it was I ſhould cover all they did,
Which but for him had to this day been hid.
Ah that vile Baſtard, that himſelf dare vant,
To be the Son of thy brave Grandſire *Gaunt*,
Whom he but father'd of meer Charity,
To rid his Mother of that Infamy;
Who, if Report of elder Times be true,
Yet to this day his Father never knew.
He that by Murthers black and odious Crime,
To *Henries* Throne attempted once to clime,
Having procur'd by hope of golden gain.
A fatal Hand his Soverain to have ſlain;
Whom to his Chamber cloſely he convey'd,
And for that purpoſe fitly there had laid;
Upon whoſe Sword that famous Prince had dy'd,
If by a Dog he had not been deſcry'd.
But now the Queen, her Minion *Pool*, and he,
As it pleaſe them, ev'n ſo muſt all things be;
England's no place for any one beſide;
All is too little to maitain their pride.

What, of a King, hath *Henry*, but the Name;
And now ſcarce that, ſo publick his defame?
And I pray God, I do not live the day,
To ſee his Ruine, and the Realms decay:
And yet as ſure as *Humphry* ſeems to ſtand,
He be preſerv'd from that vile Traytors hand.
From *Gloſter*'s Seat I would thou wert eſtrang'd,
Or would to God that Dukedomes Name were (chang'd,
For it portends ſome after-ill to us;
Ah *Humphry*, *Humphry*, it is ominous:
Yet rather then thy hap ſo hard ſhould be,
I would thou wert here baniſhed with me.
Humphry adiew, farewel true Noble Lord,
My wiſh is all thy *Eſnor* can afford.

ANNOTATIONS on the Chronicle Hiſtory.

Though envious *Beauford* ſland'red me before.

NOting *the extream Hate that Cardinal* Beauford *had ever born to her.*

To magick once I did my ſelf apply.

Elinor Cobham *was accuſed by ſome, that ſought to withſtand, and miſliked her Marriage with Duke* Humphry, *that ſhe practiſed to give him Philters, and ſuch poyſoning Potions, to make him love her; as ſhe was ſlandered by Cardinal* Beau-

ford

ford, *to have lived as the Dukes Lemman: againſt the which Cardinal, ſhe exclaimeth in this Epiſtle, in the Verſe before.*

Yet *El'nor* brought no forreign Armies in,
To fetch her back, as did thy *Iacomin.*

This was the chief and only thing that ever touched the reputation of this good Duke, that dotingly he married Iacomin, *or as ſome call her,* Iaquet, *Daughter and Heir to* William Bavier, *Duke of* Holland, *before married, and lawful Wife to* John *Duke of* Brabant, *then living: which after, as it is ſhewed in this Verſe following,*

Brabant nor *Burgoyne* claimed me by force,
Nor ſu'd to *Rome,* to haſten my divorce.

Cauſed great Wars, by reaſon, that the Duke of Burgoyn *took part with* Brabant, *againſt the Duke of* Glouceſter; *which being arbitrated by the Pope, the Lady was adjudged to be delivered back to her former Husband.*

Nor *Bedford's* Spouſe, your Noble ſiſter *Ann.*
That Princely iſſued great *Burgonian.*

John *Duke of* Beauford, *that Scourge of* France, *and the Glory of the* Engliſhmen, *married* Ann *Siſter to the Duke of* Burgundy, *a vertuous and beautiful Lady: by which Marriage, as alſo by his Victories attained in* France, *he brought great Strength to the* Engliſh *Nation.*

Where's *Greenwich* now thy *El'nors* Court of late?

That fair and goodly Pallace of Greenwich, *in* Kent, *was builded by that famous Duke: Whoſe rich and pleaſant ſituati-*

ſituation might remain an aſſured Monument of his Wiſdome, if there were no other memory of the ſame.

They ſay the *Druides* once lived in this Iſle.

It ſhould ſeem, that there were two Iſlands, both of them called Mona, *though now diſtinguiſhed, the one, by the name of* Man, *the other, by the Name of* Angleſey; *both which, were full of many infernal Ceremonies: as may appear by* Agricola's *Voyage, made into the hithermoſt* Man, *deſcribed by his Son-in-Law,* Cornelius Tacitus. *And as Superſtition, the Daughter of Barbariſm and Ignorance; ſo amongſt thoſe Northerly Nations, like as in* America, *Magick was moſt eſteemed.*

Druidæ *were the publick Miniſters of their Religion, as throughly taught in all Rites thereof: Their Doctrine concerned the Immortality of the Soul, the Contempt of Death, and all other Points which may conduce to Reſolution, Fortitude, and Magnanimity: Their abode was in Groves and Woods, whereupon they have their Name: Their power extended it ſelf to maſter the Souls of Men deceaſed, and to confer with Ghoſts, and other Spirits, about the ſucceſs of things.*

Plutarch, *in his profound and learned Diſcourſe of the defect of Oracles, reporteth, That the outmoſt* Britiſh *Iſles were the Priſon of a ſort of fictious Demi-gods: But it ſhall not need to ſpeak any farther of the* Druidæ, *then that which* Lucan *doth:*

Et vos barbaricos ritus, moremque ſiniſtrum
Sacrorum, *Druidæ* poſitis repetiſtis ab armis.

Did not the Heavens her coming in withſtand.

Noting the prodigious and fearful ſigns that were ſeen Engla

England, *a little before her coming in: which* Elinor *expresseth in this Epistle, as afore-shewing the Dangers which should ensue upon this unlucky Marriage.*

The hallowing of the Magick Instruments.

The Instruments which Bullenbrook *used in his Conjurations, according to the diveliſh Ceremonies and Customs of these unlawful Arts, were dedicated at a Mass in the Lodge in* Hamsey *Park, by* Southwel *Priest of* Westminster.

Having procur'd by hope of golden gain.

This was one of the Articles that Duke Humphry *urged against Cardinal* Beauford, *That he conspired the death of* Henry *the fifth, by conveying a Villain into his Chamber, which in the Night should have murthered him: but what ground of Truth he had for the same, I leave to dispute.*

Duke *HUMPHRY*

TO

ELINOR COBHAM

ME thinks thou ſhouldſt not doubt, I could (forget
Her whom ſo many do remember yet;

"No, no, our joys away like ſhaddows ſlide,
"But Sorrows firm in memory abide;
Nay, I durſt anſwer, thou do'ſt nothing leſs,
But into Paſſion, urg'd by thy diſtreſs:
No *El'nor*, no, thy Woes, thy Grief, thy Wrong,
Have in my breaſt been reſident too long.
Oh, when Report in ev'ry place had ſpred,
My *El'nor* was to Sanctuary fled,
With curſed *Oneley*, and the Witch of *Eye*.
As guilty of their vile Conſpiracy;
The dreadfull Spirits when they did invocate,
For the Succeſſion, and the Realm's Eſtate;
When *Henry's* Image they in Wax had wrought,
By which he ſhould have to his death been brought;
That as his Picture did conſume away,
His Perſon ſo by Sickneſs ſhould decay: (troul,
Grief, that before, could ne'r my thoughts con-
That inſtant took poſſeſſion of my Soul.
Ah, would to God I could forget thine ill!
As for mine own, let that inflict me ſtill;
But that before hath taken too ſure hold:
Forget it, ſaid I? would to God I could.
Of any Woe, if thou haſt but one part,
I have the whole remaining in my heart;
I have no need, of others Cares to borrow,
For all I have, is nothing elſe but Sorrow.
No, my ſweet *Nell*, thou took'ſt not all away,
Though thou went'ſt hence, here ſtill thy Woes
(do ſtay;

Though

Though from thy Husband thou wert forc'd to go,
Thoſe ſtill remain, they will not leave him ſo:
No eye bewails my Ill, mones thy diſtreſs,
Our Grief's the more, but yet our debt the leſs;
We owe no Tears, no Mourning days are kept,
For thoſe that yet for us have never wept;
We hold no Obijts. no ſad Exequies,
Upon the Death-days of unweeping Eyes.
Alas, good *Nell*, what ſhould thy patienee move,
T'upbraid thy kind Lord with a forreign love?
Thou might'ſt have bid all former ills adue,
Forgot the old, we have ſuch ſtore of new.
Did I omit thy love to entertain,
With mutual Grief to anſwer Grief again?
Or think'ſt thou, I unkindly did forbear
To bandy Woe for Woe, and Tear for Tear?
Did I forget, or careleſſy neglect
Thoſe ſhews of Love, that Ladies ſo reſpect?
In mounful black was I not ſeen to goe,
By outward ſigns t'expreſs my inward Woe?
Did I thy loſs not publickly lament,
Nor by my Looks bewray'd my Diſcontent?
Is this the cauſe? If this be it, know then,
"One Grief conceal'd, more grieveous is than ten
If in my breaſt thoſe Sorrows ſometimes were,
And never utt'red, they muſt ſtill be there;
And if thou know'ſt, they many were before,
By time increaſing they muſt needs be more,
England to me can challenge nothing lent,
Let her caſt up what is receiv'd, what ſpent;

If I her own, can ſhe from blame me free,
If ſhe but prove a ſtep-mother to me:
That if I ſhould with that proud Baſtard ſtrive,
To plead for Birth-right my Prerogative,
Be that allow'd, I ſhould not need to fear it,
For then my true Nobility ſhould bear it:
If Counſel aid, that *France* will tell (I know)
Whoſe Towns lye waſt before the *Engliſh* Foe,
When thrice we gave the conquer'd *French* the foil
* At *Agincourt*, at *Cravant*, and *Vernoyle*:
If Faith avail, theſe Arms did *Henry* hold, (old:
To claym his Crown, yet ſcarcely nine months
If Countries care have leave to ſpeak for me,
Gray hairs in youth my witneſs then may be:
If peoples tongues give ſplendor to my Fame,
They add a Title to Duke *Humphry*'s Name.
If Toyle at home, *French* Treaſon, *Engliſh* Hate,
Shall tell my skill in mannaging the State,
If forreign Travel my ſucceſs may try,
* Then *Flanders*, *Almain*, *Boheme*, *Burgundie*.
That Robe of *Rome* proud *Beauford* now doth (wear,
In every place ſuch ſway ſhould never bear:
* The Croſier ſtaff in his imperious Hand,
To be the Scepter that controules the Land;
That home to *England*, Diſpenſations draws,
Which are of power to abrogate our Laws;
And for thoſe Sums the wealthy Church ſhould (pay,
Upon the needy Comm'nalty to lay:

His ghoſtly Counſels only do adviſe,
* The means how *Langley*'s Progeny may riſe,
Pathing young *Henry*'s unadviſed ways,
A Duke of *York* from *Cambridge* houſe to raiſe,
Which after may our Title undermine,
Grafted ſince *Edward*, in *Gaunts* famous Line,
Us of Succeſſion falſely to deprive,
Which they from *Clarence* fainedly derive;
Knowing the will old *Cambridge* ever bore,
To catch the Wreath that famous *Henry* wore:
With *Gray* and *Scroop* when firſt he layd the Plot,
From us and ours, the Garland to have got;
As from the *March*-born *Mortimer* to reign,
Whoſe Title *Glendour* ſtoutly did maintain,
When the proud *Percies*, haughty *March*, and he,
Had ſhar'd the Land by equal parts, in three.
* His Prieſthood now ſtern *Mowbray* will reſtore,
To ſtir the fire that kindled was before;
Againſt the *Yorkiſts* that ſhall their Claim advance,
To ſteel the point of *Norfolk*'s ſturdy Lance.
Upon the Breaſt of *Harford*'s iſſue bent,
In juſt revenge of ancient Baniſhment.
He doth adviſe to let our Pris'ner go,
And doth inlarge the faithleſs *Scotiſh* Foe,
* Giving our Heirs in Marriage, that their Dow'
May bring invaſion upon us and ours.
Ambitious *Suffolk* ſo the Helm doth guide,
With *Beauford*'s damned Policies ſuppl'd;
He and the Queen in Counſel ſtill confer,
How to raiſe him, who hath advanced her.

But my dear Heart, how vainely do I dream,
And fly from thee, whoſe Sorrows are my Theam?
My love to thee, and *England* thus divided,
Which hath the moſt, how hard to be decided?
Or thou, or that, to cenſure I am loath,
So near are you, ſo dear unto me both;
'Twixt that and thee, for equal love I find,
England ingrateful, and my *El'nor* kind.
But though my Country juſtly I reprove,
Yet I for that, neglected have my love;
Nevertheleſs, thy *Humphry*'s to the now,
As when freſh Beauty triumph'd on thy Brow;
As when thy Graces I admired moſt,
Or of thy Favours might the frankly'ſt boaſt:
Thoſe Beauties were ſo infinite before,
That in abundance I was only poor;
Of which, though Time hath taken ſome again,
I ask no more but what doth yet remain.
Be patient, gentle Heart, in thy diſtreſs.
Thou art a Princeſs, not a whit the leſs.
Whilſt in theſe Breaſts we bear about this Life,
I am thy Husband, and thou art my Wife.
Caſt not thine eye on ſuch as mounted be,
But look on thoſe caſt down as low as we;
For ſome of them which proudly pearch ſo hie,
Ere long ſhall come as low as thou or I.
They weep for joy, and let us laugh in Woe,
We ſhall exchange when Heav'n will have it ſo;
We mourn, and they in after-time may mourn;
Woe paſt, may once laugh preſent Woe to ſcorn:

And

And worſe then hath been, we can never taſt,
Worſe cannot come, then is already paſt:
" In all extream's the only depth of ill,
" Is that which comforts the afflicted ſtill.
Ah would to God thou couldſt thy Griefs deny,
And on my back let all the Burthen lye!
Or if thou canſt reſign, make them mine own,
Both in one Carriage to be undergone,
Till we again our former hopes recover, (ver;
And proſp'rous Times blow theſe Misfortunes o-
For in the thought of thoſe fore-paſſed years,
Some new reſemblance of old Joy appears.
Mutual our Care, ſo mutual be our Love,
That our Affliction never can remove:
So reſt in peace, where peace hath hope to live,
Wiſhing thee more then I my ſelf can give.

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle Hiſtory.

At *Agincourt*, at *Cravant* and *Vernoyle*.

THe three famous Battels fought by the Engliſhmen in France; Agincourt, by Henry the fifth, againſt the whole Power of France; Cravant, fought by Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, and the Duke of Burgoyne, againſt the Dolphin of France, and William Stuart, Conſtable of Scotland: Vernoyle, fought by John Duke of Bedford, againſt the Duke of Alanſon, and with him moſt of the Nobility of France

France; *Duke* Humphry *an eſpecial Counſellor in all theſe Expeditions.*

Then *Flanders, Almaine, Boheme, Burgundy.*

Here remembring the ancient Amity which in his Embaſſies he had concluded betwixt the King of England, *and* Sigiſmund *Emperor of* Almain, *drawing the Duke of* Burgoyne *into the ſame League, giving himſelf as an Hoſtage for the Duke at Saint* Omers, *while the Duke came to* Calice, *to confirm the League: With his many other Imployments to forreign Kingdomes.*

That Croſier ſtaff in his imperious hand.

Henry Beauford *Cardinal of* Wincheſter, *that proud and haughty Prelate, received the Cardinals Hat at* Calice, *by the Popes Legate; which dignity* Henry *the fifth his Nephew forbad him to take upon him, knowing his haughty and malicious ſpirit, unfit for that Robe and Calling.*

The means how *Langley's* Progeny may riſe.

As willing to ſhew, the Houſe of Cambridge *to be deſcended of* Edmund Langley, *Earl of* York, *a younger Brother to* John *of* Gaunt, *his Grandfather (as much as in him lay) to ſmother the Title that the* Yorkiſts *made to the Crown (from* Lionel *of* Clarence, Gaunts *elder Brother) by the Daughter of* Mortimer.

His Prieſthood now ſtern *Mowbray* doth reſtore.

Noting the ancient Grudge between the Houſe of Lancaſter *and* Norfolk, *ever ſince* Moubray *Duke of* Norfolk

nished, for the Accusation of Henry *Duke of* Harford *(after that, King of* England, *Father to Duke* Humphry:*) Which Accusation, he came as a Combatant, to have made good in the Lists at* Coventry.

Giving our Heirs in Marriage that their Dow'rs.

James Stuart *King of* Scots, *having been long Prisoner in* England, *was released, and took to Wife the Daughter of* John *Duke of* Somerset, *Sister to* John *Duke of* Somerset, *Neice to the Cardinal, and the Duke of* Exceter, *and Cousin Ger removed to the King: This King broke the Oath he had ta and became afterward a great Enemy to* England.

FINIS.

WIL

WILLIAM DE-LA-POOLE
Duke of SUFFOLK
TO
Queen MARGARET.

The ARGUMENT.

William De-La-Pool *first Marques's and after created Duke of* Suffolk, *being sent into* France *by King* Henry *the Sixth, concluded a Marriage between the King his Master and* Margaret *Daughter to* Rayner, *Duke of* Anjou, *who only had the Title of King of* Sicily *and* Jeruſalem; *This Marriage being made contrary to the liking of the Lords and Counſel of the Realm, (by reaſon of the yielding up of* Anjou *and* Main *into the Dukes hands, which ſhortly after proved the loſs of all* Aquitain, *they ever after bore a continued hatred to the Duke, and (by means of the Commons) baniſhed him at the Parliament at* Bury, *where after he had judgment of his Exile, being then ready to depart, he writes back to the Queen this Epiſtle.*

IN my diſgrace (dear Queen) reſt thy Content,
And *Margarets* health from *Suffolk*'s Baniſh-
Five years exile were not an hour to me, (ment:
But that ſo ſoon I muſt depart from thee;

Where thou 'rt not preſent, it is ever night,
All be exil'd, that live not in thy ſight.
Thoſe Savages which worſhip the Suns riſe,
Would hate their God, if they beheld thine Eyes;
The worlds great light, might'ſt thou be ſeen a-
Would at our Noon-ſtead ever make aboad, (broad,
And force the poor *Antipodes* to mourn,
Fearing leſt he would never more return.
Wer't not for thee, it were my great'ſt exile,
To live within this Sea-inviron'd Iſle.
Pool's Courage brooks not limiting in Bands,
But that (great Queen) thy Sov'raignty com-
(mands:
* Our Faulcons kind cannot the Cage indure,
Nor Buzzard-like doth ſtoop to ev'ry Lure;
Their mounting Brood in open Air doe rove,
Nor will with Crows be coup't within a Grove.
We all do breathe upon this Earthly Ball,
Likewiſe one Heav'n incompaſſeth thus all,
"No Baniſhment can be to him aſſign'd,
"Who doth retain a true reſolved Mind.
"Man in himſelf a little World doth bear,
"His Soul the Monarch, ever ruling there:
"Where ever then his Body doth remain,
"He is a King, that in himſelf doth reign;
"And never feareth Fortunes hot'ſt Alarms,
"That bears againſt her Patience for his Arm's.
* This was the mean proud *Warwick* did invent,
To my digrace, at *Leiſter* Parliament.

* That

* That only I, by yielding up of *Main*,
* Should cauſe the loſs of fertile *Aquitain*,
* With the baſe vulgar ſort to win him fame,
To be the Heir of good Duke *Humphry*'s Name;
And ſo by Treaſon ſpotting my pure Blood,
Make this a mean to raiſe the *Nevils* Brood.
* With *Salisbury*, his vile ambitious Sire,
* In *York*'s ſtern Breaſt kindling long hidden fire;
* By *Clarence* Title working to ſupplant
* The Eagle Ayrie of great *John* of *Gaunt*:
And to this end did my Exile conclude,
Thereby to pleaſe the Raſcal Multitude;
* Urg'd by theſe envious Lords to ſpend their breath,
Crying revenge for the Protectors death; (Life,
That ſince the old decrepit Duke is dead,
By me, of force, he muſt be murthered.
* If they would know who rob'd him of his
* Let them call home Dame *Elinor* his Wife,
* Who with a Taper walked in a Sheet, (Street;
* To light her ſhame at Noon through *London*
* And let her bring her Necromantick Book,
* That foul Hag *Jordan*, *Hun*, and *Bullenbrook*,
* And let them call the Spirits from Hell again,
To know how *Humphry* dy'd, and who ſhall reign.
* For twenty years, and have I ſerv'd in *France*,
* Againſt great *Charles* and Baſtard *Orleance*.
And ſeen the Slaughter of a World of Men,
Victorious now, as hardly conquer'd then?
* And have I ſeen *Vernoyla's* batful Fields, (Shields
Strew'd with ten thouſand Helmes, ten thouſand

W

Where famous *Bedford* did our Fortune try,
Or *France*, or *England*, for the Victory?
The ſad inveſting of ſo many Towns,
Scor'd on my Breaſt in honourable Wounds;
When *Mountacute*, and *Talbot* of much Name,
Under my Enſign both firſt won their Fame:
In Heat and Cold all theſe have I endur'd,
To rouze the *French*, within their Walls immur'd;
Through all my Life, theſe perils have I paſt,
And now to fear a Baniſhment at laſt?
Thou know'ſt how I (thy beauty to advance)
For thee, refus'd the *Infanta* of *France*,
Brake the Contract Duke *Humphry* firſt did make
'Twixt *Henry* and the Princeſs *Arminack*:
Only that here thy preſence I might gain,
I gave Duke *Rayner*, *Anjou*, *Mauns* and *Main*;
Thy Peerleſs Beauty for a Dower to bring,
As of it ſelf ſufficient for a King: (Pow'rs,
* And from *Aumerle* withdrew my Warlike
* And came my ſelf in perſon firſt to *Tours*,
* Th'Embaſſadours for truce to entertain,
* From *Belgia*, *Denmark*, *Hungary* and *Spain*:
nd to the King relating of thy ſtory,
y Tongue flow'd with ſuch plenteous Oratory,
s the report by ſpeaking did indite,
getting ſtill more raviſhing delight.
nd when my Speech did ceaſe (as telling all)
y Look ſhew'd more, that was Angelical;
nd when I breath'd again, and pawſed next,
eft mine Eyes dilating on the Text:

Then coming of thy Modeſty to tell,
In Muſicks numbers my Voice roſe and fell;
And when I came to paint thy glorious ſtile,
My ſpeech in greater Cadences to file,
* By true deſcent to wear the Diadem
* Of *Naples*, *Cicil* and *Jeruſalem*,
As from the Gods thou didſt derive thy Birth,
If thoſe of Heaven could mix with theſe of Earth;
Gracing each Title that I did recite,
With ſome mellifluous pleaſing Epithite:
Nor left him not, till he for love was ſick,
Beholding thee in my ſweet Rhetorick.
A Fifteens Tax in *France* I freely ſpent,
In Triumphs, at thy Nuptial Tournament;
And ſolemniz'd thy Marriage in a Gown,
Valu'd at more than was thy Fathers Crown;
And only ſtriving how to honour thee,
Gave to my King what thy love gave to me.
Judge if his kindneſs have not power to move,
Who for his loves ſake gave away his love. (bring,
Had he, which once the Prize to *Greece* did
(Of whom, th'old Poets long ago did ſing)
* Seen thee for *England* but imbark'd at *Deep*,
Would over-board have caſt his golden Sheep,
As too unworthy ballaſt to be thought,
To peſter room, with ſuch perfection fraught.
The briny Seas, which ſaw the Ship infold thee,
Would vault up to the Hatches, to behold thee,
And falling back, themſelves in thronging ſmother,
Breaking for grief, envying one another:

When

When the proud Bark, for Joy thy ſteps to feel,
Scorn'd that the Brack ſhould kiſs her furrowing (Keel,
And trick'd in all her Flags, her ſelf ſhe braves,
Cap'ring for joy upon the ſilver Waves;
When like a Bull from the *Phenician* Strand,
Jove with *Europa* ruſhing from the Land,
Upon the Boſome of the Main doth ſcud,
And with his Swanniſh Breaſt cleaving the Floud,
Tow'rd the fair Fields, upon the other ſide,
Beareth *Agenor*'s joy, *Phenicia*'s pride:
All heavenly Beauties joyn themſelves in one,
To ſhew their glory in thine Eye alone;
Which, when it turneth that celeſtial Ball,
A thouſand ſweet Stars riſe, a thouſand fall.
Who juſtly ſaith, mine, Baniſhment to be,
When only *France* for my recours is free?
To view the Plains, where I have ſeen ſo oft
Englands victorious Engines rays'd aloft;
When this ſhall be a comfort in my way,
To ſee the place, where I may boldly ſay,
Here mighty *Bedford* forth the Vaward led,
Here *Talbot* charg'd, and here the *Frenchmen* fled,
Here with our Archers valiant *Scales* did lye,
Here ſtood the Tents of famous *Willoughby*,
Here *Montacute* rang'd his unconquer'd Band,
Here march'd we out, and here we made a ſtand.
What ſhould we ſit to mourn and grieve all day
For that which Time doth eaſily take away?

What Fortune hurts, let Suff'rance only heal,
" No wiſdom with Extremities to deal.
To know our ſelves to come of humane Birth,
Theſe ſad Afflictions croſs us here on Earth.
A puniſhment from the eternal Law,
To make us ſtill of Heav'n to ſtand in awe.
" In vain we prize that at ſo dear a rate,
" Whoſe long'ſt aſſurance bear's a Minutes date.
" Why ſhould we idly talk of our Intent,
" When Heav'ns Decree no Counſel can prevent?
" When our fore-ſight not poſſibly can ſhun
" That which the Fates determine ſhall be don.
Henry hath Power, and may my life depoſe,
Mine Honour's mine, that none hath power to loſe.
Then be as chearful beautious (Royal Queen)
As in the Court of *France* we oft have been;
* As when arriv'd in *Porceſters* fair Road,
(Where, for our coming, *Henry* made aboad)
When in mine Arms I brought thee ſafe to Land,
And gave my Love to *Henry*'s Royal Hand:
The happy Hours we paſſed with the King
At fair *Southampton*, long in Banqueting;
With ſuch content as lodg'd in *Henries* Breaſt,
When he to *London* brought thee from the Weſt,
Through golden *Cheap*, when he in Pomp did ride
To *Weſtminſter*, to entertain his Bride.

ANNOTATIONS on the Chronicle Hiſtory.

Our Faulkons kind cannot the Cage endure.

HE *alludes, in theſe Verſes, to the Faulcon, which was the ancient Device of the* Pools, *comparing the greatneſs and haughtineſs of his ſpirit to the nature of this Bird.*

This was the mean proud *Warwick* did invent,
To my diſgrace, &c.

The Commons, at this Parliament, through Warwicks *means, accuſed* Suffolk *of Treaſon, and urged the Accuſation ſo vehemently, that the King was forced to exile him for five years.*

That only I, by yielding up of *Main*,
Should be the loſs of fertile *Aquitain*.

The Duke of Suffolk *being ſent into* France, *to conclude a Peace, choſe Duke* Rayners *Daughter, the Lady* Margaret, *whom he eſpouſed for* Henry *the ſixth; delivering for her to her Father, the Countries of* Anjou *and* Main, *and the City of* Mauns. *Whereupon the Earl of* Arminack *(whoſe Daughter was before promiſed to the King) ſeeing himſelf to be deluded, cauſed all the* Engliſhmen *to be expulſed* Aquitain, Gaſcoyne *and* Guyne.

With the baſe vulgar ſort to win him fame,
To be the Heir of good Duke *Humphry*'s name.

This Richard, *that was called the great Earl of* Warwick, *when Duke* Humphry *was dead, grew into exceeding great favour with the Commons.*

With *Salisbury*, his vile ambitious Sire,
In *York*'s ſtern Breaſt kindling long hidden fire,
By *Clarence* Title working to ſupplant
The Eagle-Airy of great *John* of *Gaunt*.

Richard Plantaginet *Duke of* York, *in the time of* Henry *the Sixth, claymed the Crown (being aſſiſted by this* Richard Nevil, *Earl of* Salisbury, *and Father to the great Earl of* Warwick, *who favoured exceedingly the Houſe of* York,) *in open Parliament, as Heir to* Lionel, *Duke of* Clarence, *the third Son of* Edward *the Third, making his Title by* Ann *his Mother, Wife to* Richard *Earl of* Cambridge, *Son to* Edmund *of* Langley, *Duke of* York: *Which* Ann *was Daughter to* Roger Mortimer, *Earl of* March; *which* Roger *was Son and Heir to* Edmund Mortimer, *that married the Lady* Philip, *Daughter and Heir to* Lionel, *Duke of* Clarence, *the third Son of King* Edward: *to whom the Crown, after King* Richard *the Seconds Death, lineally deſcended, he dying without Iſſue; and not to the Heir of the Duke of* Lancaſter, *that was younger Brother to the Duke of* Clarence. Hall. cap. 1. Tit. Yor. & Lanc.

Urg'd by theſe envious Lords to ſpend their breath,
Calling revenge on the Protectors death.

Humphry *Duke of* Glouſter, *and Lord Protector, in the five and twentieth year of* Henry *the Sixth, by means of the Queen and the Duke of* Suffolk, *was arreſted by the Lord* Beaumont, *at the Parliament holden at* Bury, *and the ſame Night after murthered in his Bed.*

If they would know who rob'd him, &c, *To this Verſe,*
To know how *Humphry* dy'd, and who ſhall reign.

In theſe Verſes he jeſts at the Protectors Wife, (who being accuſed and convicted of Treaſon, becauſe with John Hun, *a Prieſt,* Roger Bullenbrook, *a Necromancer, and* Margery Jordan, *called the Witch of* Eye, *ſhe had conſulted by Sorcery to kill the King) was adjudged to perpetual Impriſonment in the Iſle of* Man, *and to do Penance openly, in three publick places in* London.

For twenty years, and have I ſerv'd in *France?*

In the ſixth year of Henry *the Sixth, the Duke of* Bedford *being deceaſed, then Lieutenant General, and Regent of* France; *this Duke of* Suffolk *was promoted to that Dignity, having the Lord* Talbot, *Lord* Scales, *and the Lord* Mountacute, *to aſſiſt him.*

Againſt great *Charles*, and Baſtard *Orleance?*

This was Charles *the Seventh, who after the death of* Henry *the Fifth, obtained the Crown of* France, *and recovered again much of that his Father had loſt. Baſtard* Orleance *was Son to the Duke of* Orleance, *begotten of the Lord* Cawnies *Wife, preferred highly to many notable Offices, becauſe he being a moſt valiant Captain, was a continual Enemy to the* Engliſhmen, *dayly infeſting them with divers Incurſions.*

And have I ſeen *Vernoyle's* batful Fields.

Vernoyle *is that noted place in* France, *where the great Battle was fought in the beginning of* Henry *the Sixth his*

Reign, where moſt of the French *Chivalrie were overcome by the Duke of* Bedford.

And from *Aumerle* withdrew my Warlike Powers.

Aumerle *is that ſtrong defenced Town in* France, *which the Duke of* Suffolk *got after four and twenty great Aſſaults given unto it.*

And came my ſelf in perſon firſt to *Tours*,
Th'Embaſſadours for Truce to entertain,
From *Belgia*, *Denmark*, *Hungary* and *Spain*.

Tours *is a City in* France, *built by* Brutus, *as he came into* Brittain: *where in the one and twentieth year of the Reign of* Henry *the Sixth, was appointed a great Diet to be kept; whither came Embaſſadors of the* Empire, Spain, Hungary *and* Denmark, *to intreat for a perpetnal Peace to be made between the two Kings of* England *and* France.

By true deſcent to wear the Diadem
Of *Naples*, *Cicil* and *Jeruſalem*.

Rayner, *Duke of* Anjou, *Father to Queen* Margaret, *called himſelf King of* Naples, Cicily *and* Jeruſalem, *having the Title alone of the King of thoſe Countries.*

A fifteenth Tax in *France* I freely ſpent.

The Duke of Suffolk, *after the Marriage concluded between King* Henry *and* Margaret, *Daughter to* Rayner, *asked in open Parliament a whole Fifteenth, to fetch her into* England.

Seen thee for *England* but imbarqu'd at *Deep*.

Deep

Deep *is a Town in* France, *bordering upon the Sea, where the Duke of* Suffolk, *with Queen* Margaret, *took Ship for* England.

As when arriv'd at *Porchesters* fair Rhoad.

Porchester, *a Haven Town in the South-West part of* England, *where the King tarried, expecting the Queens arrival; whom from thence he conveyed to* Southampton.

Queen *MARGARET* TO *WILLIAM DE-LA-POOLE* Duke of SUFFOLK.

WHat news (ſweet *Pool*) look'ſt thou my (Lines ſhould tell,
But like the toling of the doleful Bell,
Bidding the Deaths-man to prepare the Grave?
Expect from me no other news to have. (Throne,
My Breaſt, which once was Mirths imperial
A vaſt and deſart Wilderneſs is grown:

Like

Like that cold Region, from the World remote,
On whoſe breem Seas the Icy Mountains flote;
Where thoſe poor Creatures, baniſh'd from the Light,
Do live impris'ned in continual Night.
No Object greets my Souls internal Eyes,
But Divinations of ſad Tragidies;
And Care takes up her ſolitary Inn,
Where Youth and Joy their Court did once begin.
As in *September*, when our year reſignes
The glorious Sun to the cold Wat'ry Signs,
Which through the Clouds looks on the Earth in ſcorn;
The little Bird, yet to ſalute the Morn,
Upon the naked Branches ſets her foot,
The Leaves then lying on the Moſſy Root,
And there a ſilly chiripping doth keep, weep,
As though ſhe fain would ſing, yet fain would
Prayſing fair Summer, that too ſoon is gon,
Or ſad for Winter, too faſt coming on:
In this ſtrange plight I mourn for thy depart,
Becauſe that Weeping cannot eaſe my Heart.
Now to our aid, who ſtirrs the neighb'ring Kings?
Or who from *France* a powerful Army brings?
Who moves the *Norman* to abet our War?
* Or brings in *Burgoine* to aid *Lancaſter*?
* Who in the North our lawful Claim commends,
To win us Credit with our valiant Friends?
To whom ſhall I my ſecret Griefs impart,
Whoſe Breaſt ſhall be the Cloſet of my Heart?

The

The ancient *Heroe's* Fame thou do'ſt revive:
As from all them thy ſelf thou didſt derive:
Nature, by thee, both gave and taketh all,
Alone in *Pool* ſhe was too prodigal;
Of ſo divine and rich a temper wrought,
As Heav'n for thee Perfections depth had ſought.
Well knew King *Henry* what he pleaded for,
When he choſe thee to be his Orator;
Whoſe Angel-eye, by pow'rful influence,
Doth utter more than human Eloquence:
That if again *Jove* would his Sports have try'd,
He in thy ſhape himſelf would only hide;
Which in his love might be of greater pow'r,
Than was his Nymph, his Flame, his Swan, his (Show'r.

* To that allegiance *York* was bound by Oath,
* To *Henry*'s Heirs, for ſafety of us both;
* No longer now he means Record ſhall bear it,
* He will diſpence with Heav'n, and will unſwear it.
He that's in all the Worlds black ſins forlorn,
Is careleſs now how oft he be forſworn;
And here of late his Title hath ſet down,
By which he makes his Claim unto our Crown.
And now I hear his hateful Dutcheſs chats,
And rips up their Deſcent unto her Brats,
And bleſſeth them as *Englands* lawful Heirs,
And tells them, that our Diadem is theirs:
And if ſuch hap her Goddeſs Fortune bring,
* If three Sons fail, ſhe'l make the fourth a King.

* He

* He that's ſo like his Dam, her youngeſt *Dick*,
* That foul, ill-favour'd, crook-back'd Stigmatick,
* That like a Carkaſs ſtoln out of a Tomb,
* Came the wrong way out of his Mothers Womb
* With Teeth in's Head, his paſſage to have torn,
* As though begot an Age ere he was born.
Who now will curb proud *York*, when he ſhall (riſe?
Or arm our Right againſt his Enterpriſe,
To crop that Baſtard Weed, which dayly grows,
* To over-ſhadowd our Vermilon Roſe?
* Or who will muzzel that unruly Bear, (fear?
Whoſe preſence ſtrikes our peoples Hearts with
Whilſt on his knees this wretched King is down,
To ſave them labour, reaching at his Crown,
Where like a mounting Cedar, he ſhould bear
His plumed Top aloft into the Air;
And let theſe Shurbs ſit underneath his Shrowds,
Whilſt in his Arms he doth imbrace the Clouds.
O, that he ſhould his Fathers Right inherit,
Yet be an Alien to that mighty Spirit!
How were thoſe pow'rs diſpers'd, or whither gone
Should ſympathiſe in Generation?
Or what oppoſed influence had force,
So much t'abuſe and alter Natures courſe?
" All other Creatures follow after kind,
" But Man alone doth not beget the Mind.
* My daiſy flower, which once perfum'd the Air,
Which for my favour Princes deign'd to wear.
Now in the duſt lies trodden on the ground,
And with *York*'s Garland ev'ry one is crown'd:

When

When now his Riſing waits on our Decline,
And in our Setting, he begins to ſhine;
Now in the Skies that dreadful Comet waves.
* And who be Stars, but *Warwicks* bearded Staves?
And all thoſe Knees which bended once ſo low,
Grow ſtiff, as though they had forgot to bow;
And none, like them, purſue me with diſpite,
Which moſt have cry'd, God ſave Queen *Margarite.*

When Fame ſhall brute thy Baniſhment abroad,
The *Yorkiſt's* Faction then will lay on load;
And when it comes once to our Weſtern Coaſt,
O, how that Hag, Dame *Elinor*, will boaſt!
And labour ſtraight, by all the means ſhe can,
To be call'd home out of the Iſle of *Man*:
To which I know great *Warwick* will conſent,
To have it done by Act of Parliament,
That to my Teeth my Birth ſhe may deſie,
* Slandring Duke *Reyner* with baſe Beggery;
The only way ſhe could deviſe to grieve me,
Wanting ſweet *Suffolk*, which ſhould moſt relieve me.
And from that Stock doth ſprout another Bloom
* A *Kentiſh* Rebel, a baſe upſtart Groom;
* And this is he the White-Roſe muſt preter,
* By *Clarence* Daughter, match'd with *Mortimer*.
Thus by *Yorks* means, this raſcal Peſant, *Cade*,
Muſt in all haſte *Plantaginet* be made:
For that ambitious Duke ſets all on work,
To ſound what Freinds a ſect the Claim of *York*,

Whilſt

Whilſt he abroad doth practice to command,
* And makes us weak by ſtrength'ning *Ireland*;
More his own power ſtill ſeeking to increaſe,
Than for King *Henries* good, or *Englands* peace.
* Great *Wincheſter* untimely is deceas'd,
That more and more my Woes ſhould be increas'd.
Beauford, whoſe ſhoulders proudly bare up all
The Churches Prop, that famous Cardinal.
The Commons (bent to miſchief) never let,
* With *France* t'upbraid that valiant *Somerſet*,
Raying in Tumults on his Souldiers loſs;
Thus all goes backward, croſs comes after croſs:
And now of late, Duke *Humphry*'s old Allies,
With baniſh'd *Elnors* baſe Accomplices, (Crouſe,
Attending their Revenge, grow wound'rous
And threaten Death and Vengeance to our Houſe;
And I alone the laſt poor remnant am,
* 'Tindure theſe ſtorms with woful *Buckingham*.
I pray thee, *Pool*, have care how thou do'ſt paſs,
Never the Sea yet half ſo dangerous was;
* And one fore-told, by Water thou ſhould'ſt dy,
(Ah! foul befall that foul Tongues Propheſie)
Yet I by Night am troubled in my Dreams,
That I do ſee thee toſs'd in dang'rous Streams;
And oft-times Ship-wrack'd, caſt upon the Land,
And lying breathleſs on the queachy Sand;
And oft in Viſions ſee thee in the Night,
Where thou at Sea maintain'ſt a dang'rous Fight,
And with thy proved Target and thy Sword,
Beat'ſt back the Pyrat which would come aboard.

Yet be not angry, that I warn thee thus,
"The trueſt love is moſt ſuſpicious.
Sorrow doth utter what it ſtill doth grieve:
But Hope forbids us, Sorrow to believe;
And in my Counſel yet this comfort is,
It cannot hurt, although I think amiſs:
Then live in hope, in Triumph to return,
When clearer Days ſhall leave in Clouds to mourn.
But ſo hath Sorrow girt my Soul about, (out,
That that word Hope (me thinks) comes ſlowly
The reaſon is, I know it here would reſt,
Where it might ſtill behold thee in my Breaſt.
Farewel, ſweet *Pool*, fain more I would indite,
But that my Tears do blot what I do write.

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle Hiſtory.

Or brings in *Burgoin* to aid *Lancaſter.*

PHilip, *Duke of* Burgoine *and his Son, were always great Favorites of the Houſe of* Lancaſter; *howbeit, they often diſſembled both with* Lancaſter *and* York.

Who in the North, our lawful Claim commends,
To win us credit with our valiant Friends?

The chief Lords of the North parts, in the time of Henry *the Sixth, withſtood the Duke of* York *at his Riſing, giving him two great overthrows.*

To

To that Allegeance, *York* was bound by Oath,
To *Henry*'s Heirs, for ſafety of us both;
No longer now he means Records ſhall bear it,
He will diſpence with Heaven, and will unſwear it.

The Duke of York, *at the death of* Henry *the Fifth, and at this Kings Coronation, took his Oath, to be true ſubject to him and his Heirs for ever: but afterward diſpenſing therewith, claymed the Crown, as his rightful and proper Inheritance.*

If three Sons fail, ſhe'l make the fourth a King.

The Duke *of* York *had four Sons*; Edward *Earl of* March, *that afterward was Duke of* York, *and King of* England, *when he had depoſed* Henry *the Sixth*; *and* Edmund *Earl of* Rutland, *ſlain by the Lord* Clifford, *at the Battle at* Wakefield; *and* George *Duke of* Clarence, *that was murthered in the Tower*; *and* Richard *Duke of* Glouceſter, *who was (after he had murthered his Brothers Sons) King, by the Name of* Richard *the Third.*

He that's ſo like his Dam, her youngeſt *Dick*,
That ſoul ill-favour'd crook-back'd Stigmatick, *&c.*
Till this Verſe, As though begot an age, *&c.*

This Richard *(whom ironically ſhe calls* Dick*) that by Treaſon, after the murther of his Nephews, obtained the Crown, was a Man low of ſtature, crook-back'd, the left ſhoulder much higher than the right, and of a very crabbed and ſowr countenance: His Mother could not be delivered of him; he was born Toothed, and with his Feet forward, contrary to the [illegible] of Nature.*

To over-ſhaddow our Vermilion Roſe.

The Red Roſe was the Badge of the Houſe of Lancaſter, *and the White Roſe, of* York; *which by the marriage of* Henry *the Seventh with* Elizabeth, *indubitate Heir of the Houſe of* York, *was happily united.*

Or who will muzzle that unruly Bear.

The Earl of Warwick, *the ſetter up and puller down of Kings, gave for his Arms the White Bear rampant, and the Ragged Staff.*

My daiſy flower, which once perfum'd the Air,
Which for my favour Princes dayn'd to wear,
Now in the duſt lies, *&c.*

The Daiſy in French *is called* Margarite, *which was Queen* Margarets *Badge; wherewithal the Nobility and Chiefs of the Land, at her firſt arrival, were ſo delighted, that they wore it in their Hats in token of Honour.*

And who be Stars, but *Warwicks* bearded Staves?

The ragged and bearded Staff was a part of the Arms belonging to the Earldom of Warwick.

Sland'ring Duke *Rayner* with baſe Beggery.

Rayner, Duke of Anjou, *called himſelf King of* Naples, Jeruſalem, *who had neither Inheritance, nor received Tribute from thoſe Parts; and was not able, at the Requeſt of the Queen, at his own Charge, to ſend her*

into England, *though he gave no Dower with her: Which, by the Ducheſs of* Glouceſter, *was often, in diſgrace, caſt in her Teeth.*

A *Kentiſh* Rebel, a baſe upſtart Groom.

This was Jack Cade, *which cauſed the* Kentiſh *Men to rebel, in the eight and twentieth year of King* Henry *the Sixth.*

And this is he the White Roſe muſt prefer,
By *Clarence* Daughter match'd to *Mortimer.*

This Jack Cade, *inſtructed by the Duke of* York, *pretended to be deſcended from* Mortimer, *which married Lady* Philip *Daughter to the Duke of* Clarence.

And makes us weak, by ſtrengthning *Ireland.*

The Duke of York *being made Deputy of* Ireland, *firſt there began to practiſe his long pretended purpoſe, and ſtrengthning himſelf by all means poſſible, that he might, at his return into* England, *by open War, claim that which ſo long before he had privily gone about to obtain.*

Great *Wincheſter* untimely is deceas'd.

Henry Beauford *Biſhop and Cardinal of* Wincester, *Son to* John *of* Gaunt, *begot in his age, was a proud and ambitious Prelate, favouring mightily the Queen and the Duke of* Suffolk, *continually heaping up innumerable Treaſures, in hope to have been Pope, as himſelf on his death-bed confeſſed.*

With *France* t'upbraid the valiant *Somerſet.*

Edmund *Duke of* Somerſet, *in the four and twentieth year of* Henry *the Sixth, was made* Regent *of* France, *and ſent into* Normandy, *to defend the* Engliſh *Territories againſt the* French *Invaſions: but in ſhort time he loſt all that King* Henry *the Fifth won; for which cauſe, the Nobles and Commons ever after hated him.*

T'indure theſe ſtorms with woful *Buckingham.*

Humphry *Duke of* Buckingham, *was a great Favorite of the Queens Faction, in the time of* Henry *the Sixth.*

And one foretold, by Water thou ſhouldſt dye.

The Witch of Eye *received anſwer from her Spirit, That the Duke of* Suffolk *ſhould take heed of Water; Which the Queen fore-warns him of, as remembring the Witches Prophecy which afterwards came to paſs.*

FINIS.

EDWARD the Fourth TO Miſtreſs *SHORE.*

The ARGUMENT.

Edward *the Fourth, Son to* Richard *Duke of* York, *after he had obtained quiet poſſeſſion of the Crown, by depoſing* Henry *the Sixth (which* Henry *was after murthered in the Tower by Crook'd-back* Richard*) hearing by report of many, the rare and wonderful Beauty of Mrs.* Jane Shore *(ſo called of her Husband a Goldſmith in* Lombard-*Sreet) cometh himſelf diſguiſed to* London *to ſee her; where after he had once beheld her, he was ſo ſurpriſed with her admirable Beauty, that not long after he robbed her Husband of his deareſt Jewel, but he firſt, by this Epiſtle writeth to his beauteous Paramour.*

TO thee the fair'ſt that ever breath'd this Air,
* From *Engliſh Edward*, to thee faireſt fair:
Ah, would to God thy Title were no more,
That no remembrance might remain of
To countermand a Monarchs high deſire
And barr mine Eyes of what they moſt

Oh! why ſhould Fortune make the City proud!
To give that more, than is the Court allow'd?
Where they (like Wretches) hoord it up to ſpare,
And do ingroſs it, as they do their Ware.
When Fame firſt blaz'd thy Beauty hear in Court,
Mine Ears repuls'd it as a light Report:
But when mine Eyes ſaw what mine Ear had heard,
They thought Report too niggardly had ſpar'd;
And ſtrucken dumb with wonder, did but mur-
Conceiving more than it had words to utter.
Then think of what thy Husband is poſſeſt,
When I malign the Wealth wherewith hee's bleſt;
"When much abundance makes the needy mad,
"Who having all, yet knows not what is had;
"Into Fools Boſoms this good fortune creeps,
"And Summs come in, whilſt the baſe Miſer ſleeps.
If now thy Beauty be of ſuch eſteem,
Which all of ſo rare excellency deem;
What would it be, and prized at what rate,
Were it adorned with a Kingly State?
Which being now but in ſo mean a Bed,
Is like an un-cut Diamond in Lead,
Ere it be ſet in ſome high-prized Ring,
Or garniſhed with rich enamelling;
We ſee the beauty of the Stone is ſpilt,
Wanting the gracious Ornament of Gilt.
When firſt attracted by thy heavenly Eyes,
Came to ſee thee in a ſtrange Diſguiſe,

Paſſing thy Shop, thy Husband call'd me back,
Demanding what rare Jewel I did lack,
I want (thought I) One that I dare not crave,
And One, I fear, thou wilt not let me have,
He calls for Caskets forth, and ſhews me ſtore;
But yet I knew he had one Jewel more,
And deadly curſt him, that he did deny it,
That I might not for Love or Mony buy it.
O, might I come a Diamond to buy,
That had but ſuch a Luſtre as thine Eye,
Would not my Treaſure ſerve, my Crown ſhould go,
If any Jewel could be prized ſo!
An *Agat*, branched with thy *bluſhing ſtrains*,
A *Saphir*, but ſo *azur'd* as thy *veins*;
My Kingly Scepter only ſhould redeem it,
At ſuch a price if judgement could eſteem it.
How fond and ſenceleſs be thoſe Strangers then
Who bring it Toys, to pleaſe the *Engliſh* men?
I ſmile to think, how fond th' *Italians* are,
To judge their artificial Gardens rare;
When *London* in thy Cheeks can ſhew them here
Roſes and Lillies growing all the year:
The *Portugal*, that only hopes to win,
By bringing Stones from fartheſt *India* in;
When happy *Shore* can bring them forth a Girl,
Whoſe Lips be Rubies, and her Teeth be Pearl.
* How ſilly is the *Polander* and *Dane*,
* To bring us Cryſtal from the frozen Main?
When thy clear Skins tranſparence doth ſurpaſs
Their Cryſtal, as the Diamond doth Glaſs.

The fooliſh *French*, which bring in Traſh and
(Toys,
To turn our Women Men, our Girls to Boys,
When with what Tire thou doſt thy ſelf adorn,
That for a Faſhion only ſhall be worn;
Which though it were a Garment but of Hair,
More rich than Robe, that ever Empreſs ware.
Me thinks thy Husband takes his mark awry,
To ſet his Plate to ſale, when thou art by;
When they which do thy Angel-looks behold,
As the baſe Droſs, do but reſpect his Gold,
And wiſh one Hair, before that maſſy Heap,
And but one Lock, before the Wealth of *Cheap*:
And for no cauſe elſe hold we Gold ſo dear,
But that it is ſo like unto thy Hair.
And ſure I think, *Shore* cannot chuſe but ſtout
Such as would find the great *Elixer* out,
And laugh to ſee the Alchymiſts, that choke
Themſelves with Fumes, and waſte their Wealth
(in Smoke
When if thy Hand but toucht the groſſeſt Mold
It is converted to refined Gold:
When their's is barter'd at an eaſie rate,
Well known to all, to be adulterate;
And is no more, when it by thine is ſet,
Than paltry Beugle, or light-prized Jeat.
Let others wear Perfumes, for thee unmeet,
If there were none, thou couldſt make all things
(ſweet.

Thou comfort'ſt ev'ry Senſe with ſweet repaſt,
To hear, to ſee, to feel, to ſmell, to taſte;
Like a rich Ship, whoſe very refuſe Ware,
Aromaticks, and precious Odors are.
If thou but pleaſe to walk into the *Pawn*,
To buy thee Cambrick, Callico and Lawn,
If thou the whiteneſs of the ſame wouldſt prove,
From thy more whiter Hand pluck off thy Glove;
And thoſe which buy, as the Beholders ſtand,
Will take thy Hand for Lawn, Lawn for thy Hand.
A thouſand Eyes, clos'd up by envious Night,
Do wiſh for Day, but to enjoy thy ſight; (thee,
And when they once have bleſt their Eyes with
Scorn ev'ry Object elſe, what ere they ſee;
So, like a Goddeſs, Beauty ſtill controuls,
And hath ſuch pow'rful working in our Souls.
The Merchant, which in Traffique ſpends his life,
Yet loves at home to have a handſom Wife;
The blunt-ſpoke Cynick, poring on his Book,
Sometimes (aſide) at Beauty loves to look;
The Church-man, by whoſe Teaching we are led,
Allows what keeps love in the Marriage Bed;
The bloudy Souldier, ſpent in dang'rous Broyls,
With Beauty yet content to ſhare his Spoils;
The buiſy Lawyer, wrangling in his Pleas,
Findeth, that Beauty gives his Labour eaſe;
The toyling Tradeſ-man, and the ſweating Clown,
Would have his Wench fair, though his Bread be
So much is Beauty pleaſing unto all, (brown;
That Prince and Peaſant equally doth call;

Nor ever yet did any Man deſpiſe it,
Except too dear, and that he could not prize it.
Unlearn'd is Learning, Artleſs be all Arts,
If not imploy'd to praiſe thy ſev'ral Parts:
Poor plodding School-men they are far too low,
Which by Probations, Rules and Axioms go;
He muſt be ſtill familliar with the Skies,
Which notes the Revolutions of thine Eyes:
And by that skill which meaſure Sea and Land,
See Beauties *All*, thy Waſte, thy Foot, thy Hand;
Where he may find, the more that he doth view,
Such rare delights, as are both ſtrange and new;
And other Worlds of Beauty, more and more,
Which never were diſcovered before:
And to thy rare Proportion, to apply
The Lines and Circles in Geometry;
Uſing alone Arithmeticks ſtrong ground,
Numbring the Vertues that in thee are found:
And when theſe all have done what they can do,
For thy Perfections, all too little too.
When from the Eaſt the Dawn hath gotten out,
And gone to ſeek thee all the World about,
Within thy Chamber hath ſhe fix'd her Light,
Where, but that place, the World hath all been Night:
Then is it fit, that ev'ry vulgar Eye
Should ſee Love banquet in her Majeſty? (quent,
"We deem thoſe things our Sight do moſt fre-
"To be but mean, although moſt excellent;

"For ſtrangers, ſtill the ſtreets are ſwept and (ſtrow'd,
"Few look on ſuch as daily come abroad;
"Things much reſtrain'd, do make us much de- (ſire them,
"And Beauties ſeldome ſeen, makes us admire (them.
Nor is it fit, a City-ſhop ſhould hide
The Worlds Delight, and Natures only Pride;
But in a Princes ſumptuous Gallery,
Hung all with Tiſſue, floor'd with Tapeſtry;
Where thou ſhalt ſit, and from thy State ſhalt ſee
The Tilts and Triumphs that are done for thee.
Then know the difference (if thou liſt to prove)
Betwixt a Vulgar and a Kingly Love; (truth,
And when thou find'ſt, as now thou doubt'ſt, the
Be thou thy ſelf impartial Judge of both.
Where Hearts be knit, what helps, if not injoy?
Delay breeds doubts, no Cunning to be coy;
Whilſt lazy Time his turn by tarriance ſerves,
Love ſtill grows ſickly, and Hope daily ſtarves:
Mean while, receive that Warrant by theſe Lines,
Which Princely Rule and Sov'raignty reſigns;
Till when, theſe Papers, by their Lords com- (mand,
By me ſhall kiſs thy ſweet and lovely Hand.

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle Hiſtory.

THis Epiſtle of Edward *to Miſtres* Shore, *and of hers to him, being of unlawful Affection, miniſtreth ſmall occaſion of Hiſtorical Notes; for had he mentioned the many Battels betwixt the* Lancaſtrian *Faction and him, or other Warlike Dangers, it had been more like to* Plautus *boaſting Souldier, than a Kingly Courtier. Notwithſtanding, it ſhall not be amiſs to annex a Line, or two.*

From *Engliſh Edward* to the faireſt fair.

Edward *the Fourth was by nature very Chivalrous, and very Amorous, applying his ſweet and aimable Aſpect to attain his wanton Appetite the rather: which was ſo well known to* Lewis *the* French *King, who at their interview invited him to* Paris, *that as* Comineus *reports, being taken at his word, he notwithſtanding brake off the matter, fearing the* Pariſian *Dames, with their witty converſation, would detain him longer than ſhould be for his benefit: by which means,* Edward *was diſappointed of his Journey. And other Princes, whilſt they live, have nothing in them but what is admirable; yet we need not miſtruſt the flattery of the Court in thoſe times: For certain it is, that his ſhare was excellent; his Hair drew near to a black, making the favour of his Face ſeem more delectable: though the ſmalneſs of his Eyes, full of a ſhining moiſture, as it took away ſome Comelineſs, ſo it argued much ſharpneſs of Underſtanding, and Cruelty mingled together. And indeed,* George Beucanan *(that impertinent Scot) chargeth him, and other Princes of thoſe Times, with affection of Tyranny; as* Richard *the third manifeſtly did.*

When

When firſt attracted by thy heavenly Eyes.

Edwards *intemperate deſires, with which he was wholly overcome, how tragically they in his Off-ſpring were puniſhed, is univerſally known. A Mirrour, repreſenting their Overſight, that rather leave their Children what to poſſeſs, than what to imitate.*

How ſilly is the *Polander* and *Dane.*
To bring us Cryſtal from the frozen Main?

Alluding to their Opinions, who imagine Cryſtal to be a kind of Ice; and therefore it is likely, they who come from thoſe frozen parts, ſhould bring great ſtore of that tranſparent Stone, which is thought to be congealed with extream Cold. Whether Cryſtal be Ice, or ſome other liquor, I omit to diſpute; yet by the examples of Amber and Coral, there may be ſuch an induration: for Solinus *out of* Pliny *mentioneth, That in the Nothern Region a yellow Gelly is taken up out of the Sea at low Tides, which he called,* Succinum, *we, Amber; ſo likewiſe, out of the* Liguſtic *Deep, a part of the* Mediterranean *Sea, a greeniſh Stalk is gathered, which hardened in the Air, comes to be Coral, either white or red. Amber notwithſtanding is thought to drop out of Trees; as appears by* Martials *Epigram:*

Et latet, & lucet, *Phaetontide* condita gutta,
Ut videatur apis nectare clauſa ſuo.
Dignum tantorum pretium tulit ille laborum;
Credibile eſt ipſam ſic voluiſſe mori.

To behold a Bee incloſed in Electrum, *is not ſo rare, as that a Boys Throat ſhould be cut with the fall of an Ice*

the which Epigram is excellent, the 18. li. 4. *He calls it* Phactontis Gutta, *because of that Fable which* Ovid *reherseth, concerning the* Heliades, *or* Phaetons *Sisters, metamorphosed into those Trees, whose Gum is Amber, where Flies alighting, are oftentimes tralucently imprisoned.*

THE EPISTLE OF Mistress *SHORE* TO King *EDWARD* the Fourth.

As the weak Child, that from the Mother
Is taught the Lutes delicious fingering,
At ev'ry Strings soft touch, is mov'd with fear,
Noting his Masters curious listning Ear;
Whose trembling Hand, at ev'ry strain bewrays,
In what doubt he his new-set Lesson plays:
So this poor Child, so fit I to indite,
At ev'ry word still quaking as I write.

* Would

* Would I had led an humble Shepheards life,
* Nor known the name of *Shores* admired Wife,
And liv'd with them, in Countrey fields that range,
Nor ſeen the golden *Cheap*, nor glitt'ring Change.
Here, like a Comet gaz'd at in the Skies,
Subject to all Tongues, object to all Eyes:
Oft have I heard my Beauty prays'd of many,
But never yet ſo much admir'd of any;
A Princes Eagle-Eye to find out that,
Which common Men do ſeldom wonder at,
Makes me to think Affection flatters Sight,
Or in the Object ſomething exquiſite.
"To houſed Beauty ſeldom ſtoop's Report,
"Fame muſt attend on that, which lives in Court.
What Swan of bright *Apollo's* Brood doth ſing,
To vulgar Love, in Courtly Sonneting?
Or what immortal Poets ſacred Pen
Attends the glory of a Citizen?
Oft have I wondred, what ſhould blind your Eye,
Or what ſo far ſeduced Majeſty,
That having choice of Beauties ſo divine,
Amongſt the moſt, to chuſe this leaſt of mine?
More glorious Suns adorn fair *Londons* pride,
Then all rich *Englands* Continent beſide;
That who t'account their Multitudes, would wiſh,
* Might number *Rumney's* Flowers, or *Iſis* Fiſh.
Who doth frequent our Temples, Walkes, and (Streets
Noting the ſundry Beauties that he meets,

Thinks not, that Nature left the wide World poor,
And made this place the Chequer of her ſtore:
As Heav'n and Earth had lately faln at jars,
And grown to vying Wonders, dropping Stars:
That if but ſome one Beauty ſhould incite
Some ſacred Muſe, ſome raviſh'd Spirit to write,
Here might he fetch the true *Promethian* fire,
That after-Ages ſhould his Lines admire;
Gathering the Hony from the choiceſt Flow'rs,
Scorning the wither'd Weeds in Country Bow'rs.
Here in this Garden (only) ſprings the Roſe,
In ev'ry common Hedge the Bramble grows:
Nor are we ſo turn'd *Neapolitan*,
* That might incite ſome foul-mouth'd *Mantuan*,
To all the World to lay out our defects,
And have juſt cauſe to rail upon our Sex;
To prank old Wrinckles up in new Attire,
To alter Natures courſe, prove time a Lyer,
To abuſe Fate, and Heav'ns juſt Doom reverſe,
On Beauties Grave to ſet a Crimſon Hearſe;
With a deceitful Foil to lay a ground,
To make a Glaſs to ſeem a Diamond:
Nor cannot without hazard of our Name,
In Faſhion follow the *Venetian* Dame;
Nor the fantaſtick *French* to imitate,
Attir'd half *Spaniſh*, half *Italionate*;
With Waſte, nor Curl, Body nor Brow adorn,
That is in *Florence* or in *Genoa* born.
But with vain boaſts how witleſs fond am I,
Thus to draw on mine own Indignity?

And

And what though married when I was but young,
Before I knew what did to Love belong;
Yet he which now's poſſeſſed of the room,
Crop'd Beauties Flower when it was in the bloom,
And goes away enriched with the Store,
Whilſt others glean, where he hath reap'd before:
And he dares ſwear, that I am true and juſt,
And ſhall I then deceive his honeſt truſt?
Or what ſtrange hope ſhould make you to aſſail,
Where the ſtrong'ſt Batt'ry never could prevail?
Be like you think, that I repuls'd the reſt,
To leave a King the Conqueſt of my Breaſt,
And have thus long preſerv'd my life from all,
To have a Monarch glory in my fall;
Yet rather let me die the vileſt death,
Than live to draw that ſin-polluted breath.
But our kind Hearts, Mens Tears cannot abide,
And we leaſt angry oft, when moſt we chide.
Too well know Men what our Creation made us,
And Nature too well taught them to invade us:
They but too well, know how, what, when, and
To write, to ſpeak, to ſue, and to forbear, (where,
By ſigns, by ſighs; by motions, and by tears,
When Vows ſhould ſerve, when Oaths, when
(Smiles, when Prayers.
What one Delight our Humors moſt doth move,
Only in that you make us nouriſh Love.
If any natural blemiſh blot our Face,
You do proteſt, it gives our Beauty grace;

And what Attire we moſt are us'd to wear,
That, of all other, excellent'ſt, you ſwear:
And if we walk, or ſit, or ſtand, or lie,
It muſt reſemble ſome one Diety;
And what you know we take delight to hear,
That are you ever ſounding in our ear;
And yet ſo ſhameleſs, when you tempt us thus,
To lay the fault on Beauty and on us.
Romes wanton *Ovid* did thoſe Rules impart,
O, that your Nature ſhould be help'd with Att!
(reign,

Who would have thought, a King that cares to
Inforc'd by Love, ſo Poet-like ſhould feign?
To ſay that Beauty, Times ſtern rage to ſhun,
In my Cheeks (Lillies) hid her from the Sun;
And when ſhe meant to triumph in her May,
Made that her Eaſt, and here ſhe broke her Day.
And that fair Summer ſtill is in my ſight,
And but where I am, all the World is Night;
As though the fair'ſt ere ſince the World began,
To me, a Sun-burnt baſe *Egyptian*.
But yet I know more than I mean to tell,
(O would to God you knew it not too well!)
That Women oft their moſt admirers raiſe,
Though publickly not flat'ring their own praiſe.
Our churliſh Husbands, which our Youth injoy'd,
Who with our Dainties have their ſtomacks cloy'd,
To loath, our ſmooth Hands with their Lips to
Enrich our Favours, by our Beds to kneel, (feel.

At our Command to wait, to ſend, to go,
As ev'ry Hour our amorous ſervants do;
Which makes, a ſtoln Kiſs often we beſtow,
In earneſt of a greater good we owe.
When he all day torments us with a Frown,
Yet ſports with *Venus* in a Bed of Down:
Whoſe rude imbracement but too ill beſeems
Her ſpan-broad Waſte, her white and dainty (Limbs;
And yet ſtill preaching abſtinence of Meat,
When he himſelf of ev'ry Diſh will eat.
Blame you our Husbands then, if they deny
Our publique Walking, our looſe Liberty?
If with exception ſtill they us debarr
* The Circu. of the publique Theater;
To hear the Poet in a Comick ſtrain,
Able t'infect with his laſcivious Scene;
And the young wanton Wits, when they applaud
The ſlie perſwaſion of ſome ſubtil Bawd;
Or paſſionate Tragedian, in his rage
Acting a Love-ſick Paſſion on the Stage:
When though abroad reſtraining us to rome,
They very hardly keep us ſafe at home;
And oft are touch'd with fear and inward grief,
Knowing rich Prizes ſooneſt tempt a Thief.
What Sports have we, whereon our minds to ſet?
Our Dogg, our Parat, or our Marmuzet;
Or once a week to walk into the field;
Small is the pleaſure that theſe Toys do yield,

But to this grief a medicine you apply,
To cure reſtraint with that ſweet Liberty;
And Soveraignty (O that bewitching thing)
Yet made more great, by promiſe of a King;
And more, that Honour which doth moſt intice
The holi'ſt Nun, and ſhe that's ne're ſo nice.
Thus ſtill we ſtrive, yet overcome at length,
For men want mercy and poor women ſtrength:
Yet grant, that we could meaner men reſiſt,
When Kings once come, they conquer as they liſt.
Thou art the cauſe, *Shore* pleaſeth not my ſight,
That his embraces give me no delight;
Thou art the cauſe I to my ſelf am ſtrange,
Thy coming is my Full, thy Set my Change.
Long Winter nights be minutes, if thou here;
Short minutes, if thou abſent, be a year.
And thus by ſtrength thou art become my fate,
And mak'ſt me love even in the midſt of hate.

ANNOTATIONS on the Chronicle Hiſtory.

Would I had led an humble Shepheards life.
Not known the name of *Shores* admired wife.

TWo or three Poems written by ſundry men, have magnified this Womans Beauty; whom, that ornament of En-land, and Londons *more perticular glory, Sir Tho-as, very highly hath praiſed her for beauty, ſhe being Mary for time, though poor and aged. Her Statue*

mean, her Hair of a dark yellow, her Face round and full, her Eye gray, delicate harmony being betwixt each parts proportion, and each proportions colour, her Body fat, white, and ſmooth, her Countenance chearful, and like to her Condition. That Picture which I have ſeen of hers, was ſuch as ſhe roſe out of her Bed in the morning, having nothing on but a rich Mantle, caſt under one Arm over her ſhoulder, and ſitting in a Chair, on which her naked Arm did lie. What her Fathers name was, or where ſhe was born, is not certainly known: But Shore, *a young man of right goodly perſon, wealth, and behaviour abandoned her Bed, after the King had made her his Concubine.* Richard *the Third cauſing her to do penance in* Pauls *Church-yard, commanded that no man ſhould relieve her, which the Tyrant did not ſo much for his hatred to ſin, but that by making his Brothers life odious, he might cover his horrible Treaſons the more cunningly.*

May number *Rumneys* Flowers or *Iſis* Fiſh.

Rumney *is that famous Marſh in* Kent, *at whoſe ſide* Rie, *a Haven Town, doth ſtand. Hereof the excellent* Engliſh *Antiquary, Maſter* Camden, *and Maſter* Lambert *in his Perambulation, do make mention. And Marſhes are commonly called thoſe low Grounds which abut upon the Sea, and from the* Latin *word are ſo denominated.* Iſis *is here uſed for* Thameſis *by a* Synecdockical *kind of ſpeech, or by a Poetical liberty, in uſing one for another: for it is ſaid, that* Thameſis *is compounded of* Tame *and* Iſis, *making when they are met, that renowned Water running by* London; *a City much more renowned than that Water: Which being plentiful of Fiſh, is the cauſe alſo why all things elſe are plentiful therein. Moreover, I am perſwaded, that there is no River in the World ſo beholds more ſtately Buildings on either ſide, clean through the* Thames. *Much is reported of the Grand Canal of* Venice, *for that the Fronts on either ſide are ſo gorgeous.*

That might intice ſome foul-mouth'd *Mantuan.*

Mantuan, *a Paſtoral Poet, in one of his Eclogues bitterly inveyeth againſt Womankind; ſome of the which, by way of an Appendix, might be here inſerted, ſeeing the fantaſtick and inſolent Humors of many of that Sex, deſerve much ſharper Phyſick, were it not, that they are grown wiſer, than to amend for ſuch an idle Poets ſpeech as* Mantuan *was, or for* Euripides *himſelf, or* Seneca's *inflexible* Hippolytus.

The Circuit of the publick Theatre:

Ovid, *a moſt fit Author for ſo diſſolute a Sectarie, calls that place, Chaſtities Shipwrack; for though* Shores *Wife wantonly pleads for Liberty, which is the true humor of a Citizen; yet much more is the praiſe of Modeſty, than of ſuch Liberty. Howbeit the Veſtal Nuns had Seats aſſigned them in the* Roman *Theatre: Whereby it ſhould appear, it was counted no impeachment to Modeſty; though they offending therein, were buried quick: A ſharp Law for them, who may ſay as* Shores *Wife does.*

When though abroad reſtraining us to rome,
They very hardly keep us ſafe at home.

FINIS.

Mary the French Queen
TO
Charles Brandon Duke of *Suffolk.*

The ARGUMENT.

Mary, *the Daughter of that Renowned Prince King* Henry *the Seventh, being very young at her Fathers death, was after by her Brother King* Henry *the Eight, given in marriage to* Lewis *King of* France, *being a man old and decrepit; This fair and beautiful Lady, long before had placed her Affections on* Charles Brandon *Duke of* Suffolk, *a brave and couragious young Gentleman, and an especial Favorite of the King her Brother, and a Man raised by him. King* Lewis *the Husband of the beautiful Queen died not long after he was married, and* Charles Brandon *having Commission from the King to bring her back to* England, *but being delayed by some sinister means, the French Queen writeth this Epistle to hasten the Duke forward on his intended voyage to* France.

SUch health from Heav'n my self may wish to me,
Such health from *France* Queen *Mary* sends to thee.
Brandon

Brandon, how long mak'ſt thou excuſe to ſtay,
And know'ſt how ill we Women brook delay?
If one poor Channel thus can part us two,
Tell me (unkind) what would an Ocean do?
Leander had an *Helleſpont* to ſwim,
Yet this from *Hero* could not hinder him; (Oares,
His Bark (poor Soul) his Breaſt; his Arms his
But thou a Ship to land thee on our Shores:
And oppoſite to famous *Kent*, doth lie
The pleaſant Fields of flowry *Picardy*,
Where our fair *Callice*, walled in her Sands,
In kenning of the Cliffy *Dover* ſtands.
Here is no Bedlam Nurſe, to pout nor lour,
When wantoning, we revel in my Towre,
Nor need I top my Turret with a Light,
To guide thee to me, as thou ſwim'ſt by Night;
Compar'd with me, wert thou but half ſo kind,
Thy Sighs ſhould ſtuff thy Sails, though wanting
(Wind:
But ah thy Breaſt's becalm'd, thy Sighs be ſlack
And mine too ſtiff, and blow thy broad Sayls back.
Perhaps thou'lt ſay, that I ſhould blame the Flood,
Becauſe the Wind ſo full againſt thee ſtood:
Nay blame it not, that it did roughly blow,
For it did chide thee that thou waſt ſo ſlow;
Think not it came to keep thee in the Bay,
T'was ſent from me, to bid thee come away:
But that thou vainly let'ſt occaſion ſlide,
Thou might'ſt have wafted hither with the Tide.

If when thou com'ſt, I knit mine angry Brow,
Blame me not, *Branaon*, thou haſt broke thy Vow;
Yet if I meant to frown, I might be dumb,
For this may make thee ſtand in doubt to come:
Nay come, ſweet *Charles*, have care thy Ship to (guide,
Come, my ſweet Heart, in Faith I will not chide.
When as my Brother and his lovely Queen,
In ſad Attire for my depart were ſeen,
* The utmoſt date expired of my ſtay,
* When I from *Dover* did depart away;
Thou know'ſt what Woe I ſuff'red for thy ſake,
How oft I fain'd, of thee my leave to take;
God and thou know'ſt, with what an heavy heart
I took my farwel, when I ſhould depart;
And being ſhip'd gave ſignal with my Hand
Up to the Cliff, where I did ſee thee ſtand;
Nor could refrain, in all the peoples view,
But cry'd to thee, Sweet *Charles*, adieu, adieu.
Look how a little Infant, that hath loſt
The thing wherewith it was delighted moſt,
Weary with ſeeking, to ſome corner creeps,
And there (poor Soul) it ſits it down and weeps;
And when the Nurſe would fain content the mind,
Yet ſtill it mourns, for that it cannot find:
Thus in my careful Cabbin did I lye,
When as the Ship out of the Road did flie. thee,
* Think'ſt thou my Love was faithful then to
When young *Caſtle* to *England* ſu'd for me?

Be

Be judge thy ſelf, if it were not of power,
When I refus'd an Empire for my Dower.
To *Englands* Court, when once report did bring,
How thou in *France* didſt revel with the King,
* When he in triumph of his victory,
* Under a rich imbroid'red Canopy,
* Entred proud *Tournay*, which did trembling
To beg for mercy at his conqu'ring hand; (ſtand,
To hear of his endearments, how I joy'd?
But ſee, this calm was ſuddenly deſtroy'd.
* When *Charles* of *Caſtile* there to banquet came,
* With him his Siſter, that ambitious Dame,
* *Savoy's* proud Dutches, knowing how long ſhe
* All means had try'd to win my love from me;
Fearing my abſence might thy vows acquite,
To change thy *Mary* for a *Margarite*,
* When in King *Henries* Tent of Cloth of Gold,
She often did thee in her Arms enfold;
Where you were feaſted more deliciouſly,
Than *Cleopatra* did *Mark Anthony*,
Where ſports all day did intertain your ſight,
And then in Masks you paſs'd away the night.
But thou wilt ſay, 'tis proper unto us,
That we by nature all are jealous:
"I muſt confeſs 'tis oft found in our Sex,
"But who not love, not any thing ſuſpects:
"True love doth look with pale ſuſpitious eye,
Take away love, if you take jealouſie.
Turwin and *Turney* when King *Henry* took,
Or this great change who then did ever look?

When

* When *Maximilian* to thoſe wars addreſt,
* Wore *Englands* Croſs on his Imperial breaſt,
* And in our Army let his Eagle flie,
* That view'd our Enſigns with a wond'ring Eye,
Little thought I when *Bullen* firſt was won,
Wedlock ſhould end, what angry War begun.
From which I vow, I yet am free in thought,
* But this alone by *Wolſeies* wit was wrought.
To his advice the King gave free conſent;
That will I, nill I, I muſt be content.
My Virgins right, thy ſtate could not advance,
But now enriched with the Dower of *France*;
Then, but poor *Suffolk*'s Dutcheſs had I been,
Now, the great Dowager, the moſt Chriſtian
(Queen.
But I perceive where all thy grief doth lie,
Lewis of *France* had my Virginity,
He had indeed, but ſhall I tell thee what,
Believe me, *Brandon*, he had ſcarcely that:
Good feeble King, he could not do much harm,
But Age muſt needs have ſomething that is warm;
" Small drops (God knows) do quench that heat
" When all the ſtrength is only in deſire. (leſs fire
And I could tell (if Modeſty might tell)
There's ſomewhat elſe that pleaſeth Lovers well;
To reſt his Cheek, upon my ſofter Cheek,
Was all he had, and more he did not ſeek;
So might the little Baby clip the Nurſe,
And it content, ſhe never a whit the worſe.

Then think this, *Brandon*, if that make thee frown,
He on my Head, for Maydenhead, ſet a Crown.
Who would not change, a Kingdom for a Kiſs?
Hard were the Heart that would not yield him this;
And time yet half ſo ſwiftly doth not paſs,
Nor yet full five Months elder then I was.
When thou to *France* conducted waſt by Fame,
With many Knights which from all Countries came,
To ſee me at Saint *Dennis* on my Throne,
Where *Lewes* held my Coronation;
* Where the proud Dolphin, for thy valour ſake,
* Choſe thee at Tilt his Princely part to take;
When as the Staves upon thy Cask did light,
Grieved therewith, I turn'd away my ſight,
And ſpake aloud, when I my ſelf forgot,
'Tis my ſweet *Charles*, my *Brandon*, hurt him not:
But when I fear'd the King perceived this,
Good ſilly Man, I pleas'd him with a Kiſs,
And to extoll his valiant Son began,
That *Europe* never bred a braver Man;
And when (poor King) he ſimply praiſed thee
Of all the reſt I ask'd which thou ſhouldſt be?
Thus I with him diſſembled for thy ſake,
Open confeſſion now amends muſt make.
Whilſt this old King upon a Pallat lies,
And only holds a combat with mine Eyes;

Mine

Mine Eyes from his, by thy ſight ſtoln away,
Which might too well their Miſtreſs Thoughts (bewray.
But when I ſaw thy proud unconquer'd Launce
To bear the Prize from all the flow'r of *France*;
To ſee what pleaſure did my Soul embrace,
Might eas'ly be diſcerned in my Face.
Look, as the Dew upon a Damask Roſe, (ſhows,
How through that liquid Pearl his bluſhing
And when the gentle air breaths on his top,
From the ſweet Leaves falls eas'ly drop by drop;
Thus by my Cheek, diſtilling from mine Eyes,
One Tear for Joy anothers Room ſupplies. (prove.
Before mine Eye (like Touch) thy ſhape did
Mine Eye condemn'd my too too partial Love;
But ſince by others I the ſame do try,
My Love condemns my too too partial Eye.
The precious ſtone, moſt beautiful and rare,
When with it ſelf we only it compare,
We deem all other of that kind to be
As excellent, as that we only ſee;
But when we judge of that, with others by,
Too credulous we do condemn our Eye,
Which then appears more orient, and more bright,
Having a Foyl whereon to ſhew its light.
Alanſon, a fine timb'red Man, and tall,
Yet wants the ſhape thou art adorn'd withal;
Vandome good Carriage, and a pleaſing Eye,
Yet hath not *Suffolk*'s Princely Majeſty;

Couragious

Couragious *Burbon*, a ſweet Manly Face,
Yet in his Looks lacks *Brandon*'s Courtly Grace.
Proud *Longavile* ſuppos'd to have no Peer, (here.
A man ſcarce made was thought, whilſt thou waſt
The Count *Saint-Paul*, our beſt at Arms in *France*,
Would yield himſelf a Squire, to bear thy Lance.
* *Galleas* and *Bounarm*, matchleſs for their (might
Under thy towring Blade have couch'd in fight.
If with our Love my Brother angry be,
I'le ſay, to pleaſe him, I firſt fancied thee,
And but to frame my liking to his mind.
Never to thee had I been half ſo kind,
Worthy my love, the Vulgar judge no man.
Except a *Yorkiſt* or *Lancaſtrian*;
Nor think, that my affection ſhould be ſet,
But in the Line of great *Plantaginet*.
I mind not what the idle Commons ſay,
I pray thee *Charles* make haſt and come away.
To thee what's *England*, if I be not there?
Or what to me is *France*, if thou not here?
Thy abſence makes me angry for a while,
But at thy preſence I ſhould gladly ſmile.
When laſt of me, his leave my *Brandon* took,
He ſware an Oath (and made my Lips the Book)
He would make haſt which now thou do'ſt deny;
Thou art forſworn: O wilful Perjury!
Sooner would I with greater ſins diſpence,
Than by intreaty pardon this Offence.

But then I think, if I ſhould come to ſhrive thee,
Great were the Fault that I ſhould not forgive thee,
Yet wert thou here, I ſhould revenged be,
But it ſhould be with too much loving thee.
I, that is all that thou ſhalt fear to taſte;
I pray thee *Brandon* come, ſweet *Charles* make haſt.

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle Hiſtory.

The utmoſt date expired of my ſtay,
When I for *Dover* did depart away.

King Henry *the Eight, with the Queen and Nobles, in the ſixth year of his Reign, in the Month of* September, *brought this Lady to* Dover, *where ſhe took ſhipping for* France.

Think'ſt thou my love was faithful unto thee,
When young *Caſtile* to *England* ſu'd for me.

It was agreed and concluded betwixt Henry *the ſeventh and* Philip *King of* Caſtile, *Son to* Maximilian *the Emperor, That* Charles *eldeſt Son of the ſaid* Philip, *ſhould marry the Lady* Mary, *Daughter to King* Henry, *when they came to age: Which agreement was afterwards in the eight year of* Henry *the Eight, annihilated.*

When he, in triumph of his Victory,
Under a rich imbroyd'red Canopy,
Entred proud *Turney*, which did trembling ſtand,

Henry *the Eight, after the long Siege of* Turney, *which was delivered to him upon compoſition, entred the City in Triumph, under a Canopy of Cloth of Gold, born by four of the Chief and moſt Noble Citizens; the King himſelf mounted upon a gallant Courſer barbed with the Arms of* England, France *and* Ireland.

When *Charles* of *Caſtile* there to banquet came,
With him, his Siſter, that ambitious Dame,
Savoy's proud Dutcheſs.

The King being at Turney, *there came to him the Prince of* Caſtile, *and the Lady* Margaret, *Dutches of* Savoy, *his Siſter, to whom King* Henry *gave great intertainment.*

Savoy's proud Dutcheſs, knowing how long ſhe
All means had try'd to win my love from me.

At this time there was ſpeech of a Marriage to be concluded, between Charles Brandon, *then Lord* Liſle, *and the Dutcheſs of* Savoy; *the Lord* Liſle *being highly favoured, and exceedingly beloved of the Dutcheſs.*

When in King *Henries* Tent of Cloth of Gold.

The King cauſed a rich Tent of Cloath of Gold to be erected, where he feaſted the Prince of Caſtile, *and the Dutcheſs, and entertained them with ſumptuous Maſks and Banquets during their abode.*

When *Maximilian* to thoſe Wars adreſt,
Wore *England's* Croſs on his Imperial Breaſt.

Maximilian

Maximilian *the Emperor, with all his Souldiers, which ſerved under King* Henry, *wore the Croſs of Saint* George, *with the Roſe on their Breaſts.*

And in our Army let his Eagle flie.

The black Eagle is the Badge Imperial, which here is uſed for the diſplaying of his Enſign, or Standard.

That view'd our Enſigns with a wond'ring Eye.

Henry *the Eighth, at his Wars in* France, *retained the Emperor and all his Souldiers in Wages, which ſerved under him during thoſe Wars.*

But this done by *Wolſey's* wit was wrought.

Thomas Wolſey *the Kings Almoner, then Biſhop of* Lincoln, *a Man of great Authority with the King, and afterward Cardinal, was the chief cauſe that this Lady* Mary *was married to the old* French *King, with whom the* French *had dealt under-hand, to befriend him in that Match.*

Where the proud Dolphin, for thy Valour ſake,
Choſe thee at Tilt his Princely part to take.

Francis, *Duke of* Valoys, *and Dolphin of* France, *at the Marriage of the Lady* Mary, *in honour thereof proclaimed a Juſts; where he choſe the Duke of* Suffolk *and the Marquis of* Dorſet *for his aids, at all Martial Exerciſes.*

Galeas and *Bounarme*; matchleſs for their might

This Count Galeas *at the Justs ran a Course with a Spear, which was at the Head five inches square on every side, and at the But nine Inches square, whereby he shewed his wondrous force and strength. This* Bounarm, *a Gentleman of* France, *at the same time came into the field, armed at all points, with ten Spears about him: in each Stirrop three, under each Thigh one, one under his left Arm, and one in his Hand; and putting his Horse to the Career, never stopped him till he had broken every Staff.* Hall.

Charles Brandon Duke of *Suffolk*

TO

Mary the French Queen

BUT that my Faith commands me to forbear;
The fault's your own, if I impatient were:
Were my dispatch such as should be my speed,
I should want time your loving Lines to read.
Here in the Court, Camelion-like I fare,
And as that Creature only feed on Air;
All Day I wait, and all the Night I watch,
And starve mine Ears, to hear of my dispatch.
If *Dover* were th' *Abydos* of my Rest,
And pleasant *Calice* were my *Maries* Chest,

You ſhould not need, bright Queen, to blame me
Did not the Diſtance, to Deſire ſay no: (ſo,
No tedious Night from Travel ſhould be free,
Till through the Seas, with ſwimming ſtill to
A ſnowy Path I made unto thy Bay, (thee,
So bright as is that Nectar-ſtained Way.
The reſtleſs Sun by travelling doth wear,
Paſſing his Courſe, to finiſh up the Year;
But *Paris* locks my Love, within the Main,
And *London* yet thy *Brandon* doth detain.
Of thy firm love thou put'ſt me ſtill in mind,
But of my Faith, not one word can I find.
* When *Longavile* to *Mary* was affy'd,
And thou by him waſt made King *Lewis*'s Bride,
How oft I wiſh'd, that thou a Prize might'ſt be,
That I in Arms might combate him for thee!
And in the madneſs of my love diſtraught,
A thouſand times his Murther have fore-thought:
" But that th' all-ſeeing Pow'rs, which ſit above,
" Regard not Mad-mens Oaths, nor faults in Love,
" And have confirm'd it by the grant of Heaven,
" That Lovers ſins on Earth ſhould be forgiven;
" For never Man is half ſo much diſtreſs'd,
" As he that loves to ſee his Love poſſeſs'd.
Coming to *Richmond* after thy depart,
(*Richmond*, where firſt thou ſtol'ſt away my heart)
Me thought it look'd not as it did of late,
But wanting thee, forlorn and deſolate,
In whoſe fair walks, thou often haſt been ſeen,
To ſport with *Cath'rine*, *Henries* beautious Queen.

Aſtoniſhing ſad Winter with thy ſight,
So that for thee the day hath put back night;
And the ſmall Birds, as in the pleaſant Spring,
Forgot themſelves, and have begun to ſing.
So oft as I by *Thames* go and return,
Me thinks for thee the River yet doth mourn,
Whom I have ſeen to let his Stream at large,
Which like an Hand-maid waited on thy Barge;
And if thou hap'ſt againſt the Flood to row,
Which way it eb'd, it preſently would flow,
Weeping in Drops upon the labouring Oares,
For joy that it had got thee from the Shoares.
The Swans with muſick that the Rowers make,
Ruffing their plumes, came gliding on the Lake,
As the ſwift Dolphins by *Arions* ſtrings,
Were brought to Land with Syren raviſhings;
The flocks and heards that paſture near the Flood,
To gaze on thee, have oft forborn their food,
And ſat down ſadly mourning by the brim,
That they by Nature were not made to ſwim.
When as the Poſt to *Englands* Royal Court,
Of thy hard paſſage brought the true report,
* How in a ſtorm thy well-rigg'd Ships were toſt,
And thou thy ſelf in danger to be loſt:
I knew 'twas *Venus* loath'd that aged Bed,
Where Beauty ſo ſhould be diſhonoured;
Or fear'd the Sea-Nymphs haunting of the Lake,
If thou but ſeen, their Goddeſs ſhould forſake.
And whirling round her Dove-drawn Coach about,
To view the Navy then in launching out,

Her ayrie Mantle looſely doth unbind,
Which fanning forth a rougher gale of wind,
Wafted thy Sails with ſpeed unto the Land,
And ran thy Ships on *Bullins* harb'ring ſtrand.
How ſhould I joy of thy arrive to hear?
But as a poor Sea-faring paſſenger,
After long travail, tempeſt torn and wrack'd,
By ſome unpitty'ng Pyrat that is lack'd;
Hears the falſe Robber that hath ſtoln his wealth,
Landed in ſome ſafe Harbour, and in health,
Inrich'd with the invaluable ſtore,
For which he long had travelled before. (day,
* When thou to *Abvile* held'ſt th' appointed
We heard how *Lewis* met thee on the way;
Where thou, in glitt'ring Tiſſue ſtrangely dight,
* Appear'dſt unto him like the Queen of Light;
In Cloath of Silver, all thy Virgin Train,
In Beauty ſumptuous, as the Nothern Wain;
And thou alone the foremoſt glorious Star,
Which led'ſt the Team of that great *Waggoner.*
What could thy Thought be, but as I did think,
When thine Eyes taſted what mine Ears did drink?
* A cripple King, layd bed-rid long before,
Yet at thy coming, crept out of the door:
'Twas well he rid, he had no leggs to go,
But this thy Beauty forc'd his Body to;
For whom a Cullice had more fitter been,
Than in a golden Bed, a gallant Queen.
To uſe thy Beauty, as the Miſer Gold,
Which hoards it up but only to behold;

Sill looking on it with a jealous Eye,
Fearing to lend, yet loving Uſury:
O Sacriledge (if Beauty be divine)
The prophane Hand to touch the hallowed Shrine?
To ſurfeit ſickneſs on the ſound mans Diet,
To rob content, yet ſtill to live unquiet.
And having all, to be of all beguil'd,
And yet ſtill longing like a little Child. (*Grey*

* When Marqueſs *Dorſet*, and the valiant
To purchaſe Fame, firſt croſt the narrow Seas,
With all the Knights that my Aſſociates went,
In honour of thy Nuptial Tournament;
Think'ſt thou I joy'd not in thy Beauties pride,
(ride?

* When thou in Triumph didſt through *Paris*
Where all the Streets, as thou didſt pace along,
With Arras, Biſs, and Tapeſtry were hung;
Ten thouſand gallant Citizens prepar'd,
In rich Attire thy Princely ſelf to guard:
Next them, three thouſand choice Religious Men,
In golden Veſtments follow'd on agen;
And in Proceſſion as they came along,
With *Hymen* ſweetly ſang thy Marriage Song,
* Next theſe, five Dukes, as did their places fall,
With each of them a Princely Cardinal;
Then thou, on thy Imperial Chariot ſet,
Crown'd with a rich inpearled Coronet;
Whilſt the *Pariſian* Dames, as thy Train paſt,
Their precious incenſe in abundance caſt.

As *Cynthia*, from her wave-embattel'd Shrowds,
Op'ning the West, comes streaming through the (Clouds,
With shining Troops of Silver-tressed Stars,
Attending on her, as her Torch-bearers;
And all the lesser Lights about her Throne,
With admiration stand as lookers on;
Whilst she alone, in height of all her pride,
The Queen of Light along her Sphere doth glide.
When on the Tilt my Horse like Thunder came,
No other Signal had I, but thy Name; (Eyes,
Thy Voyce my Trumpet, and my Guide thine
And but thy Beauty, I esteem'd no prize.
* That large lim'd *Almain* of the Giants Race,
Which bare strength on his Breast, fear in his Face,
Whose sinew'd Arms, with his steel-temper'd Blade,
Through Plate and Male such open passage made,
Upon whose Might the *Frenchmens* glory lay,
And all the hope of that victorious day;
Thou saw'st thy *Brandon* beat him on his Knee,
Off'ring his Shield a conquer'd Spoil to thee,
But thou wilt say, perhaps, I vainly boast,
And tell thee that which thou already know'st,
No sacred Queen, my Valour I deny,
It was thy Beauty, not my Chivalry:
One of thy tressed Curls there falling down,
As loath to be imprisoned in thy Crown,
I saw the soft Ayr sportively to take it,
And into strange and sundry forms to make it;

Now parting it to four, to three, to twain,
Now twiſting it, then it untwiſt again;
Then make the threads to dally with thine Eye,
A Sunny Candle for a golden Fly.
At length from thence one little tear it got,
Which falling down as though a Star had ſhot,
My up-turn'd Eye purſu'd it with my Sight,
The which again redoubled all my Might.
'Tis but in vain, of my Deſcent to boaſt;
When Heav'ns Lamp ſhines, all other Lights be loſt;
Faulcons ſeem poor, the *Eagle* ſitting by,
Whoſe Brood ſurveyes the Sun with open Eye:
* Elſe might my blood find Iſſue from his force,
* Who beat the Tyrant *Richard* from his Horſe
On *Boſworth* Plain, whom *Richmond* choſe to wield
His glorious Enſign in that conqu'ring Field;
And with his Sword, in his dear Sov'reigns right,
To his laſt breath ſtood faſt in *Henries* Right.
Then, beautious Empreſs, think this ſafe delay,
Shall be the Even to a joyful Day:
"Fore-ſight doth ſtill on all advantage lye,
"Wiſe-men give place forc'd by neceſſity;
"To put back ill, our good we muſt forbear,
"Better firſt fear, then after ſtill to fear.
'Twere over-ſight in that, at which we aim,
To put the Hazzard on an after-Game;
With patience then let us our Hopes attend,
And till I come, receive theſe Lines I ſend.

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle Hiſtory.

When *Longavile* to *Mary* was affy'd.

THe *Duke of* Longavile, *who was Priſoner in* England, *upon the Peace to be concluded between* England *and* France, *was delivered, and married to the Princeſs* Mary, *for* Lewis *the* French *King, his Maſter.*

How in a ſtorm thy well-ri'd Ships were toſt,
And thou, &c.

As the Queen ſayled for France, *a mighty ſtorm aroſe at Sea, ſo that the Navy was in great danger, and was ſevered, ſome driven upon the Coaſt of* Flanders, *ſome on* Brittain; *the Ship wherein the Queen was driven into the Haven at* Bullen, *with very great danger.*

When thou to *Abvile* held'ſt th'appointed day.

King Lewis *met her by* Abvile, *near to the Forreſt of* Arders, *and brought her into* Abvile *with great Solemnity.*

Appeard'ſt unto him like the Queen of Light.

Expreſſing the ſumptuous Attye of the Queen and her Train, attended by the chief of the Nobility of England, *with ſix and thirty Ladies, all in Cloth of Silver, their Horſes trapped with Crimſon Velvet.*

A criple King, laid Bedrid long before.

King Lewis *was a man of great years troubled much with the Gout, ſo that he had long time before little uſe of his Legs.*

When Marques *Dorſet*, and the valiant *Greyes.*

The Duke of Suffolk, *when the Proclamation came into* England, *of Juſts to be holden in* France *at* Paris; *he, for the Queens ſake, his Miſtreſs, obtained of the King to go thither: With whom, went the Marqueſs* Dorſet, *and his four Brothers, the Lord* Clinton, *Sir* Edward Nevil, *Sir* Giles Capel, Thomas Cheyney, *which went all over with the Duke, as his Aſſiſtants.*

When thou in Triumph didſt through *Paris* ride.

A true deſcription of the Queens entring into Paris, *after her Coronation performed at St. Denis.*

Then five great Dukes, as did their Places fall.

The Dukes of Alanſon, Burbon, Vandom, Longavile, Suffolk, *with five Cardinals.*

That larg-lim'd *Almain*, of the Giants Race.

Francis Valoys, *the Dolphin of* France, *envying the glory that the* Engliſh *Men had obtained at the Tilt, brought in an* Almain *ſecretly, a Man thought almoſt of incomparable ſtrength, which incountred* Charles Brandon *at the Barriers: the Duke grappling with him, ſo beat him about the*

Head

Head with the Pummel of his Sword, that the blood came out of the ſight of his Caske.

Elſe might my Blood find iſſue from his force,
Who beat &c.

Sir William Brandon, *Standard bearer to the Earl of* Richmond, *(after* Henry *the Seventh) at* Boſworth *Field, a brave and gallant Gentleman, who was ſlain by* Richard *there, this was Father to this* Charles Brandon *Duke of* Suffolk.

FINIS.

Henry Howard Earl of *Surrey*

TO THE

Lady *GERALDINE.*

The ARGUMENT.

Henry Howard *that truly noble Earl of* Surrey, *and excellent Poet, falling in love with* Geraldine *descended of the Noble Family of the* Fitzs-Gerarlds *of* Ireland, *a fair and modest Lady and one of the honourable Maids to Queen Catharine Dowager, eternizeth her praises in many excellent Poems of rare and sundry inventions, and after some few years being determined to see* Italy, *that famous Source and Helicon of all excellent Arts, first visiteth the renowned City of* Florece, *from whence the* Geralds *challenged their descent from the ancient Family of the* Geraldi: *there in honour of his Mistress he advanceth her Picture, and challengeth to maintain her Beauty by deeds of Arms against all that durst appear in the Lists, where after the proof of his incomparable valour, whose Arms crowned her Name with eternal Memory, he writeth this Epistle to his dearest Mistress.*

FRom learned *Florence*, long time rich in fame
From whence thy Race, thy noble Grandsires came;

To

To famous *England*, that kind Nurſe of mine,
Thy *Surrey* ſends to heav'nly *Geraldine*:
Yet let not *Tuſcan* think I do it wrong,
That I from thence write in my Native Tongue,
That in theſe harſh-tun'd Cadences I ſing,
Sitting ſo near the Muſes ſacred Spring;
But rather think it ſelf adorn'd thereby,
That *England* reads the praiſe of *Italy*.
Though to the *Tuſcans* I the ſmoothneſs grant,
Our Dialect no Majeſty doth want,
To ſet thy praiſes in as high a Key,
As *France*, or *Spain*, or *Germany* or they,
That day I quit the Fore-land of fair *Kent*,
And that my Ship her courſe for *Flanders* bent,
With what regret and how heavy a look,
My leave of *England* and of thee I took,
I did intreat the Tide (if it might be)
But to convey me one ſigh back to thee.
Up to the Deck a Billow lightly skips,
Taking my ſigh, and down again it ſlips;
Into the Gulf, it ſelf it headlong throws,
And as a Poſt to *England*-ward it goes.
As I ſate wondring how the rough Seas ſtir'd,
I might far off perceive a little Bird,
Which as ſhe fain from Shore to Shore would flie,
Had loſt her ſelf in the broad vaſty Skie,
Her feeble Wing beginning to deceive her,
The Seas, of life, ſtill gaping to bereave her;
Unto the Ship ſhe makes, which ſhe diſcovers,
And there (poor fool) a while for refuge hovers;

And when at lengeh her flagging Pinnion fails,
Painting ſhe hangs upon the ratling Sails,
And being forc'd to looſe her hold with pain,
Yet beaten off, ſhe ſtrait lights on again,
(with weather,
And tos'd with flaws, with ſtorms, with wind,
Yet ſtill departing thence, ſtill turneth thither:
(bear,
Now with the Poop, now with the Prow doth
Now on this ſide, now that, now here, now there;
Me thinks theſe Storms ſhould be my ſad depart;
The ſilly helpleſs Bird is my poor heart,
The Ship, to which for ſuccor it repairs,
That is your ſelf, regardleſs of my cares.
Of every Surge doth fall, or Waves doth riſe,
To ſome one thing I fit and moralize.
When for thy loue, I left the *Belgick* Shore,
Divine *Eraſmus*, and our famous *More*,
Whoſe happy preſence gave me ſuch delight,
As made a minute of a Winters night;
With whom a while I ſtaid at *Roterdam*.
Now ſo renowned by *Eraſmus* name.
Yet every hour did ſeem an Age of time,
Till I had ſeen that ſole-reviving Cline,
And though the foggy *Netherlands* unfit,
A watry Soil to clog a fiery wit;
And as that wealthy *Germany* I paſt,
Coming unto the Emperors Court at laſt,
Great learn'd *Agrippa*, ſo profound in Art,
Who the infernal ſecrets doth impart,

When

When of thy health I did desire to know,
Me in a Glass my *Geraldine* did show,
Sick in thy Bed, thy Eyes had banish'd sleep,
By a Wax Taper set the Light to keep,
I do remember thou did'st read that Ode,
Sent back whilst I in *Thanet* made abode,
Where when thou cam'st unto that word of Love,
Ev'n in thine Eyes I saw how passion strove;
That Snowy Lawn which covered thy Bed,
Me thought look'd white to see thy Cheek so red,
Thy Rosy Cheek oft changing in my sight,
Yet still was red, to see the Lawn so white;
The little Taper which should give thee light,
Me thought wax'd dimn, to see thine Eye so bright;
Thine Eye again supply'd the Tapers turn,
And with his Beams more brightly made it burn,
The shrugging Ayr about thy Temples hurls,
And wrapt thy Breath in little clowded curls,
And as it did ascend, it strait did seize it,
And as it sunk, it presently did raise it;
Canst thou by sickness banish Beauty so?
Which if put from thee, knows not where to go,
To make her shift, and for her succour seek,
To every rivel'd Face, each bankrupt Cheek.
"If health preserv'd, thou Beauty still do'st cherish,
"If that neglected, Beauty soon doth perish.
Care draws on Care, Woe comforts Woe again,
Sorrow breeds Sorrow, one Grief brings forth
If live or die, as thou do'st, so do I,
If live, I live, and if thou die, I die,

One Heart, one Love, one Joy, one Grief, one (Troth,
One Good, one Ill, one Life, one Death to both.
If *Howards* blood thou hold'ſt as but too vile,
Or not eſteem'ſt of *Norfolks* Princely Stile,
If *Scotlands* Coat no mark of Fame can lend,
* That *Lyon* plac'd in our bright *Silver bend.*
Which as a Trophy beautifies our Shield,
* Since Scotiſh Blood diſcolour'd *Floden* field;
When the Proud *Cheviot* our brave Enſign bare,
As a rich Jewel in a Ladies Hair,
And did fair *Bramſtons* neigbouring Vallies choke
With Clouds of Canons, fire diſgorged Smoke,
Or *Surreys* Earldom inſufficient be,
And not a Dower ſo well contenting thee;
Yet am I one of great *Apollo's* Heirs,
The ſacred Muſes challenge me for theirs,
By Princes my immortal lines are ſung,
My flowing Verſes grac'd with ev'ry Tongue;
The little Children when they learn to go,
By painful Mothers daded to and fro,
Are taught my gentle Numbers to rehearſe,
And have their ſweet Lips ſeaſon'd with my Verſe,
When Heav'n would ſtrive to do the beſt it can,
And put an Angels Spirit into a Man,
The utmoſt pow'r it hath, it then doth ſpend,
When to the World a Poet it doth intend.
The little diff'rence 'twixt the Gods and us,
(By them confirm'd) diſtinguiſh'd only thus:

Whom

Whom they, in Birth, ordain to happy days,
The Gods commit their Glory to our praiſe;
T'eternal Life when they diſſolve their breath,
We likewiſe ſhare a ſecond Pow'r by Death.

(Gray,

When Time ſhall turn thoſe Amber Locks to
My Verſe again ſhall guild and make them gay,
And trick them up in knotted Curls anew,
And to thy Autumn give a Summers hiew;
That ſacred Pow'r that in my Ink remains,
Shall put freſh Bloud into thy wither'd Veins,
And on thy Red decay'd, thy Whiteneſs dead,
Shall ſet a White, more White, a Red more Red:
When thy dim Sight thy Glaſs cannot deſcry,
Nor thy crazʒ'd Mirrour can diſcern thine Eye;
My Verſe, to tell th'one what the other was,
Shall repreſent them both, thine Eye and Glaſs:
Where both thy Mirrour and thine Eye ſhall ſee,
What once thou ſaw'ſt in that, that ſaw in thee;
And to them both ſhall tell the ſimple truth,
What that in pureneſs was, what thou in youth.

If *Florence* once ſhould loſe her old renown,
As famous *Athens*, now a Fiſher-Town;
My Lines for thee a *Florence* ſhall erect,
Which great *Apollo* ever ſhall protect,
And with the Numbers from my Pen that falls,
Bring Marble Mines, to re-erect thoſe Walls.
* Nor beauteous *Stanhope*, from all Tongues
To be the glory of the *Engliſh* Court,

(p

BENT Bibl. Bodl. JUEL-JENSEN

Shall by our Nation be ſo much admir'd,
If ever *Surrey* truly were inſpir'd.
* And famous *Wyat*, who in Numbers ſings,
To that inchanting *Thracian* Harpers ſtrings,
To whom *Phœbus* (the Poets God) did drink
A Bowl of Nectar, fill'd up to the Brink;
And ſweet-tongu'd *Bryan* (whom the Muſes kept
And in his Cradle rockt him whilſt he ſlept)
In ſacred Verſes (moſt divinely pen'd)
Upon thy praiſes ever ſhall attend.
What time I came into this famous Town,
And made the cauſe of my Arrival known,
Great *Medices* a Liſt (for Triumphs) built;
Within the which, upon a Tree of Gilt,
(Which was with ſundry rare Devices ſet)
I did erect thy lovely Counterfeit,
To anſwer thoſe *Italian* Dames deſire,
Which dayly came thy Beauty to admire;
By which, my Lyon, in his gaping Jaws
Held up my Lance, and in his dreadful paws
Reacheth my Gauntlet unto him that dare
A Beauty with my *Geraldines* compare.
Which, when each Manly valiant Arm aſſays,
After ſo many brave triumphant days,
The glorious Prize upon my Lance I bare,
By Heralds voyce proclaim'd to be thy ſhare:
The ſhiver'd Staves, here for thy Beauty broke,
With fierce encounters paſt at ev'ry ſhock,
When ſtormy Courſes anſwer'd Cuff for Cuff,
Denting proud Bevers with the Counter-buff

Upon an Altar, burnt with holy Flame,
I ſacrific'd, as Incenſe to thy Fame:
Where, as the Phœnix from her ſpiced fume
Renews her ſelf, in that ſhe doth conſume;
So from theſe ſacred Aſhes live we both,
Ev'n as that one *Arabian* Wonder doth.
When to my Chamber I my ſelf retire,
Burnt with the Sparks that kindled all this fire,
Thinking of *England*, which my Hope contains,
The happy Iſle where *Geraldine* remains;
* Of *Hunſdon*, where thoſe ſweet celeſtial Eyne
At firſt did pierce this tender Breaſt of mine;
* Of *Hampton Court*, and *Windſor*, where abound
All pleaſures that in Paradiſe were found;
Near that fair Caſtle is a little Grove,
With hanging Rocks all cover'd from above,
Which on the Bank of goodly *Thames* doth ſtand,
Clipt by the Water from the other Land,
Whoſe buſhie top doth bid the Sun forbear,
(there;
Checks thoſe proud Beams, attempt to enter
(breath;
Whoſe Leaves ſtill muttering, as the Ayr doth
With the ſweet bubbling of the Stream beneath,
Doth rock the Senſes (whilſt the ſmall Birds ſing)
Lulled aſleep with gentle murmuring;
Where light-foot Fairies ſport at Priſon-Baſe;
(place)
(No doubt) there is ſome Pow'r frequents

The

There the ſoft Poplar and ſmooth Beech do bear
Our Names together carved ev'ry where,
And Gordian Knots do curiouſly entwine
The Names of *Henry* and *Geraldine.*
Oh, let this Grove in happy times to come,
Be call'd, *The Lovers bleſs'd Elizium*;
Whither my Miſtreſs wonted to reſort,
In Summers heat, in thoſe ſweet ſhades to ſport:
A thouſand ſundry names I have it given,
And call'd it, Wonder-hider, Cover-Heaven,
The Roof where Beauty her rich Court doth keep,
Under whoſe compaſs all the Stars do ſleep.
There is one Tree, which now I call to mind,
Doth bear theſe Verſes carved in his Rinde:
When Geraldine *ſhall ſit in thy fair ſhade,*
Fan her ſweet Treſſes with perfumed Air,
Let thy large Boughs a Canopy be made.
To keep the Sun from gazing on my Fair;
And when thy ſpreading branched Arms be ſunk,
And thou no Sap nor Pith ſhalt more retain,
Yet from the duſt of thy unwieldy Trunk,
I will renew thee Phœnix-like again,
And from thy dry decayed Root will bring
A new-born Stem, another Æſons *Spring.*
I find no cauſe, nor judge I reaſon why,
My Country ſhould give place to *Lumbardy*;
As goodly Flow'rs on *Thame's* rich Banck do grow,
Beautifie the Banks of wanton *Po*; (grow,
So many Nymphs as haunt rich *Arnus* ſtrand,
Silver *Severn* tripping hand in hand:

Our Land's as sweet, though not to us so dear,
Because the Sun hath greater power there:
This distant place doth give me greater Woe;
Far off, my Sighs the farther have to go,
Ah absence, why thus should'st thou seem so long?
Or wherefore should'st thou offer Time such wrong,
Summer so soon to steal from Winters Cold,
Or Winters Blasts so soon make Summer old?
Love did us both with one self Arrow strike,
Our Wound's both one, our Cure should be alike;
Except thou hast found out some mean by Art,
Some powerful Medcine to withdraw the dart;
But mine is fixt, and absence being proved,
It sticks too fast, it cannot be removed.
Adieu, Adieu, from *Florence* when I go,
By my next letters *Geraldine* shall know
Which if good fortune shall by course direct,
From *France* by some messenger expect
Till when, I leave thee to thy hearts desire,
By him that lives thy vertues to admire.

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle History.

From learned *Florence*, long time rich in Fame.

FLorence, *a City of* Tuſcan, *ſtanding upon the River* Arnus (*celebrated by* Dante, Petrarch, *and other the moſt Noble Wits of* Italy) *was the original of the Family, out of which, this* Geraldine *did ſpring, as* Ireland *the place of her Birth, which is intimated by theſe Verſes of the Earl of* Surrey.

From *Tuſcan* came my Ladies worthy race,
Fair *Florence* was ſometimes her ancient ſeat,
The Weſtern Iſle, whoſe pleaſant ſhore doth face
Wild *Cambers* Cliffs, did give her lively heat.

Great learn'd *Agrippa*, ſo profound in Art.

Cornelius Agrippa, *a man in his time ſo famous for Magick (which the Books publiſhed by him, concerning that argument, do partly prove) as in this place needs no further remembrance. Howbeit, as thoſe abſtruſe and gloomy Arts are but illuſions: ſo in the honour of ſo rare a Gentleman as this Earl (and therewithal ſo Noble a Poet, a quality by which his other Titles receive their greateſt luſtre) Invention may make ſomewhat more bold with* Agrippa *above the barren truth.*

That *Lyon* ſet in our bright *ſilver Bend.*

The blazon of the Howards *honourable Armour, was*, Gules between ſix croſſelets Fitchy a Bend Argent, *to*

which afterwards was added by atchievement, In the Canton point of the Bend, an Eſcutcheon, *or* within the *Scotiſh* trellure, a Demi-lion-rampant Gules, &c. *as Maſter* Camden, *now* Clerenceaux, *from authority noteth. Never ſhall Time or bitter Envy be able to obſcure the brightneſs of ſo great a Victory as that, for which this addition was obtained. The Hiſtorian of* Scotland, George Buchanan, *reporteth, That the Earl of* Surrey *gave for his Badge a* Silver Lion *(which from Antiquity belonged to that name) tearing in pieces* A Lion proſtrate Gules, *and withall, that this which he terms inſolence, was puniſhed in him and his Poſterity, as if it were fatal to the Conquerour, to do his Soveraign ſuch Loyal ſervice, as a thouſand ſuch ſevere Cenſurers were never able to perform.*

Since *Scotiſh* Blood diſcolour'd *Floden* Field.

The Battel was fought at Bramſton, *near* Floden *Hill, being a part of the* Cheviot, *a Mountain that exceedeth all the Mountaines in the North of* England *for bigneſs; in which, the wilful Perjury of* James *the Fifth was puniſhed from Heaven by the Earl of* Surrey, *being left by King* Henry *the Eighth (then in* France *before* Turwin) *for the defence of this Realm.*

Nor beautious *Stanhope*, whom all Tongues report
To be the glory, &c.

Of the Beauty of that Lady, he himſelf teſtifies, in an Elegie which he writ of her, refuſing to dance with him, which he ſeemeth to allegorize under a Lion and a Wolf. And of himſelf he ſaith:

A Lion ſaw I late, as white as any Snow.

And

And of her,

I might perceive a Wolf, as white as a Whales Bone,
A fairer Beaſt, of freſher hue, beheld I never none,
But that her Looks were coy, and froward was her Grace.

And famous *Wyat*, who in Numbers ſings.

Sir Thomas Wyat *the Elder, a moſt excellent Poet, as his Poems extant do witneſs; beſides certain* Encomions, *written by the Earl of* Surrey, *upon ſome of* Davids *Pſalms, by him tranſlated:*

What holy Grave, what worthy Sepulchre,
To *Wyats* Pſalms ſhall Chriſtians purchaſe then?

And afterward, upon his Death, the ſaid Earl writeth thus:

What vertues rare were temp'red in thy Breaſt?
Honour that *England*, ſuch a Jewel bred,
And kiſs the Ground whereas thy Corps did reſt.

Of *Hunſdon*, where thoſe ſweet celeſtial Eyne.

It is manifeſt by a Sonnet, written by this Noble Earl, that the firſt time he beheld his Lady, was at Hunſdon:

Hunſdon did firſt preſent her to mine Eyne.

Which Sonnet being altogether a deſcription of his Love, I do alledge in divers places of this Gloſs, as proof of what I write.

Of *Hampton Court*, and *Windſor*, where abound,
All Pleaſures, &c.

That he enjoyed the preſence of his fair and vertous Miſtreſs in thoſe two places, by reaſon of Queen Katherines *uſual aboad there (on whom this Lady* Geraldine *was attending) I prove by theſe Verſes of his:*

Hampton me taught to wiſh her firſt for mine,
Windſor (alas) doth chaſe me from her ſight.

And in another Sonnet following:

When *Windſor* Walls ſuſtain'd my wearied Arm,
My Hand, my Chin, to eaſe my reſtleſs Head.

And that his delight might draw him to compare Windſor *to Paradiſe, an Elegie may prove; where he remembreth his paſſed Pleaſures in that place.*

With a Kings Son my Childiſh years I paſs'd,
In greater Feaſts than *Priams* Son of *Troy*.

And again in the ſame Elegie:

Thoſe large green Courts, where we were wont to rove,
With Eyes caſt up unto the Maidens Tower,
With eaſie ſighs, ſuch as Men draw in love.

And again in the ſame:

The ſtately Seats, the Ladies bright of hue,
The Dances ſhort, long Tales of ſweet Delight.

And for the pleaſantneſs of the place, theſe Verſes of his may teſtifie, in the ſame Elegie before recited:

The ſecret Groves which we have made reſound,
With ſilver drops the Meads yet ſpread for ruth.

As goodly flow'rs on *Thameſi's* rich Banck do grow, &c.

I had thought in this place, not to have ſpoken of Thames, *being ſo oft remembred by me before, in ſundry other places, on this occaſion: but thinking of that excellent Epigram, which, as I judge, either to be done by the ſaid Earl, or* Sir Francis Brian; *for the worthineſs thereof, I will here inſert: as it ſeems to me, was compyled at the Authors being in* Spain.

Tagus, farewel, which Weſtward with thy Streams
Turn'ſt up the grains of Gold, already try'd,
For I with Spur and Sayl go ſeek the *Thames*,
Againſt the Sun that ſhews his wealthy pride,
And to the Town that *Brutus* ſought by Dreams,
Like bended Moon, that leanes her luſty ſide,
To ſeek my Country now, for whom I live,
O mighty *Jove*, for this the Winds me give.

The

The Lady *GERALDINE* TO *Henry Howard* Earl of *Surrey*.

SUCH greeting as the Noble *Surrey* ſends,
The like to thee thy *Geraldine* commends;
A Maidens thoughts do check my trembling hand,
On other Terms or Complements to ſtand,
Which (might my ſpeech be as my Heart affords)
Should come attired in far richer words:
But all is one, my Faith as firm ſhall prove,
As hers that makes the greateſt ſhew of Love.
In *Cupids* School I never read thoſe Books,
Whoſe Lectures oft we practice in our Looks,
Nor ever did ſuſpitious rival Eye
Yet lie in wait my Favours to eſpy;
My Virgin Thoughts are innocent and meek,
As the chaſt Bluſhes ſitting on my Cheek:
As in a Feaver, I do ſhiver yet,
Since firſt my Pen was to the Paper ſet.
If I do err, you know my Sex is weak, (ſpeak
~~Fear proves a Fault, where Maids are forc'd~~
Do I not ill? Ah ſooth me not herein;
O, if I do, reprove me of my ſin:
Chide me in Faith, or if my Fault you hide,
My Tongue will teach my ſelf, my ſelf to chide.

Nay, Noble *Surrey*, blot it if thou wilt,
Then too much boldneſs ſhould return my Guilt:
For that ſhould be ev'n from our ſelves conceal'd,
Which is diſclos'd, if to our Thoughts reveal'd;
For the leaſt Motion, more the ſmalleſt Breath,
That may impeach our Modeſty, is Death.
The Page that brought thy Letters to my hand,
(Me thinks) ſhould marvel at my ſtrange demand:
For till he bluſh'd, I did not yet eſpie
The nakedneſs of my Immodeſty,
Which in my Face he greater might have ſeen,
But that my Fan I quickly put between;
Yet ſcarcely that my inward Guilt could hide,
"Fear ſeeing all, fears it of all is ſpy'd.
Like to a Taper lately burning bright,
But wanting matter to maintain his Light;
The Blaze aſcending, forced by the ſmoke,
Living by that which ſeeks the ſame to choke;
The Flame ſtill hanging in the Air, doth burn,
Until drawn down, it back again return: (cloſeth,
Then clear, then dim, then ſpreadeth, and then
Now getteth ſtrength, and now his brightneſs
As well the beſt diſcerning Eye may doubt, (loſeth;
Whether it yet be in, or whether out:
Thus in my Cheek my ſundry paſſions ſhew'd,
Now aſhy pale, and now again it glow'd.
If in your Verſe there be a pow'r to move,
'Tis you alone, who are the cauſe I love;
'Tis you bewitch my Boſome, by mine Ear;
Into that end I did not place you there:

Aires

Aires to aſſwage the bloody Souldiers mind,
Poor Women, we are naturally kind.
Perhaps you'l think, that I theſe terms inforce,
For that in Court this kindneſs is of courſe;
Or that it is that Hony-ſteeped Gall,
We oft are ſaid to bait our Loves withal,
That in one Eye we carry ſtrong deſire,
In th'other, drops, which quickly quench that fire.
Ah, what ſo falſe can Envy ſpeak of us,
But it ſhall find ſome vainly credulous?
I do not ſo, and to add proof thereto,
I love in Faith, in Faith, ſweet Lord I do;
Nor let the Envy of invenom'd Tongues,
Which ſtill is grounded on poor Ladies Wrongs,
Thy Noble Breaſt diſaſterly poſſeſs,
By any doubt to make my love the leſs.
My Houſe from *Florence* I do not pretend,
Nor from thoſe *Geralds* claim I to deſcend;
Nor hold thoſe Honours inſufficient are,
That I receive from *Deſmond* or *Kildare:*
Nor add I greater worth unto my Blood,
Than *Iriſh* Milk to give me Infant-food;
Nor better Air will ever boaſt to breath,
Than that of *Lemſter*, *Munſter*, or of *Meath*;
Nor crave I other forreign far Allies,
* Than *Windſor*'s, or *Fitz-Gerald*'s Families.
It is enough to leave unto my Heirs,
If they but pleaſe t'acknowledge me for theirs.
To what place ever did the Court remove,
But that the Houſe gives matter to my Love?

At *Windſor* ſtill I ſee thee ſit, and walk,
There mount thy Courſer, there deviſe, there talk;
The Robes, the Garter, and the ſtate of Kings,
Into my Thoughts thy hoped Greatneſs brings:
None-ſuch, the Name imports (me thinks) ſo much,
None ſuch as it, nor as my Lord none ſuch;
In *Hamptons* great Magnificence I find
The lively Image of thy Princely Mind;
Fair *Richmonds* Tow'rs like goodly Trophies ſtand
Rear'd by the pow'r of thy victorious Hand;
White-Halls triumphing Galleries are yet
Adorn'd with rich Devices of thy Wit;
In *Greenwich* ſtill, as in a Glaſs, I view,
Where laſt thou bad'ſt thy *Geraldine* adieu:
With ev'ry little perling breath that blows,
How are my Thoughts confus'd with Joys and (Woes;
As through a Gate, ſo through my longing Ears
Paſs to my Heart whole multitudes of Fears.
Oh, in a Map that I might ſee thee ſhow
The place where now in danger thou doſt go!
Whilſt we diſcourſe, to travel with our Eye
Romania, *Tuſcan*, and fair *Lombardy*;
Or with thy pen exactly to ſet down
The Model of that Temple, or that Town:
And to relate at large where thou haſt been,
As there, and there and what thou there haſt ſeen:
Expreſſing in a Figure, by thy Hand
How *Naples* lies, how *Florence* fair doth ſtand.

Or as the *Grecians* finger dip'd in Wine,
Drawing a River in a little Line,
And with a drop a Gulf to figure out,
To model *Venice* moted round about;
Then adding more, to counterfeit a Sea,
And draw the Front of ſtately *Genoua*.
Theſe from thy Lips were like harmonious Tones,
(Grones.
Which now do ſound like Mandrakes dreadful
Some travel hence t'inrich their Minds with Skill,
Leave here their Good, and bring home others Ill;
Which ſeem to like all Countries but their own,
Affecting moſt, where they the leaſt are known;
(their Head,
Their Leg, their Thigh, their Back, their Neck,
As they had been in ſeveral Countries bred;
In their Attyre, their Geſture, and their Gate,
Found in each one, in all Italionate;
So well in all deformity in faſhion,
Borrowing a Limb of ev'ry ſev'ral Nation;
And nothing more than *England* hold in ſcorn,
So live as Strangers whereas they were born:
But thy return in this I do not read,
Thou art a perfect Gentleman indeed;
O God forbid that *Howards* Noble line,
From ancient Vertue ſhould ſo far decline;
The *Muſes* train (whereof your ſelf are chief)
Only to me participate their Grief;
To ſooth their humors, I do lend them ears.
He gives a Poet, that his Verſes hears.

Till

Till thy return, by hope they only live;
Yet had they all, they all away would give:
The World and they, so ill according be,
That Wealth and Poets never can agree.
Few live in Court that of their good have care,
The *Muses* friends are every-where so rare;
Some praise thy Worth (that it did never know)
Only because the better sort do so,
Whose judgment never further doth extend,
Than it doth please the greatest to commend;
So great an ill upon desert doth chance,
When it doth pass by beastly ignorance.
Why art thou slack, whilst no man puts his hand
(stand?
To raise the mount where *Surrey*'s Towers must
Or Who the groundsil of that work doth lay,
Whilst like a Wand'rer thou abroad do'st stray,
Clip'd in the Arms of some lascivious Dame,
When thou shouldst rear an *Ilion* to thy Name?
When shall the *Muses* by fair *Norwich* dwell,
To be the City of the learned Well?
Or *Phœbus* Altars there with Incense heap'd,
As once in *Cyrrha*, or in *Thebe* kept?
Or when shall that fair hoof-plow'd Spring distill
From great *Mount-Surrey*, out of *Leonards* Hill?
Till thou return, the Court I will exchange
For some poor Cottage, or some Country Grange,
Where to our Distaves, as we sit and Spin,
My Maid and I will tell what things have bin,

Our Lutes unſtrung ſhall hang upon the Wall,
Our Leſſons ſerve to wrap our Towe withal,
And paſs the Night, whiles Winter tales we tell,
Of many things, that long ago befell;
Or tune ſuch homely Carrols as were ſung
In Courtly Sport, when we our ſelves were young,
In prety Riddles to bewray our Loves,
In queſtions purpoſe, or in drawing Gloves.
The Nobleſt Spirits, to Vertue moſt inclin'd,
Theſe here in Court thy greateſt want do find;
Others there be, on which we feed our Eye,
* Like Arras-work, or ſuch like Image'ry:
Many of us deſire Queen *Kath'rines* ſtate,
But very few her Vertues imitate.
Then, as *Vlyſſes* Wife, write I to thee,
Make no reply, but come thy ſelf to me.

ANNOTATIONS on the Chronicle Hiſtory.

Then *Windſors*, or *Fitz-Geralds* Families.

THE coſt of many Kings, which from time to time have adorned the Caſtle at Windſor *with their Princely Magnificence, hath made it more Noble, than that it need be ſpoken of now, as though obſcure; and I hold it more meet to refer you to your vulgar Monuments for the Founders of it, Finiſhers thereof, than to meddle with matter not pertaining to my purpoſe. As for the Family of the Fitz-Geralds, of which this excellent Lady was lineally deſcended, the original of*

English, *though the Branches did ſpread themſelves into diſtant Places, and Names nothing conſonant, as in former times it was uſual to denominate themſelves of their Manours or Fore-names: as may partly appear in that which enſueth; the light whereof proceeded from my learned and very worthy Friend, Maſter* Francis Thin. Walter *of* Windſor *the Son of* Oterus, *had to Iſſue* William, *of whom*, Henry, *now Lord* Windſor *is deſcended, and* Robert *of* Windſor, *of whom* Robert, *the now Earl of* Eſſex *and* Gerald *of* Windſor, *his third Son, who married the Daughter of* Rees *the great Prince of* Wales, *of whom came* Nesta, *Paramour to* Henry *the Firſt: Which* Gerald *had Iſſue*, Maurice Fitz-Gerald, *Anceſtor to* Thomas Fitz-Maurice *Juſtice of* Ireland, *buryed at* Trayly; *leaving Iſſue* John *his Eldeſt Son, firſt Earl of* Kildare, *Anceſtor to* Geraldine, *and* Maurice *his ſecond Son firſt Earl of* Deſmond.

To raiſe the Mount where *Surrey*'s Tow'rs muſt ſtand.

Alluding to the ſumptuous Houſe which was afterward builded by him upon Leonard's *Hill, right againſt* Norwich; *which in the Rebellion of* Norfolk *under* Ket, *in King* Edward *the Sixth's time was much defaced by that impure Rabble. Betwixt the Hill and the City, as* Alexander Nevil *deſcribes it, the River of* Yarmouth *runs, having Weſt and South thereof a Wood, and a little Village called* Thorp, *and on the North, the paſtures of* Mouſholl, *which contain about ſix miles in length and breadth. So that beſides the ſtately greatneſs of Mount* Surrey *which was the Houſes name, the Proſpect and Sight thereof was paſſing pleaſant and commodious; and where elſe did that increaſing evil of the* Norfolk *Fury enamel it ſelf then, but there, as it were for a manifeſt token of their intent, to debaſe all high things, and to profane all*

Like Arras-work, or rather Imagery.

Such was he whom Juvenal *taxeth in this manner:*

———Truncoque ſimilimus Herme
Nullo quippe alio vincis diſcrimine, quam quod
Illi marmoreum caput eſt, tua vivit Imago.

Seeming to be born for nothing elſe but Apparel, and the outward appearance, intituled, Complement: with whom, the ridiculous Fable of the Ape in Æſop *ſorteth fitly; who coming into a Carver's Houſe, and viewing many Marble Works, took up the Head of a Man, very cunningly wrought: who greatly, in praiſing, did ſeem to pity it, that having ſo comely an outſide, it had nothing within: like empty Figures, walk and talk in every place: at whom the Noble* Geraldine *modeſtly glanceth.*

FINIS.

The Lady *Jane Gray*
TO THE
Lord *GILFORD DUDLE*

The ARGUMENT.

After the death of that vertuous Prince King Edward *Sixth, the Son of that famous King* Henry *the E*[ight] Jane, *the Daughter of* Henry Gray, *Duke of* Suffol[k] *the consent of* John Dudley *Duke of* Northumberland *proclaimed Queen of* England, *being married to* G[il]. Dudley, *the fourth Son of the aforesaid Duke of* North[um]berland; *which Match was concluded by their ambitio*[us] *ther, who went about by this means to bring the C*[rown] *unto their Children, and to dispossess the Princess M*[ary] *eldest Daughter of King* Henry *the Eighth, Heir to K*[ing] Edward *her Brother. Queen* Mary *rising in Arms to cl*[aim] *her rightful Crown, taketh the said* Jane Gray *and Lord* Gilford *her Husband, being lodged in the Tow*[er] *their more safety, which place being lastly their P*[rison] *by this means becomes their Prison: where being se*[ver]*al sundry prisons, they write these Epistles one to another.*

MIne own dear Lord, since thou art lock[ed] ?from me
In this disguise my love must steal to thee,
ce to renue all Loves, all kindness past,
refuge scarcely left, yet this the last.

My Keeper coming, I of thee enquire,
Who with thy greeting, anſwers my deſire;
Which my tongue willing to return again,
Grief ſtops my words, and I but ſtrive in vain,
Where-with amaz'd, away in haſt he goes, (Woes;
When through my Lips, my Heart thruſts forth my
But then the doors that make a doleful ſound,
Drive back my words, that in the noiſe are drown'd;
Which ſomewhat huſh'd, the Eccho doth record,
And twice or thrice reiterates my word,
When like an adverſe wind in *Iſis* courſe,
Againſt the Tide bending his boiſtrous force;
But when the floud hath wrought it ſelf about,
He following on, doth headlong thruſt it out:
Thus ſtrive my ſighs, with tears er'e they begin,
And breaking out, again ſighs drive them in.
A thouſand forms preſent my troubled thought,
Yet prove abortive ere they birth are brought,
" The depth of Woe, with words we hardly ſound
" Sorrow is ſo inſenſibly profound.
As tears do fall and riſe, ſighs come and go,
So do theſe numbers ebb, ſo do they flow.
Theſe briny tears do make my Ink look pale,
My Ink, Cloaths tears, in this ſad mourning vail,
The Letters Mourners, weep with my dim Eye,
The Paper pale, griev'd at my miſery.
Yet miſerable our ſelves, why ſhould we deem?
Since none are ſo, but in their own eſteem;
" Who in diſtreſs from reſolution flies,
" Is rightly ſaid to yield to miſeries;

* They which begot us, did beget this ſin,
They firſt begun, what did our grief begin;
We taſted not, 'twas they which did rebel,
(Not our offence) but in their fall we fell;
They which a Crown would to my Lord ha
All hope of life, and liberty extinct; (link
A Subject born, a Soveraign to have been,
Hath made me now, nor Subject, nor a Queen.
Ah vile Ambition, how do'ſt thou deceive us, (
Which ſhew'ſt us Heaven, and in Hell do'ſt le
" Seldom untouch'd doth innocence eſcape,
" When errour cometh in good counſels ſhape,
" A lawful title counterchecks proud might,
" The weakeſt things become ſtrong props to righ
Then, my dear Lord, although affliction grieve us
Yet let our ſpotleſs innocence relieve us.
" Death but an acted paſſion doth appear, (clear,
" Where truth gives courage, and the conſcience
And let thy comfort thus conſiſt in mine,
That I bear part of whatſo'ere is thine;
And when we liv'd untouch'd with theſe diſgrace
When as our Kingdom was our ſweet embraces
At *Durham* Pallace, where ſweet *Hymen* ſang,
Whoſe buildings with our Nuptial Muſick rang
When *Prothalamions* prais'd that happy day,
Wherein great *Dudley* match'd with noble *Gray*,
When they devis'd to link by Wedlocks band,
The Houſe of *Suffolk* to *Northumberland*;
Our fatal Dukedom to your Dukedom bound,
To frame this building on ſo weak a ground.

what avails a lawleſs Uſurpation?
hich gives a Sceptre, but not rules a Nation,
ly the ſurfeit of a vain opinion; (nion.
What gives content, gives what exceeds Domi-
When firſt my ears were pierced with the fame
Jane, proclaimed by a Princeſs name,
ſuddain fright my trembling Heart appalls,
he fear of Conſcience entreth Iron Walls.
rice happy for our Fathers had it been,
what we fear'd, they wiſely had foreſeen,
nd kept a mean Gate in an humble path,
o have eſcap'd the Heav'ns impetuous wrath.
he true bred Eagle ſtrongly ſtems the wind,
nd not each Bird reſembling their brave kind;
e, like a King, doth from the Clouds command
he fearful Fowl, that moves but near the Land.
hough *Mary* be from mighty Kings deſcended,
y Bloud not from *Plantaginet* pretended;
My Grandſire, *Brandon*, did our Houſe advance,
By Princely *Mary*, Dowager of *France*;
The fruit of that fair ſtock, which did combine,
And *York*'s ſweet branch with *Lancaſter*'s entwine.
And in one ſtalk did happily unite,
The pure vermilion Roſe, and purer white;
I, the untimely ſlip of that rich Stem,
Whoſe golden Bud brings forth a Diadem.
But oh, forgive me, Lord, it is not I;
Nor do I boaſt of this, but learn to die,
Whilſt we were, as our ſelves, conjoyned then,
to Nature, now an Alien.

" To gain a Kingdom, who ſpares their next b
" Nearneſs contemn'd, if Sov'raignty withſto
" A Diadem, once dazeling the Eye,
" The day's too dark to ſee Affinity; (Cr
" And where the Arm is ſtretch'd to rea
(d
" Friendſhip is broke, the deareſt things thr
* For what great *Henry* moſt ſtrove t' avoid,
(deſtroy
The Heav'ns have built, where Earth would h
And ſeating *Edward* on his Regal Throne,
He gives to *Mary*, all that was his own,
But death aſſuring what by life is theirs,
The lawfull claim of *Henry*'s lawfull Heirs.
By mortal Laws, the bond may be divorc'd,
But Heav'ns decree, by no means can be forc'd.
They rule the caſe, when men have all decreed,
Who took him hence, foreſaw who ſhould ſucce
For we in vain relie on humane Laws, (cauſ
When Heaven ſtands forth to plead the righteo
Thus rule the Skies in their continual Courſe,
That yields to Fate, that doth not yield to force.
" Mans Wit doth build for Time but to devour,
" Vertues free from Time, and Fortunes pow'r;
Then my kind Lord, ſweet *Gilford*, be not griev'd
The Soul is Heav'nly, and from Heav'n reliev'd;
And as we once have plighted troth together,
Now let us make exchange of minds to either;
To thy fair breaſt take my reſolved mind,
Arm'd againſt black Deſpair, and all her kind,

o my boſome breath that Soul of thine,
ere to be made as perfect as is mine;
ſhall our Faiths as firmly be approv'd,
I of thee, or thou of me belov'd.
his life, no life, wert thou not dear to me,
or this no death, were I not woe for thee;
hou my dear Husband, and my Lord before.
truly learn to die, thou ſhalt be more.
w live by prayer, on Heaven fix all thy thought,
d ſurely find, what ere by zeal is ſought;
r each good motion that the Soul awakes,
Heavenly figure ſees, from whence it takes
hat ſweet reſemblance, which by power of kind,
orms (like it ſelf) an Image in the mind,
nd in our Faith the operations be
f that divineneſs, which through that we ſee;
Which never errs but accidentally,
y our frail Fleſhes imbecillity;
y each temptation over-apt to ſlide,
xcept our ſpirit becomes our bodies guide;
or as theſe Towers our bodies do incloſe,
o our Souls priſons verily are thoſe;
Our Bodies, ſtopping that Celeſtial Light,
As theſe do hinder our exteriour ſight:
Whereon death ſeizing, doth diſcharge the debt,
And us at bleſſed liberty doth ſet.
Then draw thy forces all up to thy heart,
The ſtrongeſt fortreſs of this Earthly part;
nd on theſe three let thy aſſurance lie,
n Faith, Repentance and Humility;

By which, to Heaven aſcending by degrees,
Perſiſt in Prayer upon your bended Knees:
Whereon if you aſſuredly be ſtaid,
You need in peril not to be diſmaid,
Which ſtill ſhall keep you, that you ſhall not fa
For any peril that can you appall.
The Key of Heav'n thus with you, you ſhall bea
And Grace, you guiding, get you entrance there
And if you theſe Celeſtial Joys poſſeſs,
Which mortal Tongue's unable to expreſs.
Then thank the Heaven, preparing us this Room,
Crowning our heads with glorious Martyrdom,
Before the black and diſmal days begin,
The days of Idolatry and Sin;
Not ſuffering us to ſee that wicked Age
When Perſecution vehemently ſhall rage,
When Tyranny, new Torture ſhall invent,
Inflicting vengeance on the Innocent. (bring,
Yet Heaven forbids, that *Mary*'s Womb ſhould
England's fair Scepter to a forreign King,
* But unto fair *Elizabeth* ſhall leave it,
Which broken, hurt, and wounded ſhall receive it;
And on her Temple having plac'd the Crown,
Root out the Dregs Idolatry hath ſown;
And *Sion*'s Glory ſhall again reſtore,
Laid ruine, waſt, and deſolate before:
And from Cinders, and rude heap of Stones,
ſhall gather up the Martyrs ſacred Bones,
ſhall extirp the power of *Rome* again,
caſt aſide the heavy yoke of *Spain*.

The Lord DUDLET to the

ell, ſweet *Gilford*, know our end is near,
ven is our home, we are but Strangers here,
s make haſte to go unto the bleſt,
h from theſe weary worldly labours reſt,
with theſe lines, my deareſt Lord, I greet thee,
l in Heaven thy *Jane* again ſhall meet thee.

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle History.

They which begot us, did beget this ſin.

Shewing the ambition of the two Dukes their Fathers, whoſe pride was the cauſe of the utter overthrow of their Children.

At *Durham* Pallace, where ſweet *Hymen* ſang,
The buildings, &c.

The Lo. Gilford Dudley *fourth Son to* John Dudley *Duke* of Northumberland, *married the Lady* Jane Gray, *Daughter to the Duke of* Suffolk *at* Durham *houſe in the* Strand.

When firſt mine ears were pierced with the ſame,
Of *Jane* proclaimed by a Princeſs name.

Preſently upon the death of King Edward, *the Lady* Jane *was taken as Queen, conveyed by Water to the Tower of London for her ſafety, and after proclaimed in divers places of the Realm, as ſo ordained by King* Edward's *Letters-Patents and his Will.*

My Grandſire, *Brandon*, did our Houſe advance,
By Princely *Mary* Dowager of *France*.

Henry Gray *Duke of* Suffolk, *married* Frances *the Daughter of* Charles Brandon *Duke of* Suffolk, *by*

Queen, by which Frances *he had this Lady* Jane; *The the French Queen was Daughter to King* Henry *the* by Elizabeth *his Queen, which happy Marriage compo Noble Families of* Lancaster *and* York.

For what great *Henry* moſt ſtrove to avoid.

Noting the diſtruſt that King Henry *the Eighth* in the *Princeſs* Mary *his Daughter, fearing ſhe ſhould the ſtate of the Religion in the Land, by matching* Stranger, *confeſſing the right that King* Henry's *Iſſue* the Crown.

* But unto fair *Elizabeth* ſhall leave it.

A Propheſie of Queen Mary's *Barrenneſs, and of the* and glorious *Reign of Queen* Elizabeth, *her reſtoring of Re* gion, *the aboliſhing of the Romiſh Servitude, and caſting* the Yoke *of* Spain.

The Lord *Gilford Dudley* TO The Lady *JANE GRAT.*

AS the Swan ſinging at his dying hour,
So I reply from my impriſoning Tow'r:
Oh could there be that pow'r in my Verſe, (pierce!
T' expreſs the grief which my ſad Heart doth
The very Walls that ſtraitly thee incloſe,
Would ſurely weep at reading of my Woes,
Your Eyes lend, I'le pay you ev'ry tear,
give you intereſt, if you do forbear,

n.

t,

ws

d,

ve ſwaid?

could not

?

Acts repeal?

k's hopes with-

umberland. (ſtand,

eatneſs undergo

verthrow,

give it all our heart,

we wiſh it would depart,

ow that ſo faſt,

, puniſheth our haſt.

o pity our offence,

e that he be far from hence.

Here is no place for any one that ſhall
So much as once commiſerate our fall:
And we of mercy vainly ſhould but think,
Our timeleſs tears th' inſatiate Earth doth drink
All Lamentations utterly forlorn,
Dying before they fully can be born.
Mothers that ſhould their wofull Children rue
Fathers in death, ſo kindly bid adieu,
Friends their dear farewell lovingly to take,
The faithfull Servant weeping for our ſake,
Brothers and Siſters waiting on our Bier,
Mourners to tell what we were living here:
But we alas! deprived are of all,
So fatal is our miſerable fall.
And where at firſt for ſafety we were ſhut,
Now in dark priſon wofully are put,
And from the height of our ambitious ſtate,
Lie to repent our arrogance too late.
To thy perſwaſion thus I then rely,
Hold on thy courſe reſolved ſtill to dy;
And when we ſhall ſo happily begone,
Leave it to Heav'n to give the rightful Throne,
And with that Health, I thee regreet again,
Which I of late did gladly entertain.

Here is no place for any one that ſhall
So much as once commiſerate our fall:
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And when we ſhall ſo happily begone,
Leave it to Heav'n to give the rightful Throne,
And with that Health, I thee regreet again,
Which I of late did gladly entertain.

Nor of *Ket* conquer'd adding to our fame.

n Duke of Northumberland, *when before he was Earl* Warwick, *in his expedition againſt* Ket, *overthrew the ls of* Norfolk *and* Suffolk, *encamped at Mount* Surrey Norfolk.

Nor of my Brothers, from whoſe natural grace.

ford Dudley, *as remembring in this place the towardneſs his Brothers, which were all likely indeed to have raiſed House of the* Dudleys, *of which he was a Fourth Bro-, if not ſuppreſſed by their Fathers overthrow.*

Nor of *Gray*'s Match, my Children born by thee.

Noting in this place the Alliance of the Lady Jane Gray, *by her Mother, which was* Frances *the Daughter of* Charles *on, by* Mary *the French Queen, Daughter to* Henry *the , and Siſter to* Henry *the Eighth.*

To have been heard with wonder from a Throne.

Seldom hath it ever been known of any woman endued with derful gifts, as was this Lady, both for her Wiſdom Learning; of whoſe skill in Tongues one reporteth by thi gram.

Miraris *Janam Graio* ſermone valere,
primum nata eſt tempore *Graia* fuit,

When *Dudley* led his Army to the Eas

The Duke of Northumberland *prepared his power* [illegible] L
don *for his expedition against the Rebels in* Norfolk, *and ma*
haſt away, appointed the reſt of his forces to meet hi
New-Market-Heath: *of whom this ſaying is reported,*
paſſing through Shoreditch, *the Lord* Gray *in his co*
ſeeing the people in great numbers came to ſee him, he
The people preſs to ſee us, but none bid God ſpeed us.

Whom a grave Council freely did abet.

John Dudley *Duke of* Northumberland, *when he*
out againſt Queen Mary, *had his Commiſſion ſealed for*
Generalſhip of the Army, by the conſent of the whole Cou
of the Land: inſomuch that paſſing through the Council-Ch
ber at his departure, the Earl of Arundel *wiſhed th*
might have gone with him in that expedition, and ſpen
bloud in the quarrel.

When *Suffolk*'s pow'r doth *Suffolk*'s hopes with
Northumberland doth leave *Northumberland.*

The Suffolk *men were the firſt that ever reſorted*
Mary *in her diſtreſs, repairing to her ſuccors, whil*
mained both at Keningal *and at* Fermingham C
increaſing her Aids, until the Duke of Northumbe
left forſaken at Cambridge.

FINIS.

Samuel Aldrod
Jus libri Augustus
ye 17. Annoq Domini
1702

John Conrod

BENT JUEL-JENSEN Bibl. Bodl